

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

Made ENGLISH by
SEVERAL HANDS.

ADORN'D with CUTS.

VOLUME II.

The Second EDITION, with great Improvements
By Mr. SEWELL.



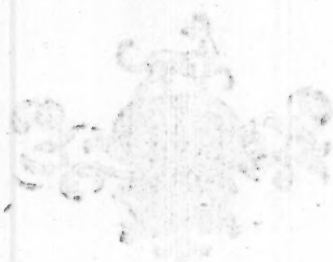
L O N D O N :

Printed by S. PALMER, for A. BETTESWORTH,
at the *Red-Lyon*, and W. TAYLOR, at the *Black-Swan*, both in *Pater-Noster-row*; W. MEARS, at the
Lamb without *Temple-Barr*; and T. WOODWARD,
at the *Half-Moon* against St. *Dunstan's* Church, in
Fleetstreet. MDCCXXIV.

ON I D S
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LONDON:
Printed by S. Baskett, for A. Miller, at the
to the Station and W. Taylor, at the
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and W. Taylor, at the







OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Achelous relates his combat with Hercules, from whom Nessus the Centaur going to ravish Deianira is transfix'd with his arrows: Deianira ignorantly sends a venom'd robe, which was given her by Nessus, to Hercules; with which being put to great torture, he builds a funeral pile, and on it burns himself. Alcmena relates to Iole the pains of her delivery, and of Galanthis being changed into a weazel; Iole in return tells Alcmena the story of her sister Dryope being turn'd into a lote-tree. Hebe restores Iolaus to youth, and the Gods

*murmur that the same grace is not conferr'd on others ;
but they are pacified by Jove's speech. Byblis falling in
love with her own brother Caunus, and being repuls'd
by him, pines away and is turn'd into a fountain:
Iphis, the daughter of Ligdus, is turn'd into a man
and marries Ianthe.*



E who his high descent from Neptune draws,
Of the God's grief and wound demands the
cause,
When thus the *Calydonian* fire proceeds,
His verdant locks oppress'd with oozy reeds ;
A tale of woe you seek : his own disgrace
Who would revive ? Yet was it not so base
To be subdu'd, as noble to contend :
Victors, like mine, do ev'n defeats defend.
Perhaps you've heard of *Deianira's* charms ;
What crouds of rivals wish'd her in their arms.
With them we to th' *Ætolian* palace went,
When straight I fought her royal fire's consent :
The same demand *Alcides* made : the rest
Withdrew, and our superior right confest.
He boasts his father *Jove*, his labour's fame ;
And vanquish'd step-dame to inforce his claim.
'Twere base, said I, immortal Gods to men
Should servile yield ; (a God he was not then.)
These everliving waters I command,
That wind in endless currents thro' thy land.
No foreign son thou shalt receive in me ;
But of thy country, and a friend to thee :
Nor let it hurt my suit, that *Juno's* hate,
Nor penal tasks impos'd have made me great.
If to *Alcmena* you your being owe ;
Jove's not your sire, or criminally so.

You

BOOK IX. METAMORPHOSES.

5

You seek a father in your mother's shame;
Own thyself basely born, or *False* disclaim:
Thus as I spake, his glowing eyes presage
The future storm, and ill he rul'd his rage:
Straight, let his hand, said he, my prowess tell,
Words be thy praise, so I in deeds excell:
Fierce, he attacks: to give my words the lye
I scorn'd, and threw my sea-green mantle by:
My arms oppos'd, and guarded well my breast:
And, ardent, ev'ry part for fight address:
Or me the dust he throws with ample hand,
At him I launch a weight of rattling sand.
He catches at my neck, and slipp'ry thighs,
Or aims to grasp, and ev'ry limb applies;
Defended by my weight, he vainly strove;
As well the swelling surge a rock might move:
For rocks, in their own weight secure, disdain
The swelling surge, and dash it back again.
Now we a while retire; again we meet;
Maintain our ground, resolv'd; join feet to feet;
Forward I rush'd upon him with my breast,
My fingers, his, my brow his forehead prest.
So have I seen two bulls with horrid might
Together close, and for a mistress fight:
A mistress, worth their toil! the trembling herd
With fear expecting which should be preferr'd.
Thrice *Hercules* did his whole force incline,
In vain, to disengage his breast from mine:
The fourth essay my strong embrace unbound,
And from my struggling arms his body wound:
He forc'd me then about (truth guides my tongue,)
And on my back with his whole weight he hung.
If I have faith (nor seek I vain renown
From lyes) methought some mountain press'd me down.

Reeking with sweat, scarce I my arms could move,
Scarce disengage my limbs, howe'er I strove:
Then, breathless as I was, he on me flew,
Nor suffer'd me to gather strength anew:
At length, his pow'rful arms my neck command;
And, dragg'd upon my knees, I bit the sand.
Then my own wiles my falt'ring strength supply'd;
And, a long serpent grown, I from him glide.
Sunk in contracted folds, I forward sprung;
And hiss'd, and darted out my forked tongue.
He laugh'd, and thus did to my wiles retort;
To strangle serpents was my cradle's sport:
Tho' other dragons to thy conquests bow,
Compar'd to *Lerna's Hydra*, what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitful; from each sever'd head
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:
The sprouting snakes, thus by the sword renew'd,
And multiply'd by death, I twice subdu'd.
What hopes hast thou, a spurious snake, to 'scape;
Who fight'st with borrow'd arms, and steal'st thy shape.
This said, my neck his grasping fingers seiz'd;
Not iron engines could have harder squeez'd:
Again to disengage myself I strove;
Again o'ercome, a new device I prove.
Turn'd to a bull, I his assaults oppose,
His arms about my swelling chest he throws:
Within his grasp he follows on his blow,
And drives my horn into the earth below.
Thus shamefully distress'd, he whirls me round;
And flings my vanquish'd body to the ground:
Not so content with cruel hands he twists
One horn, and from my wounded forehead wrests.
With fruits and flowers the water-nymphs adorn,
And plenty fills the consecrated horn.

BOOK IX. METAMORPHOSES:

7

Here ends the God: a virgin lovely fair,
Dress'd like *Dianna's* nymphs, with flowing hair,
Brings in the horn with *Autumn's* wealth replete,
And fruits, that load the tables of the great.
'Twas morn: when soon as early sun-beams dart
O'er tops of redd'ning hills, his guests depart;
Nor wait they, till the rough and angry tide
Wears a smooth face and swelling waves subside.
The river God now shrouds his awkward head,
And wounded front, beneath an oozy bed.
His blemish'd beauty, and the ravish'd grace
Force him to hide his much dishonour'd face.
All else was well. The damage of his brows
He shades with wreaths of flags, and willow-boughs.

But thee, fierce *Nessus*, the same virgin's form
Did with a strong but fatal passion warm.
For *Jove's* fam'd son, as homeward with his bride
He travell'd, came to strong *Evenus'* tide.
The big-swoln streams increas'd with winter's rain,
And whirling round, their passing o'er restrain.
For her he fears; fear for himself abhorr'd:
When strong-limb'd *Nessus* came, who knew the ford,
Safely (said he) will I transport thy bride;
Thyself by swimming gain the adverse side.
To him *Alcides* his pale consort leads,
Who both the guardian and the waters dreads.
Charg'd with his quiver and his lion's skin,
Swiftly th' advent'rous hero plunges in:
(His club and bow already were cast o'er:)
And now he tries the river to explore,
Dauntless, he minds not where the currents glide
With easiest stream, but scorns to court the tide.
The waves o'erpass, his fatal bow he seeks,
And, reaching, hears his distant consort's shrieks.

The traytor *Nessus* hast'ning to betray
 His trust, and bear the beauteous charge away;
 What vain presumption, wrong'd *Alcides* cries,
 Of swiftness prompts thee to this curst surprize?
 To thee, foul ravisher! whose dubious frame
 The human creature does but half proclaim,
Nessus, to thee I speak: Withhold thy flight:
 Hear me, and cease to intercept my right.
 If no respect of me can fix thy trust,
 Thy father's wheel should check thy daring lust.
 But yet thou shalt not 'scape however fleet,
 And tho' a horse's swiftness wings thy feet.
 My shafts shall reach thee, tho' myself too slow;
 Straight he confirms his threat'ning with his bow.
 The missive weapon pierc'd him as he fled,
 And thro' his breast appear'd its barbed head.
 Which from the wound when drawn, the purple flood
 Spouts both ways, mix'd with *Hydra's* venom'd blood.
 This *Nessus* took; and, with a smother'd sigh,
 Not unreveng'd (says he) shall *Nessus* dye.
 Dip'd in that gore the dame a robe he gives
 A philtre which love's drooping flames revives.

The circling years ran on: *Alcides'* fame
 And *Juno's* hate the distant lands proclaim.
Oechalia raz'd, the conqu'ring hero now
 Prepares to pay to *Jove* his grateful vow.
 When babbling fame (who triumphs to disguise
 Truth with mix'd falsehoods, and still grows by lies;
 Outruns the posting warrior, and assails
 Poor *Deianira's* ears with murth'ring tales:
 That her false lord, to wedlock true no more,
 The pleasing chains of blooming *Jole* wore.
 The troubled lover credits what she fears:
 At first she nourishes her grief with tears.

BOOK IX. METAMORPHOSES.

9

At length she cries, but wherefore do I so?
Th' adulteress will but triumph in my woe.
E're she arrive, some measures I must prove,
To stop th' injurious robb'ry of my love.
Shall I complain? be mute? remove, or stay?
Return to *Calydon*, and give her way?
Or shall I in some daring act express
My birth, and *Meleager's* race confess?
Let out the strumpet's tainted blood, and shew
What injur'd woman in her rage can do?
Long grief distracts her mind; now fix'd she stood
To send the garment dipp'd in *Nessus'* blood:
This may revive the mem'ry of her charms,
And give her back the hero to her arms.
That and her griefs to *Lychas* she commends;
As ignorant as he, of what she sends.
With mournful voice th' afflicted dame implor'd
That he would bear it to her absent lord.
The gift the unsuspecting hero wore,
Wrapp'd in the poison of *Echidna's* gore.
He pray'd, the kindled flames with incense fed;
And bowls of wine on marble altars shed.
The sudden poison work'd, with heat dissolv'd;
And the whole hero's bulk with pains involv'd.
Long he with fortitude his groans restrains,
'Till patience was subdu'd with stronger pains.
O'ercome with pain he down the altar flings,
And woody *Oeta* with his yellings rings.
Forthwith to tear the torture off he strives;
Rending, his skin he with the garment rives.
Or to his limbs (dreadful to tell!) it cleaves;
Or his large bones, and sinews naked leaves.
Like red-hot steel in water drench'd, his blood
Hiss'd with the venom, all one boiling flood.

A s.

No

No mean! the greedy flame his entrails eats,
And his whole body flows with purple sweats.
His scorching sinews crack, his marrow fries,
To heav'n he lifts his tortur'd hands, and cries;
Look down, fell *Juno*, and this plague enjoy:
View my fierce pains, and thy full malice cloy.
If foes may purchase pity (such are we:)
This hated, life inur'd to toil, set free.
My death I as a kindness shall receive;
A kindness, which a stepdame's hands should give.
Is this my payment for *Busiris* slain,
Who did with stranger's blood *Jove's* altars stain?
For this th' earth-born *Antaus* did invade,
And robb'd him of his mother's boasted aid?
For this did I against *Geryon* rage,
And triple-headed *Cerberus* engage?
Did these laborious hands, for such rewards,
Bind down the fiery *Cretan* bull with cords?
For this have *Elis*, and *Stymphalian* floods
Confess'd your labours, and *Parthenian* woods?
For this did with *Thermoodon's* queen dispute,
And from the dragon forc'd th' ill-guarded fruit?
Not cloud-born centaurs could my force withstand,
Nor th' *Erymanthian* boar escape my hand:
Fierce *Hydra* multiply'd her heads in vain,
Which only sprouted to be lopp'd again:
For this, when I the *Thracian* steeds survey'd
With human bodies by the tyrant fed,
Stung with just rage, their mangers I o'erthrew,
And with the steeds their impious master slew?
For this, the huge *Nemean* lyon quell'd,
And with these shoulders the broad heav'ns upheld?
Jove's envious consort did more weary grow
Toils to renew, than I to undergo.

But

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But this new plague no virtue can repel;
 No weapons conquer. I am all o'er hell.
 Consuming fire does on my liver prey,
 And thro' my entrails eats its subtle way.
 And yet *Eurysheus* thrives: and yet remain
 Some, who the justice of the Gods maintain!
 Here his complaint the tortur'd warrior ends?
 His raging steps o'er *Oeta's* top he bends.
 So tigers with the jav'lins in their side,
 Rage round the woods, whilst the scar'd hunters hide:
 Oft should you see him rave, oft groaning strain,
 To rend the clinging robe that caus'd the pain,
 And then with rooted trees bestrow the plain.
 Now angry with the mountains, now he rears
 His arms to his immortal father's spheres.
 Hid in a rock he trembling *Lychas* spies;
 His tortures make his rage rage redoubled rise.
 Did'st thou, said he, this horrid present give!
Lychas, did'st thou, and can'st thou hope to live?
 And must I die by thee? Here *Lychas* shakes,
 Looks pale, and trembling his excuses makes.
 But while he spoke, while to his knees he clung,
 Him thrice around th' intrag'd *Alcides* swung:
 And swift into *Eubæan* surges threw,
 As engines, stones: he harden'd as he flew.
 As falling show'rs congeal'd with freezing winds
 Convert to snow: as snow together binds,
 And does to hail by rolling christalize:
 So, thro' the air as *Lychas* whirling flies,
 Bloodless with terror, and all moisture gone;
 The former age believ'd him chang'd to stone!
 And still within *Eubæa's* gulphy deeps
 A little rock an human figure keeps.
 On this the mariners forbear to fall,
 As if it liv'd: and this they *Lychas* call.

But

But thou *Jove's* Godlike son, the trees do'st hew
 Which on the top of steepy *Oeta* grew;
 With their fall'n trunks a fun'ral pile is made,
 And thy own hands the labour'd structure laid;
 Thy ample quiver and thy fatal bow
 Must *Paan's* son for their new master know,
 And those dread shafts; (again ordain'd for *Troy*,
 Again the lordly city to destroy :)
 Him did'st thou use to set the pile on fire :
 And as the greedy crackling flames aspire,
 Thou on the top thy lyon's spoils did'st spread,
 And prostrate with thy club support thy head :
 Calm and serene, as some more chearful guest
 O'er sparkling bowls, and at a gladsome feast.
 On ev'ry side the flames a conquest made,
 And their contemner's patient limbs invade :
 The Gods for earth's revenger fears express'd ;
 Whom *Jove*, who saw their sorrow, thus address'd.

The fears you shew, ye pow'rs, are my delight
 Well you your king's and father's love requite :
 Trust me, I triumph in this gen'rous care ;
 Since ev'n our progeny your favour share.
 For tho' 'tis to his acts, his merits due,
 Yet giv'n unforc'd, it has oblig'd us too.
 Let for these flames your breasts no terrors seize,
 For he, that conquer'd all, shall conquer these.
Vulcan shall but his mother's part subdue ;
 For that's immortal which from me he drew.
 That cannot taste of death, nor stoop to fire ;
 But, freed from earth, shall to our joys aspire.
 This grace your Deities all, I trust, will please ;
 But if some one repine at *Hercules*,
 Or grudge these honours ; let him envy still,
 He shall confirm our act against his will.

The

The Gods assent: and *Juno's* self accords
To ev'ry part, but *Jove's* concluding words.
Her rising frowns her plain displeasure prove,
To think herself reflected on by *Jove*.
Mean while the flames their victory pursue;
And all the parts within their pow'r subdue.
No more *Alcides*, known by face, remains;
Nor ought he of his mother's form retains:
But *Jove* alone in his lost figure reigns.
Ev'n as a snake casts, with his skin, his years;
And young and gay with glitt'ring scales appears;
So brave *Alcides*, from the body free,
And disengag'd from dull mortality,
Shines in his better part, and seems more great,
With majesty adorn'd and awful state.
Now wafted upwards by his fire, he rode
In triumph 'midst the stars, and shone a God.
Press'd *Atlas* feels his unacquainted weight;
Eurytheus still preserves his wonted state.
His wrath rekindles, and revenge renews;
And the dead father in his race pursues.
Alcmena, press'd with years and worn with cares,
To *Iole* her aged griefs declares;
With her, her son's hard toils, so widely known,
Talks o'er, and tells his fortunes and her own.
For *Iole*, at *Hercules'* request,
Hyllus had taken to his bed and breast.
The nymph the vigour of the youth essays,
And her swoln womb their am'rous sport betrays,
To whom *Alcmena* thus began; To thee
The Deities at least propitious be:
And ease thee when a mother's pangs invade,
And force thee to invite *Lucina's* aid.

The Goddess hearken'd much to *Juno's* hate,
Deaf to my cries, she made my travels great.
For when *Alcides* did his birth provoke,
And then accomplish'd months my pains bespoke:
So pond'rous, that his weight alone did prove
Th' immortal fire, and testify'd a *Jove*!
When I no longer could the toil sustain,
(Ev'n now, rememb'ring, I renew my pain.)
When, sev'n long days and nights with anguish spent,
My hands I rear'd, and pray'rs to heav'n I sent.
And with loud cries, thro' all the tort'ring hours,
Invok'd *Lucina* and the fav'ring pow'rs.
Indeed she came, but sway'd by *Juno's* will
To cause my death, she came resolv'd to kill.
Soon as she heard my groans, before the gate
She unassisting on that altar fate.
Her right ham crossing her left knee she cast,
Then knits her fingers mystically fast.
Protracts my labour; and with mutter'd spells
Of secret pow'r the pressing birth repels.
I wish'd to die, and tax'd ungrateful *Jove*;
Breathing complaints relentless rocks might move.
The *Theban* matrons all around were there,
They beg the Gods and comfort my despair.
Yellow *Galanthis* too, an active maid,
Was there; of mean descent, but full of aid.
Officious as she passes in and out
She something does from *Juno's* hate misdoubt.
She sees the Goddess on the altar sit;
Her arms about her knees, her fingers knit.
Whoe'er thou art, rejoice with us, said she;
Joyful *Alcmena* from her pains is free.
The child-birth-aiding Goddess starting rose;
And, parting her link'd fingers, eas'd my throws.

Galanthis.

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15

Galanthis laugh'd at the deceit, 'twas said;
But the fierce Goddess seiz'd the laughing maid:
Dragg'd by the hair, nor suffer'd her to rise;
Forthwith her arms are chang'd to legs and thighs.
With usual nimbleness along she sweeps,
And, tho' she's chang'd in shape, her colour keeps.
But since she eas'd my pains with forg'd device,
The lips must suffer that pronounc'd the lyes:
Her offspring at her mouth she now receives:
Nor yet our old frequented mansion leaves.

Thus said, she for her servant's sorrow sigh'd,
When thus the blooming *Iole* reply'd:
You mourn, my mother, for no kindred's fate;
But what if I my sister's change relate?
Tho' rising grief the wond'rous tale will break;
And gushing tears scarce suffer me to speak.
Of all th' *Oechalian* damsels few might dare
For equal charms with *Dryope* compare.
Her mother left her only when she dy'd,
(I was the offspring of a second bride.)
The *Delphian* God, enamour'd, felt her charms;
O'erpower'd, and revell'd in her virgin arms.
Andramon took to wife the ravish'd fair;
They lov'd, and were esteem'd an happy pair.
There is a lake which shelving borders bound
Much like a shore, with fragrant myrtles crown'd;
Hither the bright and blooming *Dryope* came,
A stranger to the fatal place's fame:
And, what may more your just compassion move,
She for the *Naiads* flow'ry chaplets wove.
A pleasing weight, a child her arms infold;
Sucking her breast, nor yet a twelvemonth old:
Hard by the lake a flow'ry *Lotus* grew,
Which hop'd for berries of a crimson hue.

The

The flow'rs she pluck'd to please her little son;
 I too was there, and like the same I have done.
 Blood from the dropping twigs I saw descend,
 And all the quiv'ring boughs with horror bend.
 For as, alas! too late the rusticks said,
 From lustful *Priapus* when *Lotis* fled;
 The frightened nymph, redeem'd from force and shame,
 Was chang'd into the tree which bears her name.

Nought of the horrid tale my sister knew,
 Who now astonish'd, as she backward drew,
 Glad to depart, her vows already pay'd,
 By sudden roots her struggling feet were stay'd.
 Upward alone she moves; for all below
 O'er her smooth limbs a crusting bark does grow.
 This seen, her locks she strives to rend, but tears
 Leaves from their twigs, and branches pulls for hairs,
 The boy *Amphisus* (for they call'd him so,
 The name his monarch grandfire did bestow;) }
 To draw the failing milk in vain does try,
 He finds his mother's breasts both stiff and dry.
 Thy cruel fate, poor sister, I survey'd;
 A vain spectator, for I could not aid!
 Yet, as I could, the growing bark delay'd:
 Clung to thy spreading boughs, and wish'd with thee
 (Sincerely wish'd, by Heaven!) intomb'd to be.
 Behold! *Andramon* and her wretched fire
 Approach, and for their *Dryope* enquire;
 I for their *Dryope* a *Lotus* shew'd;
 They kisses on the yet warm wood bestow'd,
 And grov'ling on the ground her roots embrace;
 The tree all else engrosses but the face.
 Each other part the dismal change receives;
 With tears she bathes her new-created leaves:

And

And while she might, while yet a way remains
For speaking passion, thus she breathes her pains.

If credit to the wretched may be giv'n,
I swear by all the sacred pow'rs of heav'n!
By no foul crime this change have I deserv'd,
Nor ever from the paths of virtue swerv'd.
If I am false, may my green branches fade;
And fell'd with axes on the fire be laid.
This infant from his dying mother bear
To some kind nurse, but often bring him here:
Here let him feed, and in my shadow play,
And, soon as he has words, be taught to say,
This bark my dearest mother does contain;
Yet let him strictly from all lakes refrain.
Nor let him e'er presume to touch a flow'r;
But think that ev'ry tree inshrines a pow'r.
O! husband, sister, father, all farewell;
If in your gentle hearts compassion dwell,
Suffer no ax to wound my tender boughs,
Nor on my leaves let impious cattle browse;
And since I cannot down to you decline,
Ascend to me and joyn your lips to mine.
My little son, whilst I can kiss, advance;
But fate cuts off my failing utterance.
For now the choaking rind my neck ascends,
And round about my leafy head extends.
Remove your hands, without the help of those,
The wrapping bark my dying eyes will close.
She ceas'd to speak, and be. Yet vital heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd its seat.

Whilst she the mournful tale relates, her eyes,
Swimming in tears, the kind *Alcmena* dries.
Tho' from her own, the show'rs in consort flow;
But now a better change suspends their woe.

At the big entrance *Iolaus* appears,
Blooming in beauty, and renew'd in years;
Crown'd with a second youth, and sprightly grace,
The doubtful down scarce shades his maiden face.

The favour to his uncle's pray'rs he ow'd,
And *Hebe* at her husband's suit bestow'd:
Which granted, now she was about to swear
She never would again the like confer,
When awful *Themis*, interposing, said:

Fierce wars are wag'd in *Thebes* by discord sway'd;
Jove only shall *Capaneus*' rage restrain;
Two brothers by each other shall be slain.
A monstrous gulph a prophet shall entomb,
And living hide him in earth's darksome womb.
A son, possess'd with just yet impious ire,
Shall kill his mother to revenge his fire.
Banish'd his home and sense, in wild affright,
Furies shall haunt him and his mother's spirit;
Till his new wife the fatal gold demands,
Then shall he perish by *Phegeian* hands.
Then shall *Callirrhoe* of great *Jove* obtain,
Her infant sons a sudden youth may gain:
Jove shall consent, thy pow'rs exert; and then
Precipitate th' unripen'd boys to men.

While *Themis* thus of fate foreknowing sung,
Amongst the Gods a grudging murmur sprung.
Why she this gift to others should not give;
Aurora for her husband's age does grieve:
Ceres complains of *Jason*'s hoary hair;
Vulcan would *Erichonius*' youth repair.
The cares of future time in *Venus* reign,
That her *Anchises* may grow young again.
Each on his fav'rite would some grace bestow,
And partial favour makes their factions grow;

'Till *Jove*, the loud sedition to suppress,
Did thus the wrangling Deities address.

Is there no reverence to our empire due,
Or, oh! what ends will your rash rage pursue?
Which of you all presumes his pow'r so great,
As to controul th' eternal laws of fate?
Old *Iolaus* by fate grew young again;
By fate *Callirrhoe's* sons must straight be men:
Events which force of arms could ne'er constrain,
Or the smooth arts of proud ambition gain.
And, that you may the better brook your state,
Know, I am govern'd and restrain'd by fate;
Which could I change, decrepit age should cease
The bending back of *Æacus* to press.

Eternal youth should *Rhadamanthus* crown,
Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renown:
Now for his years condemn'd, who heretofore
With full command the regal scepter bore.

These words from *Jove* the jarring Gods restrain,
Nor does one bold dissenter dare complain.
When press'd with years they *Rhadamanthus* see,
Nor *Æacus* from age's sorrows free;
When lordly *Minos* bows, whose youthful fame
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
He, weaken'd, now *Miletus*' prowess fears;
Who boasts his fire divine and blooming years.
Nor durst exile him tho' the youth, 'twas known,
Had form'd designs and aim'd to seize the throne.
But thou, *Miletus*, uncompell'd did'st fly,
Quitting thy home th' *Ægean* deeps to try:
In *Asia's* climes thou do'st a city raise,
Which call'd from thee records its founder's praise.

Here while the lovely nymph *Cyane* stray'd,
And round her father's winding riv'let play'd:
By force thou did'st compress th' unguarded maid.

Byblis and *Cannus* sprang from that embrace,
A lovely pair, and form'd with equal grace.

Byblis' example lawless love reproves;
Byblis' *Apollinean Cannus* loves:

Not as a sister should a brother do,
Nor at the first her own affection knew.

She frequently would kiss the beauteous boy,
And thought her duty what she found her joy.

Oft her white arms she o'er his neck would throw,
Nor thinks she does amiss in doing so.

Insensibly her passion gathers force,
And has to female stratagems recourse;

About to visit *Cannus* e're she goes,
Her artful hands her wanton dress compose:

The virgin now to seem too fair desires;
And envies ev'ry face which he admires:

Yet knows not her disease; no loose desire
Yet reigns: and yet within she's all on fire.

Now calls him lord; the dues of blood disclaim'd;
And would be *Byblis*, and not sister nam'd.

No guilty thought yet stain'd her waking soul;
On it, with night, the black pollution stole.

A pleasing dream to bed her brother brings,
With panting breasts she murm'ring to him clings.

Straight in her face offended nature flies,
And blushes dawn about her dark'ned eyes.

She wakes, and long is mute; her soul surveys,
And then her grief in these wild words displays.

What means the vision of the guilty night?

Ah wretch! what horror! mix'd with what delight!

Why did that lovely shape break in upon thy sight?

His

His heav'nly form by envy is approv'd;
He might, if not a brother, be belov'd:
But, oh! a brother's once endearing name
Is now the foe that's fatal to my flame.
Yet whilst awake I can continue chaste,
May ev'ry golden dream be like the last;
No witness can my sleeping joy reveal,
Yet imitative joys in sleep I feel;
Bright queen of love! and thou her winged son!
What pleasure did the strong delusion crown!
What fierce transporting raptures blest'd the night!
And how I lay dissolv'd in vast delight!
For ever shall the charming mem'ry last
Of transports, which alas! too quickly past!
For the malignant Goddesses of the night,
Envy my bliss, urg'd on her head-long flight.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine,
Or he the int'rest in his blood resign!
How well, O *Cannus*, might our father be
But half a fire, or to thyself, or me!
O would to Heav'n we all in common held
Except our birth, and thou in that excell'd!
Ah! who must wrapp'd in thy embraces be,
Thou fairest of thy sex, what happy she? }
Whilst thou art only brother to poor me.
That fatal tie does all my hopes destroy,
I'm only seiz'd of what must blast my joy.
My visions then are vain: in these extreams
Can dreams avail, or is there weight in dreams?
The Gods forbid! Yet Gods their sisters wed,
Saturn and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.
Ocean his sister *Tethys* made his bride;
And *Jove* the nuptial knot with *Juno* ty'd.

Gods have their laws. But wherefore do I dare,
 Celestial rites with human laws compare?
 This lawless flame shall from my breast be driv'n;
 Or if it cannot, let me die, good Heav'n!
 Then let my cold and breathless corpse be laid
 Upon the bier, and *Caunus* kiss me dead.
 Yet say, thou should'st indulge thy wild desire,
 To finish it will his consent require:
 What you thus wish, and your chief good esteem,
 To him may black and execrable seem.
 But *Æolus's* son, without a dread
 Of incest, mounted to his sister's bed.
 Ah! have I then resolv'd upon the deed?
 Whence can these thoughts, these curs'd remarks proceed?
 Oh, whither am I driv'n! O whither tost!
 How in a maze of thought my reason's lost!
 Hence, flames obscene: ye furies, hence; go dwell
 In your own native soil, the deepest hell.
 Love the sweet youth, but love without a fault,
 And love him as the kindest sister ought.
 But yet had he thus rav'd for *Byblis*, I
 Could ne'er resolve to see my *Caunus* die.
 Then shall I, who would not his suit reject,
 Sue first? what, can'st thou speak? thy thoughts detect?
 I can, love prompts. If shame my speech suppress,
 Yet letters may my hidden flames confess.
 This resolution fix'd her doubtful mind,
 Then, on her arm her lovely, head reclin'd.
 Yes, he shall know what tort'ring pains I feel;
 I can no more my desp'rate case conceal.
 O what infernal flame! what fury's this?
 Gods! from what height I plunge to what abyss!
 As her looks change, her trembling hand indites,
 Begins, and doubts; nay damns, what scarce she writes.

Yet

Yet to what now she blames, she straight returns;
With rapture now invents, what now she burns:
Then what one moment to the flames she dooms,
The next she with a whirl of thought resumes,
Too discompos'd ev'n her own will to find,
Now shame, now resolution guide her mind.
Sister she once had wrote; then, as unfit,
Blotted the sister out, and thus she writ.
Health to her only love that lover sends,
Whose health alone upon your love depends.
To tell you who I am, alas! I shame;
I would my suit were known without a name.
As for my name, O let it not be told!
Till promis'd happiness makes *Byblis* bold.
Wan colour, leanness, and o'erflowing eyes,
Long sighs which from a smother'd passion rise,
Frequent embraces, kisses of desire,
That darted all the lover's humid fire,
Had you but mark'd the symptoms, all express
The deep distemper of my wounded breast.
But yet tho' deep, ah deep! the flaming dart,
Piercing my burning breast, transfix'd my heart;
Long time I strove its fury to assuage,
And struggling virtue long oppos'd its rage;
Heav'n and the Gods are witnesses, I bore
What never tender virgin did before.
Retreating, long I fought th' unequal field;
But now I turn to conqu'ring love, and yield.
O'ercome, your slave I must myself confess,
And plead for mercy in extreme distress:
My life, or death determine as you will,
You can preserve, and you alone can kill.
Think who I am that sue to be redrest,
It is no foe that does your love request.

But

But one, who near ally'd, would nearer join,
 And in a stricter league of love combine;
 Let dotards slaves to musty morals be,
 Austerities and impotence agree;
 But in us two hot youth and rash desire
 To bliss, to raptures uncontroll'd aspire.
 We know not when we nature's bounds transcend;
 We think all free, and with our Gods offend.
 Them let us imitate. Paternal awe,
 Respect of fame, nor fear shall us withdraw.
 Let us but only lay distrusts aside:
 Our easy stealths a brother's name will hide.
 We may, in private, talk, embrace, and kiss;
 How little then remains to crown our bliss!
 O pity her, who has her passion broke;
 Who ne'er, but for excess of love, had spoke:
 Left your remorseless cruelty be read
 Too late upon my grave, when I am dead.

Thus all on fire her working mind indites,
 'Till ev'ry page and margent full she writes.
 Then she her crime folds up, and shrowds from sight;
 And sealing shuts the monstrous birth from light.
 A trusty servant now she calls by name,
 And in low accents half suppress'd by shame;
 My faithful friend, this letter see convey'd
 To my---and here she paus'd, then---*brother*, said.
 But as she from the fatal writing parts,
 It falls; she trembling at the omen starts.
 Yet fondly to destruction on she goes;
 Her trusty slave a fit conjuncture chose:
 To *Caurus*'s apartment he repairs,
 And to the youth th' unpleasing secret bears.
 Wonder and rage both seiz'd him at the view;
 The half-read letter to the ground he threw.

With

With much ado his fury he commands;
And from the bearer scarce with-holds his hands.
Thou pander to incestuous lust, he cry'd,
Fly, whilst thou may'st; and know, ere this thou'd'st dy'd,
Had not the honour of my house and name
Told me, thy blood, if spilt, would spread our shame.
He, frighted, flies; and to his mistress bears
The rage of *Caurus*, which she trembling hears.
At her repulse, a death-resembling cold,
Freezing her heart, the vital heat controul'd.
Yet with sp'rits her frantick love returns;
And thus with faltring tongue she softly mourns.

Repell'd! disdain'd! Oh what could worse befall!
Thy conduct and thy crime deserve it all.
For why her ha'st thou, O wretch to madness bold!
Thus rashly thy prodigious secret told?
Why did I, what should have been hid, commit
To a fond letter in confusion writ?
I should in doubtful terms have first address'd,
Th' uncertain depths have sounded of his breast.
Fool! thus presumptuously to quit the shore,
And not the winds, nor the new seas explore:
Those winds now rage, and the mad seas run high;
And all things round look hideous to my eye.
Dash'd on the splitting rocks, the floods o'er-bear
My sinking bark; nor can I backward steer.
And yet by omens, certain and divine,
Thou wer't forbid to urge thy dire design.
Did not the letter, as thou gav'st it, fall;
And that presage thy blasted hopes forestall?
Wer't thou not mad, by portents thus deterr'd
Thou had'st giv'n o'er; giv'n o'er? ah, no! deferr'd:
And, on some happier day, perhaps been heard,

In person, not by pen, I should have su'd;
He should in looks my lively love have view'd:
Have seen my moving tears and pleading eyes;
More might I've spoke than letters can comprize.
About his neck, my arms I might have thrown,
And, had he cast me off, appear'd too swoon:
Clung to his feet, and grov'ling, life implore;
I might have all this passion play'd, and more.
If one of these to move his heart had fail'd;
His stubborn heart, they all had sure prevail'd.
Perhaps thy servant caus'd thy ill success,
By ill-tim'd management without address;
He might absurdly chuse some busy hour,
Too rude and harsh for love's more gentle pow'r.
This wreck'd my hopes. For his soft, human breast
Nor rocks, nor steel, nor adamant invest,
Him did the savage tigress bear: no, he
Sprang from the same soft yielding nymph with me.
He must be won: no harsh repulse shall make
Me cease my suit, 'till life my breast forsake.
True I could wish, if actions once begun
By empty wishes were to be undone,
That I this luckless love had ne'er indulg'd;
At least that I had ne'er my crime divulg'd.
But since, what's past, ev'n fate can ne'er recal;
I now must thro', whate'er extreams befall.
For never would he, tho' I should o'erfway
My strong desires, forget my lewd essay.
He'll think if I thus lightly could disclaim,
I lightly entertain'd th' incestuous flame!
May think some baits were for his virtue laid,
To be to publick infamy betray'd:
Or may conceive that brutish lust did move
These extasies, and not the God of love.

Should

Should I defist, the horrid crime's conceiv'd;
 And innocence can never be retriev'd.
 Persisting little can my guilt enhance,
 But *Byblis* may to vast delights advance.

This said, one thought another doth controul,
 So vast a discord wrecks her wav'ring soul.
 Her sickly mind oppos'd designs revolves;
 What, it repents of, to repeat resolves:
 Her brother obstinately she pursues,
 Often repuls'd, as oft the charge renews.
 He flies his country to avoid her crime:
 And builds a city in a foreign clime.
 When woeful *Byblis*, raving thro' despair,
 Her garments did from her bruis'd bosom tear;
 Beats her poor arms in fury, and proclaims
 In high distraction her incestuous flames.
 Hopeless, her hated mansion she forsakes;
 And, *Caunus* to pursue, her flight she takes.
 Wild as th' *Ismarian Bacchanals* appear,
 When their triennial Orgies they prepare;
 Ev'n so the matrons, o'er *Bubasian* plains,
 Saw frantick *Byblis* run, and howl her pains.
 From these she wanders thro' the *Carian* bounds;
 The martial *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds.
 O'er *Cragos*' top thro' *Lymire* she raves,
 And crosses o'er the *Xanthus*' silver waves.
 Where huge *Chimera* spreads his ample brow;
 A lyon all above, a snake below.
 The woods were past; when thou, O *Byblis*, faint
 With long pursuit, and passions strong constraint,
 Sunk'st down; thy ruffled hair on earth display'd,
 Thy face upon the wither'd leaves low laid:
 Often the kind *Lelegian* nymphs contend
 To raise her in their arms, and comforts lend;

With counsels strive to cure her love-sick mind,
 Which at her deaf'ned ear no entrance find.
 She, grasping the green rushes, silent lies;
 And bathes them with the rivers of her eyes.
 On them the *Naiades* bestow'd a spring;
 For what more grateful could their bounty bring?
 'As pitch distilleth from the bark's black wound,
 'As stiff bitumen issues from the ground;
 'As floods, which frosts in icy fetters bind,
 Thaw with th' approaching sun and southern wind;
 Ev'n so *Phœbean Byblis*, spent in tears,
 Melts to a fountain, which her title bears:
 Beneath the roots of a black holme, that grows
 In the rank vales, with plenteous streams it flows.

Happ'ly the fame of this prodigious fate
 Had ran o'er all the hundred towns of *Crete*,
 Had not the recent change of *Iphis* shewn
 That isle as strange a wonder of her own.
 Near to the *Gnosian* realms, in *Phastus*' town,
Ligdus was born, a name of small renown.
 Mean were his fortunes, humble his descent:
 But his whole life in honour's paths he spent.
 Thus he alarms his teeming consort's ear,
 As now her lab'ring hour was almost near;
 But two requests my wishes now employ,
 Light be your pains, and may you bring a boy.
 A female offspring would a burthen grow,
 Where nature does so scanty means bestow,
 I charge thee therefore, if a girl it be,
 Which heav'n prevent! forgive me piety,
 This harsh injunction; let the infant die.
 Largely he weeps, as the command he gives;
 Which she with tears profusely shed receives.

Yet

BOOK IX. METAMORPHOSES. 29

Yet *Telethusa* still, with fruitless pray'r,
 Begs him he would not of the Gods despair.
 He stands resolv'd: the matron's time was come,
 And the ripe burthen downward weigh'd her womb;
 When *Isis* to her bed in dead of night,
 Attended came, and stood confess'd to fight.
 A crown of golden wheat her brow adorns,
 And on her forehead rose the *Cynthian* horns;
 With her *Anubis* came, *Bubastis* bright,
 And the black *Apis* deck'd with spots of white;
 The God, whose pointing finger silence taught;
Osiris, ne'er too diligently sought.
 Timbrels resounded; foreign snakes, whose bane
 Caus'd deadly slumbers, fill the ample train.
 The Goddess to th' awaken'd matron said;
 No more, my *Telethusa*, be dismay'd:
 Deceive thy husband, and thy cares suspend:
 Nor doubt to rear whate'er the Gods shall send.
 I am a Goddess who distress regard,
 And ev'ry votary with aid reward:
 Ne'er shall it grieve thee that thou ha'st ador'd;
 Or an ungrateful pow'r in me implor'd.
 The Goddess counsels, and away she goes,
 Straight in her bed the *Cretan* matron rose;
 And up to heav'n her suppliant hands she threw,
 And, ardent, pray'd the vision might be true.
 Increasing throws at length a girl disclos'd,
 Both by the fire and world a boy suppos'd.
 So closely was the sex conceal'd, and known
 But to the mother, and the nurse alone.
Ligdus aloud his gratitude proclaims,
 And th' infant, from his grandfire, *Iphis* names.
 The mother joys to think the doubtful name
 Gave no deceit, yet either sex became.

With pious fraud she still conceals the cheat ;
 In dress the child appears a boy compleat.
 The youthful face and well-turn'd features shine
 With charms, you might to either sex assign.
 Now thirteen summers ran o'er *Iphis*' head,
 Her fire demands *Ianthe* for her bed ;
 Of *Phaestian* virgins most divinely fair,
 By birth a *Cretan*, and *Telestes*' heir.
 The same their age, the same their grace appears ;
 And the same masters form'd their early years.
 Hence did one dart with love both bosoms strike ;
 Alike their passion, but their hopes unlike.
Ianthe thought the time too slowly ran
 'Till *Iphis* weds her, whom she counts a man.
 Poor *Iphis* loves ; but does in love despair
 Of proper pow'rs to please the courted fair :
 With her despair her fire more fierce returns ;
 And the young virgin for a virgin burns.
 What fate remains for me, (the weeping, said ;)
 Whom new, unknown, prodigious fires invade !
 Would the Gods spare me, they should straight destroy ;
 Or nature give me power her rights t' enjoy.
 No mare, no cow, her sister brute pursues :
 But harts their gentle hinds, and rams their ewes.
 So birds together pair. Of all that move,
 No female suffers for a female love.
 Would I were none ! — Yet lest our *Crete* should prove
 Barren of any prodigy of love.
 A bull did o'er *Pasiphae*' heart prevail,
 But this was still the female to the male.
 Mine is a fury of a stranger kind :
 She on the joys of *Venus* fix'd her mind :
 The lusty lover by a wile receiv'd,
 And he enjoy'd the dame, yet was deceiv'd.

But

But oh! no error can be aiding here;
 Should all the world their daring wits confer.
 Should *Dadalus* his waxen wings renew,
 And hither fly, what could his cunning do!
 Can art convert a virgin to a boy?
 Or fit *Ianthe* for a maiden's joy?
 No, fix thy mind; compose thy vain desires;
 And quench these ill-advis'd and foolish fires.
 Think what thou art; (unless resolv'd t' abuse
 Thyself in vain;) and love as females use.
 Hope wings desire; hope *Cupid's* flight sustains;
 Thy hope, thy sex, and nature's self, restrains.
 No jealous husband's care, no rig'rous fire
 Against thy coveted embrace conspire;
 Nor she herself denies to meet thy fire.
 Yet can't thou not enjoy! yet can't not be
 Happy in her, tho' men and Gods agree!
 All things, but one, to my desires accord;
 What they can give the bounteous Gods afford:
 What she, what I approve, what both our fires,
 Nature dislikes; too strong for our desires!
 Nature forbids. The day begins to shine,
 The wish'd for day! to make *Ianthe* mine:
 And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst!
 To starve at banquets, and in rivers thirst!
 O *Juno*, *Hymen*, wherefore do you come
 Where both are brides, and yet there wants the groom?

Here *Iphis* ends. Nor for the nuptial day
 Does young *Ianthe* with less ardor pray.
 Yet *Telethusa* in suspicious strains,
 Defers, protracts, and of her health complains.
 Ill-boding signs and visions oft she feigns;
 But now no colour of excuse remains.
 The nuptial pomp admits no more delay,
 Than 'till the morrow's sun shall gild the day.

When

When she unbinds hers and her daughter's hair,
And at the altar breathes this fervent pray'r.

Isis, great Goddess, who on *Pharos*' isle,
And ample *Paratonium*'s soil do'st smile;
And chear the *Maraotis*, and the *Nile*:

Grant now thy presence, and thy suppliants hear;
O aid in these extreame and heal our fear.

Thee, Goddess, thee of old I once rever'd;
Saw thy blest'd train, and sounding timbrels heard.

Thy counsels I pursu'd; to them I owe
That this maid lives, and I unpunish'd go.

Once more protect us with thy saving grace:
She spoke, and tears ran trickling down her face.

At once the loosen'd altar seems to quake,
The temple doors on sounding hinges shake.

Bright *Lunar* horns thro' all the temple flung
A sacred gleam, and sounding timbrels rung.

The mother, glad of this successful sign,

Tho' not secure, returns from *Isis*' shrine.

Iphis pursues her with a larger pace

Than late she trod, and wore a manlier face;

Her strength's increas'd; her looks more bold appear;

And on her shoulders curl'd the shorten'd hair.

More vigour does, than when a girl, enjoy;

For thou, so late a girl, art now a boy.

Gifts to the temple bear, and so sing;

Th' appointed gifts they to the temple bring.

Above them was the short inscription made,

'What *Iphis* vow'd a girl, a boy he paid.

The rising morn now gilds the eastern sky,

The nuptial Gods to grace the marriage fly.

The fires are kindled; and the recent boy,

Iphis, his own *Iamthe* does enjoy.







OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hymen, from the nuptials of Iphis and Ianthe, goes to those of Orpheus and Eurydice; but the new bride is stung to death by a serpent: Orpheus by entreaties obtains her back from the infernal regions, but loses her again, by looking back contrary to the agreement with Pluto. He mourns her loss on mount Hæmus; whither trees, beasts, and birds are drawn by the harmony of his musick. Cyparissus is turn'd into a cypress-tree; and Hyacinthus into a flower of his own name. The Propætidæ are turn'd prostitutes through Venus's indignation, and afterwards chang'd into flints. Pygmalion, falling in love with an ivory statue of his own carving, it is chang'd into a living

ing virgin. Myrrha commits incest with her father Cinyras, and is turn'd to a Myrrh-tree. Venus falls in love with Adonis, recites to him the story of Atalanta and Hippomenes, and why they were turn'd into Lyons. Adonis, kill'd by a boar, is turn'd by Venus into the flower Anemone.



Hence clad in saffron-robcs, thro' boundless
skies,

To the Ciconian borders Hymen flies;
In vain by Orpheus call'd his love to bless,
He came indeed, but could not grant success.

No chearful omens, or auspicious words,

No looks of joy the gloomy God affords.

The torch his hand sustain'd, still sputt'ring, rais'd

A sullen smoke; nor yet, tho' shaken, blaz'd.

Th' event more dire than the presage did prove,

For whilst the bride did thro' the meadows rove;

Whilst with the forest nymphs she treads the ring,

A serpent wounds her with his mortal sting:

Whom when the Thracian bard had amply wail'd,

And with his woes the upper skies assail'd;

That his complaints might move the realms below,

He to the Stygian depths prepares to go.

Thro' troops of ghosts and fleeting shades descends,

And his bold steps to the stern regents bends.

At Pluto's court arriv'd, he tunes his strings;

And thus to his harp the Godlike poet sings.

Ye pow'rs, who sway the world where darkness reigns,

Th' abode which fate for all mankind ordains;

If I the truth without offence may tell,

I come not hither to explore your hell:

Or bind in chains your guardian dog, who shakes

About his triple brows Medusa's snakes.

The

The cause, that urg'd this journey, is my wife;
 Whom in her bloom a viper robb'd of life;
 I would and strove her loss to bear; but love
 Won in the strife, a God well known above:
 Nor here perhaps unknown: if truly fame
 Report the rape, your pow'rs have felt his flame:
 By these obscure abodes so full of dread,
 By the dread silence thro' your empires spread,
 By this vast chaos, by these pray'rs of mine,
Euridyce's too hasty fate untwine.
 We all are yours; on earth we but suspend
 Our doom a-while; here we must all descend:
 Hither we throng, for our long home assign'd;
 Th' eternal, last abode of human kind.
 She, when her time by nature shall expire,
 Again is yours; I but the use desire:
 If fate deny me this, my second choice
 Is here to stay; in both our deaths rejoyce.

While thus he sung and struck the trembling strings,
 Charm'd *Tantalus* neglects the gliding springs;
 The shadows wept: *Ixion's* wheel stood still,
 Their urn the *Belides* no longer fill;
 The vultures fed not, *Tityus* ceas'd to groan,
 And *Sisyphus* sat list'ning on his stone.
 The furies, vanquish'd by his verse's power,
 Were said to weep, that never wept before.
 The queen of darkness to his suit complies,
 Nor ev'n her sterner lord the grant denies.
Eurydice is call'd; who 'midst the souls
 But late arriv'd, her early fate condole.
 She comes, her pace yet slacken'd with her wound;
Orpheus receives her in this contract bound;

That

That if, e'er he th' *Avernian* lake have past,
 Backward on her his longing eyes he cast; (last. }
 Hell would its grant resume, that look must prove his }
 Onward they tread the steepy darksome height.
 Thro' horrid silence, and unbroken night;
 And, now hell's confines almost past, they rise
 Where earth's dark yawn first sees the doubtful skies.
 There fearing lest affright her feet misguide,
 And longing to behold his charming bride,
 His eyes th' impatient lover backward threw;
 When, quick as thought, the gliding fair withdrew.
 His arms he stretches eager for embrace,
 But nothing grasps but air, and empty space.
 Nor dying twice does she her lord reprove;
 For what could she complain of, but of love?
 At last farewell she gives; her parting breath
 Scarce reach'd his ears, e're she returns to death.
 The double loss with horror *Orpheus* froze,
 Scarce thro' his veins the blood congealing flows.
 Such was his dread, who vast *Alcides* saw
 In chains the triple-headed *Cerberus* draw;
 By the dire working of his fear alone,
 Lost to himself, he hard'ned to a stone.
 Or like *Olenus*, who to save his wife
 Accus'd himself, and lost his forfeit life;
 Or thee, thou partner of his long disgrace,
 Rash dame, too conscious of thy beauteous face;
 United bodies once, but statues now;
 And monuments of wrath, on *Ida's* brow!
Orpheus would visit hell's black realms again,
 But sullen *Charon* woos with pray'rs in vain.
 For sev'n long days on *Styx's* dreary shore
 Mourning he sat, and all repast forbore.

Care, grief of mind, and tears his only cheer,
 He calls the Gods of *Erebus* severe.
 Thence to chill *Rhodope* at length he goes,
 And *Thracian Hamos* wet with constant snows.

His yearly circuit thrice did *Phœbus* run,
 And *Orpheus* still all female commerce shun;
 Whether the courted nymphs unkind did prove,
 Or he had sworn to bid adieu to love.
 Yet many for the bard's embraces sigh'd,
 As many griev'd, the flatter'd bliss deny'd:
 He taught the *Thracians* first unusual joys,
 And to transfer their love on beardless boys.

There was an hill, and on that hill a plain,
 Verdant with thriving grass, and flow'ry grain;
 But no kind shade the sun-beams there restrain.
 Yet soon as *Orpheus* hither did repair,
 And struck the trembling strings, and charm'd the air;
 A sudden shade was giv'n: a thousand trees,
 Poplars, and oaks whose tops do reach the skies;
 Soft *Lindens*, beeches, and the virgin bays,
 The brittle hazel, ash whose spears we praise;
 Th' unknotted firs, thick holmes, and genial planes,
 Rough chefnuts, maples fleck'd with diff'rent grains;
 Willows that love the streams, and lotes, the lakes;
 Boxes, whom their green beauty ne'er forsakes;
 Tam'risks and myrtles, and the bay that glows
 With purple fruit, the various wood compose.
 The wanton ivy wreath'd in amorous twines,
 Vines bearing grapes, and elms supporting vines.
 The limber palms that grace the victor's brows,
 And pines that upwards shoot their fertile boughs.
 Pines to the sacred *Cybele* so dear,
 E'er since her *Attis*, chang'd, their form did wear.

Nor was the cypress absent from the grove,
 Once a fair boy, and worth a Godhead's love:
 That potent Godhead whose unrivall'd fame
 The silver bow, and sounding lyre proclaim.
 There was a stag, of mighty bulk and grace,
 Claim'd by the nymphs of the *Carthæan* chace;
 His ample branching horns, on high display'd,
 Adorn his front, and yield his head a shade.
 With gold his antlers shone; with gems his neck,
 Which his deep chest ev'n to the shoulders deck;
 A silver bell upon his forehead hung,
 By filken strings, which every motion rung,
 And at his ears a pair which o'er his temples swung. }
 Above his nature bold, and void of fear,
 To houses would he frequently repair;
 And oft, with patient pleasure, would he stand
 The gentle strokings of a stranger's hand.
 But thee, thou blooming pride of *Caen* plains,
 Thee, *Cyparissus*, most he entertains.
 By thee full oft to change of pasture led,
 He sipp'd the streams, and cropp'd the flow'ry mead:
 Now thou his horns with various flow'rs did'st dress,
 Now thou his ample back did'st lightly press;
 About the spacious fields in pleasure ride,
 And his soft mouth with purple bridle guide.
 'Twas summer, and the sun now mounted high
 In his hot solstice, scorch'd the sultry sky:
 Upon the ground the panting hart was laid,
 Cool air receiving from the spreading shade:
 When *Cyparissus* with unerring dart
 By fatal error struck, and pierc'd his heart;
 But when he saw the beast expiring lye,
 Th' afflicted boy resolv'd himself to dye.

What

What things of comfort did not *Phœbus* say,
 That might a grief so slightly caus'd allay?
 He only sighs does to the Gods return,
 Imploring Heav'n, he may for ever mourn.
 Drain'd with his tears his body bloodless grew;
 His limbs are alter'd to a greenish hue.
 His curling hairs in bristly branches rise,
 And spiring upwards seem to threat the skies.
 I'll grieve for thee, do thou for others mourn,
 Cries the sad God, and fun'ral piles adorn.

Such was the grove the bard had drawn around,
 And birds and beasts flock'd to th' enchanting sound;
 Whilst midmost thus he tunes his lyre and sings,
 Striking th' harmonious, tho' discordant, strings.

From *Jove*, thou mother muse, derive my verse;
 All bow to *Jove*; *Jove's* pow'r we oft rehearse.
 Late I the giants sung, in lofty strains,
 Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegraan* plains.
 Now softer notes must swell each warbling string,
 Whilst of fair boys belov'd by Gods I sing:
 And virgins lab'ring with incestuous fires,
 Deserving hapless fates for foul desires.
 Heav'n's king of old the *Phrygian* boy did love;
 And found what he had rather be, than *Jove*.
 Yet of no bird vouchsafes the form to wear
 But that, which could his dreadful thunder bear.
 Disguis'd in eagles plumes he downward flies,
 And bears the *Phrygian* with him to the skies.
 There he for *Jove* (tho' jealous *Juno* frowns,)
 The flowing bowls with purple nectar crowns.

Thee, *Hyacinth*, *Phœbus* too plac'd above;
 But angry fate oppos'd his purpos'd love.
 Yet, as he might, immortal wer't thou made,
 For oft as spring does winter's cold succeed;

Oft as the wat'ry sign to *Aries* yields,
So oft renew'd, thy flow'r adorns the fields.
Thee my fire lov'd above all human kind,
For thee the God his *Delphian* groves declin'd.
For thee frequented the *Laconian* plains;
And *Sparta*, which the guard of walls disdains.
Now neither for his harp, nor quiver cares,
Forgets his pow'r, and lugs the corded snares:
Holds in thy dogs, o'er mountains with thee goes;
Whilst from long intercourse his passion grows.
The fiery sun now shot his equal light
'Twixt rising day and the descending night;
When they, both stripp'd and sleek with oil, prepare
To whirl the rival *Discus* thro' the air.
The broad and pond'rous orb first *Phæbus* threw,
The obvious clouds dispersing as it flew.
Long lodg'd in air at length to earth it came,
And did the flinger's strength and art proclaim.
Th' imprudent boy with rash, but fatal, haste
Waits for the falling orb, and longs to cast;
Eager to take it up, it straight rebounds
And *Hyacinthus* on the forehead wounds.
Pale as the boy the affrighted Godhead grows;
And his whole skill, and saving aid bestows.
With trembling arms now raises from the ground,
Now chafes his face, and wipes the gushing wound.
And would with herbs his flying soul have staid,
The wound was cureless: art affords no aid.
So violets, poppies, and soft lillies so,
Bruise but the mother stem, on which they grow,
Instant decay, and hang their heavy heads;
And downward bend them to their earthy beds.
So hung his dying looks, so over-sway'd
His languid neck was on his shoulder laid.

O fair *Oebalian* blasted in thy prime,
Says the sad God; thy wound presents my crime.
Thou art my grief and shame: this hand did give
The murthering wound, and thee of life bereave.
Yet what's my crime? but to have play'd with thee,
But to have lov'd, can crimes accounted be.
For thee, or with thee, would that I might dye!
But since the fates so near a wish deny,
For evermore thou shalt with me abide,
For ever in my memory reside.
Our harp and verse thy praises shall resound,
And in thy flow'r my sorrows shall be found.
A valiant heroe too in time shall be
Chang'd to thy flow'r, and grow the same as thee.
Whilst thus the God mourn'd in prophetick strains,
Behold the blood, which lately dy'd the plains,
Was blood no more. A flow'r was sprung full-blown,
And brighter than *Phoenician* purple shone.
In shape and form it did resemble right
A lilly, changing but the red to white.
Nor was the God with this fair change content;
For he alone these honours did present;
In artful strokes upon the painted leaves
The lively marks of his strong woe he weaves.
Ai! ai! on ev'ry springing flow'r impress,
Proclaim the sorrows of his sighing breast.
Nor *Sparta* shames her *Hyacinth* to own,
But still with honours does his mem'ry crown:
Still, as of old, they yearly celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* feast in solemn state.

Should you of *Amathos*, whose fertile land
Teems with the latent oar, perchance demand,
If she the vile *Propatides* produc'd;
To own their birth she'd stand as much confus'd,

As to confess the race with horns defam'd,
 And from that infamy *Cerasta* nam'd:
 Before whose doors the tragick altar stood
 To social *Jove*, but stain'd with human blood,
 Who had the purple prophanation seen,
 Would guess the blood the blood of beasts had been.
 A stranger slain th' unhallow'd shrine prophanes,
Venus th' inhuman sacrifice disdains,
 And hastes to quit her towns, and impious *Cyprian* plains.
 But how, said he, can walls or cities err?
 Wherefore on them the guilt do I transfer?
 But for the race that dar'd the deed presume
 Rather let death or exile be their doom:
 Or if there be some plague between them both;
 What if their limbs in some new shape I cloth?
 And while she doubts what form she should bestow,
 She on their horns by chance her eyes does throw;
 Those still she thinks may crown their alter'd skulls;
 And their large bodies turns to larger bulls.

Yet durst th' obscene *Propoetides* deny
Venus a Goddess, and her pow'r defy;
 For which, fame says, they felt the Goddess' ire;
 And were the first who stoop'd to lust for hire.
 Their looks grew bold, each modest grace was gone;
 Their blood grew stiff, and they were turn'd to stone.

Pygmalion; who their prostitutions view'd,
 Amaz'd, that women could be form'd so lewd;
 Shunning the sex, preferr'd a single life;
 And long forbore the dang'rous blifs, a wife.
 Meanwhile, in iv'ry, he with wond'rous art
 A statue carves, compleat in ev'ry part:
 Touch'd o'er the form with more than female grace,
 So charming, that he doats upon the face.

Each limb a living virgin did proclaim,
That would have mov'd, if not with-held by shame.
Such skill his art conceal'd, that he admires;
And his fond bosom glows with am'rous fires.
With curious hand he strokes it o'er to try
If 'twere a body, or but ivory.
Nor that 'tis iv'ry can himself persuade,
But courts, and clasps it like a living maid.
Kisses, and thinks that she returns his kiss;
Grasps, and believes her fingers twin'd in his.
The waste embracing (his conceit was such,)
He fears to hurt her with too rude a touch,
A thousand tender things to say invents,
And orient pearls, and sparkling gems presents.
Soft-singing birds, and flow'rs all gay to sight,
(Toys which unpractis'd virgin's love incite;) 24
Lillies; and painted balls, and gums that flow
From weeping trees, he fondly does bestow.
With costly robes he did her person deck,
With rings her fingers, and with gems her neck;
Large diamond pendants load her ears; her waste,
A glitt'ring zone with decent knot embrac'd.
Her beauties well become the studied dress,
Nor do her naked charms engage him less.
Now lays her down upon a gorgeous bed,
With quilts of richest Tyrian purple spread;
Calls her his wife, and downy pillows lays,
As she had vital sense, her head to raise.
The feast of *Venus* came, all *Cyprus* pay
Their grateful homage on that solemn day.
The milk-white heifers dress'd receive the blow,
And steams of incense round the altar flow.
With gifts before the shrine he trembling stands;
And, Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,

Give

Give me the wife I wish; my iv'ry maid
He durst not, but one like her give, he said.
The golden *Venus*, present at her feast,
Conceives his wish, and friendly signs exprest;
The fire thrice blazing, thrice to heav'n aspires;
He to his darling image straight retires.
Lies down beside her, rais'd her with his arm,
Then kiss'd her tempting lips, and found them warm:
The pleasing task renews; her bosom oft
With wanton touches feels, and felt it soft.
The iv'ry does at ev'ry touch relent,
And soft beneath his fingers yielding bent.
So wax dissolves, when chafing thumbs reduce
The pliant mass, and mould to forms for use.
Amaz'd, with doubting joy he fears a cheat,
But loves again, and does the touch repeat;
Touchings, he found it flesh inform'd with heat;
And the brisk veins with vig'rous pulses beat.
To *Venus* then he moves his vow'd address,
As strong as words, or fancy could express.
His lips to hers he joins, which seem to melt;
And the new virgin now his kisses felt.
Blushing, as she lifts up her beauteous eyes,
At once her lover and the light she spies.
The Goddess bless'd the marriage she had made;
And e're ten moons their waning horns display'd.
The fruitful bride produc'd an heir of fame,
Paphos, from whom the isle deriv'd its name.

And *Cinyras* too she bore, who might be stil'd
Most happy, had he liv'd without a child.
I sing of horrors! daughters, far, O far,
From hence remove! and you who fathers are!
Or if my winning verse your minds allure,
Let them no credit in this part procure;

Or if you will believe this fable true,
Believe withal the judgments which ensue.
If nature could permit such horrid crimes;
At least I gratulate *Ismarian* climes;
Joy that our *Thrace* lies distant from that earth,
Whose soil was curs'd with such a monster's birth.
Her frankincense let rich *Arabia* boast,
Her gums, her spices, and her flow'ry coast;
Whilst *Myrrha* springs, I envy not the clime.
Not all the new-tree's sweets are worth its crime.
Myrrha, thy wound the God of love disclaims;
And from such horrors vindicates his flames.
A brand from hell stirr'd up thy lawless pains;
And furies swell'd with viper's blood thy veins.
To hate a fire a heinous crime must be,
But more a crime to love a fire, like thee.
From th' eastern world contending nobles brought
Ador'd thy beauties, and thy nuptials fought.
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one;
But one there is thou must except alone:
She knew the crime, and to resist it strove;
And reasons thus on her incestuous love.

Ah! whither do my thoughts, my wishes tend?
Ye righteous Gods from such a crime defend:
Chaste piety, and thou divine respect
To parents due, my wav'ring soul protect!
If what my soul presages guilt be so;
But piety, the passion may allow.
All other beasts their loves promiscuous take,
Nor nice distinctions of their hindred make.
Guiltless of shame, their daughters, bulls bestride;
And the young steed makes his own colt his bride.
The lusty ram mounts th' unresisting ewe,
Who from his loins but late her being drew.

The

The feather'd race, as constant to their young,
 Tread their own offspring, nor account it wrong.
 O happy those to whom such rites are free!
 But human care has made an envious tye:
 What nature grants; invidious law restrains:
 Yet there are climes where love licentious reigns.
 Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wed;
 Affection doubled by the birth and bed!
 Wretch! that I was not born in such a place,
 But here my country calls the passion base.
 Why do my thoughts to such ideas stray?
 Hence black desires! forbidden hopes, away!
 Howe'er he worthy of thy passion be,
 Yet as a fire he must be lov'd by thee.
 But were not royal *Cinyras* my fire,
 I then might to his lov'd embrace aspire.
 Now, that he's mine, I must not think him so;
 Proximity does us at distance throw;
 Stood I but in a more remote degree,
 I in a nearer claim of love might be.
 Fain would I fly to distant foreign plains,
 To shun this guilt; but love my flight restrains:
 To feast my longing eyes with his dear sight,
 Talk, touch, and kiss; or more, if more I might.
 But what, base virgin, can'st thou more propound?
 Know'st thou what laws, what names thou would'st
 confound?
 Wilt thou then rival thy chaste mother's charms,
 And lye a strumpet in thy father's arms?
 Bear to confound the sacred names in one,
 Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
 Nor fear'st the furies, and their snaky hair;
 Their brandish'd torches, and their horrid glare!

But

But thou in time the growing ill controul
 Thy body undebauch'd — be so thy soul!
 Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law
 Of pow'rful nature; but in time withdraw.
 Would I, he would not grant; too chaste his mind;
 O that he stood like me to love inclin'd,

Thus she. But *Cinyras*, whose consent to gain
 Suiters in crouds address'd, a lordly train!
 In his own choice irresolute, demands
 (Their names rehearsing,) how her fancy stands.
 Silent she stood; and gaz'd upon his face;
 And inward glows, and sheds her tears apace.
 He, construing this for maiden fear, desist
 Thy weeping, cry'd: then dry'd her cheeks and kist,
Myrrha too much does in the bliss rejoyce;
 When he again enquires her secret choice,
 What kind of lover her desires pursue;
 Straight she replies, I would have one like you.
 Her speech approving, guiltless of her will,
 He counsels her to be thus pious still.
 At piety she starts: the sudden name
 Alarms her bosom conscious of her shame.

'Twas now the dead of night, when slumbers close
 Mens eyes, and drown their cares in deep repose.
 But *Myrrha*, kept awake with fierce desires,
 Revolves her wishes, and her impious fires:
 Now she despairs, and now the charge will make;
 Shames, yet desires; nor knows what course to take.
 But as an oak, now almost fell'd, his fall
 On each side threatens, and is fear'd on all.
 Ev'n so her mind, with various wounds oppress'd,
 Waves to and fro; alike in both distress'd.
 No mean, no cure for love was left but death:
 Death pleas'd; she rose, resolv'd to lose her breath:

Her girdle to the topmost beam she ties;
Dear *Cinyras*, O farewell! she softly cries.
When I am dead, divine the fatal cause:
This said, the noose about her neck she draws:
Her wakeful nurse a murm'ring heard, they say,
As in her mistress' outward room she lay.
She rises, bursts the door, and enters straight;
Entr'ing, beholds the instrument of fate;
Screams, tears her bosom, and with trembling haste
From her swoln neck the strangling cord displac'd.
Then had she time to weep, to clasp her care,
And ask the cause of such accurs'd despair.
The virgin, mute, fixes to earth her eyes,
And mourns for her prevented enterprize:
Her hoary locks display'd, and wither'd breast;
By her first food conjur'd, the beldam prest
To know her sorrows. *Myrrha* turns aside,
And sighs, the nurse would not be so deny'd:
Nor promis'd secrecy alone, but said,
Disclose thy sorrows, and accept my aid.
Tho' old, I yet can serve: if love it be,
Med'cines and stronger charms shall set thee free.
If witchcraft, magick shall thy torments ease;
If wrathful heav'n, victims the wrath appease.
What other causes can this grief procure?
Thy fortunes flourish, and thy house secure.
Thy mother, and fond sire survive: the name
Of fire, which caus'd her sighs, reviv'd her flame.
The nurse no black suspicions entertains
Yet of her crime; still finds the love-sick pains,
Importunate to know what least she fears,
The beldam lifts her, cover'd all with tears:
And clasping in her feeble arms, she said,
Confess thou lov'st, and be no more afraid.

In my assisting diligence confide;
Ev'n from thy fire I will the secret hide.
Here from her lap the frantick virgin sprung,
And on the bed her prostrate body flung.
Muffling her guilty looks, begone, she said,
And spare the blushes of a wretched maid.
Still urg'd, begone, she cries, or else forbear
To question that which is a crime to hear.
The prostrate nurse her folded hands up-rears,
Her hands now trembling both with age and fears.
Now begs, then threats she will th' attempt disclose,
(Unless she makes her privy to her woes)
Then soothes her up again, and vows to prove
Both secret and assistant in her love.
At that her head she rais'd, and nurse's breast
Bath'd with her tears, and would have oft confest:
As oft by shame with-held, she hid her head;
And cry'd, O mother, happy in thy bed!
Here ceas'd she, with a groan: with horror struck,
Th' astonish'd nurse, as with an earthquake shook.
The guilt too plain in that short prelude read,
Her grey locks rise like bristles on her head.
Much she the guilty passion does reprove,
And warns the maid to chace th' incestuous love.
The virgin could not the press'd truth deny,
But stands resolv'd, or to possess, or dye.
Live, says the crone, possess---there stopt as loath
To say---thy fire: and bound it with an oath.

To *Ceres* now drew nigh the annual feast,
At which the matrons in white stoles were drest.
Twisted in wreaths they bring the yellow grain,
The first ripe products of the grateful plain;
And nine forbidden nights from nuptial joys abstain.

The queen among the rest her lord forsakes,
 And one in this enjoyn'd devotion makes.
 Robb'd of his consort, and with wine oppress'd,
 To *Cinyrax* th' officious beldam press'd.
 The tale of love unfolds, and blows his flame
 With the prais'd beauty, but conceals the name.
 Th' enamour'd king demands his lover's years;
 Says she, as *Myrrha's* age is, such is her's.
 Then he commands the virgin may be brought;
 The nurse returns, with the glad tidings fraught:
 And, victory! she cries; rejoice! my fair;
 The virgin felt her joys were unsincere:
 Issues of woe her troubled soul divin'd,
 And yet she joy'd; such discord wreck'd her mind!

Now silence o'er the slumb'ring world did reign,
 And slow *Bootes* had declin'd his wain.
Myrrha pursues her guilt. The moon retires,
 Stars shroud their heads in clouds: night lost her fires.
Icarus and chaste *Erigone* remove;
 She plac'd in heav'n for her paternal love!
 Thrice *Myrrha* stumbled; thrice the screech-owl rent
 The air with om'nous cries, yet on she went.
 Night and the darken'd room her blushes hide:
 One arm she leans upon the beldam guide;
 With th' other hand the blind access explores:
 And now she feels the guilty chamber doors.
 She turns the well-known lock, and enters in,
 When conscious of her just-approaching sin;
 At once her blood and courage her forsook;
 And her faint knees against each other struck:
 The nearness to her crime removes desire,
 She now repents, and would unknown retire.
 Her ling'ring by the hand the beldam led;
 And now surrenders to the monarch's bed:

Here

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Here *Cinyras*, receive thine own; said she:
And leaves them to their cursed pleasure free.
He his own bowels takes to bed; and cheers
With comfortable words her maiden fears.
Perhaps he call'd her daughter, being old;
And she him father, that their names might hold.
Full of her incest she his chamber leaves;
And, impious, from the dire embrace conceives:
Bears in her womb the burthen of her shame,
And still, from night to night repeats the same.
Cinyras now longs th' obliging fair to view,
Bringing the light, his guilt and daughter knew.
Conscience and dread his falt'ring accents bind,
His sword must speak the rage his tongue design'd.
She trembling flies, her flight the darkness shields
From threatned death; she bounds o'er spacious fields.
Panchaea and th' *Arabian* palms she past,
And nine revolving moons in wand'ring waste.
Rest to her limbs at length *Saba* gave,
Charg'd with her womb, nor knowing what to crave,
Between the heat of life, and fear of death,
These pray'rs she utter'd with her fainting breath.

Ye pow'rs, if crimes confess'd your wraths assuage,
I own my guilt, and bow me to your rage.
Yet lest the living by my life I stain,
And lest I by my death the dead prophane:
From either state, O! let me banish'd be;
Change this curs'd form, and life and death deny.
Some pitying God her strong contrition heard,
And did at least her closing pray'r regard:
Ev'n while she spoke, a root obliquely wound,
O'erspread her feet, and fix'd her to the ground.
Her trunk distends, her bones convert to wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood.

Branches her arms become; her fingers twin'd
 Shoot out in twigs; her alter'd skin, the rind.
 Now her big womb the rising tree possess;
 Now mounting to her neck infolds her breast.
 Vex'd at its slow ascent she downward shrunk,
 And veil'd her visage in the closing trunk.
 Tho' sense with shape she lost; yet weeps she still
 And gummy tears from the moist tree distil.
 The dropping myrrh retains its mistress' name,
 Which thus distinguish'd runs in future fame.

Th' incestuous infant, to perfection come,
 Now push'd to leave his lab'ring mother's womb;
 Her womb the strict embracing bark restrains;
 With pains she wriths; but mute were all her pains.
 Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throws,
 And yet the tree like one in labour shews,
 Bows down with pains, and groans, and weeps a flood;
Lucina by the trembling branches stood:
 Impos'd her hand, and spoke the potent words;
 The trunk a passage for the birth affords.
 The crying babe the nymphs receive with joy,
 And in his mother's tears they bathe the boy:
 Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face,
 And naked loves are drawn with such a grace:
 But lest their dress some small distinction make,
 Give this the shafts, or *Cupid's* from him take.
 Time glides along with undiscover'd haste,
 And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly so fast.
 He whom his grandsire got, and sister bore,
 Whom circling barks inclos'd but just before;
 Who from the close confinement just was free,
 Felt the fresh air, and just began to be.
 Now's a sweet infant, straight a boy, as rare:
 A youth, a man, and than himself more fair.

Now

Now *Venus*' breast inflames with fierce desires,
 Inflicting vengeance for his mother's fires.

For while she kiss'd her quiver'd son, his dart
 Gave a chance scratch, and made her bosom smart.

Angry she thrust him from her, nor then found
 The wound's deceitful depth, yet deep the wound.

No more *Cythera* could the Goddess please;

Paphos no more, ingirt with circling seas:

Cnidos, and the *Amathian* shores she leaves,

Seldom her heav'n the lovesick queen receives;

More joys than heav'n her fair *Adonis* gives.

Him she attends: she who 'till now had strove

To mend her charms, and haunt the shady grove;

Now, like *Diana* dress'd in loose attire,

She bounds o'er hills and rocks, thro' brake and briar.

Hollows the hound; pursues the harmless prey,

Tracks the swift hares, and stags more swift than they.

But rav'nous wolves, and rugged bears she fears,

And lions thirsting blood, and armed bears.

From such encounters too her fears dissuade

Thee, fair *Adonis*, had'st thou but obey'd.

Be bold, said she, on those who shun thy might;

But wave thy courage when thy foe will fight.

Sweet boy! expose not me to fortune's stroke,

Nor cruel beasts, by nature arm'd, provoke.

Lest thy sought fame to me too dear should prove,

Think, tho' thy charms do love's soft Goddess move:

Lions and boars, to all that beauty blind,

Unpitying will retain their savage kind.

The teeth of boars are like the thunder's rage,

And lions with impetuous force engage.

I hate them all; the reason he would know:

I'll tell, says she, the wonder-wounding woe.

But now unusual toil my spirits tire,
 Yon shades of poplar wooe us to retire.
 The grass affords a bed; there let us rest;
 When, lying down, the grass and him she prest:
 Now on her lover's breast her head she laid,
 And, words with kisses intermingling, said,

Perhaps you've heard the virgin-racer's fame,
 Who the contending men in speed o'ercame.
 True the report, she won: nor could you tell,
 If she in form, or swiftnefs did excell.
 When to the *Delphian* dome the maid did go,
 And in an husband fought her fate to know;
 You need no husband, did the God reply,
 Be cautious, and the nuptial pleasure fly:
 Yet, *Atalanta*, shalt thou vainly strive
 Against thy fate, and lose thyself alive.
 Stunn'd at the doom in woods she single lives;
 And troops of pressing suiters from her drives.
 I shall submit, says she, to no embrace,
 'Till first out-run; begin the doubtful race.
 I am the victor's prize, if he o'ercome;
 And if he's vanquish'd, death's his certain doom.
 This law prescrib'd, the youths the terms embrace;
 Tho' cruel, she was form'd with so much grace,
 Advent'rous numbers press'd to try the dang'rous race.

Hippomenes beheld this tragick strife,
 Will any thro' such dangers seek a wife?
 Said he; and tax'd their follies who pursu'd,
 But when her face, and naked charms he view'd;
 Such as are mine, or thine, wert thou a maid;
 Amaz'd, with hands up-heav'd, Forgive I he said,
 O you whom late I blam'd, ere yet I knew
 The prize's worth! — Love still by praising grew.

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Who wishes now that none might run so fast,
And fears, and envies their contending haste,
But wherefore do not I, he cries, contend
The Gods the valiant ever will befriend.
While musing thus the *Aonian* hero said,
With winged speed across him darts the maid.
Swift as a *Scythian* shaft she seem'd to fly,
Whilst he pursues her with a greedy eye;
The more he views, her beauteous form the more
Admires, by motion lovelier than before.
The wind round her fair feet with ambient wings
Plays, ruffling all her buskin's purple strings.
O'er her bright shoulders her loose tresses flow,
And her fair cheeks with crimson fervour glow.
So cielings redden with a purple shade,
From neighbouring tinctures by reflexion made.
As on her charms he gaz'd, the race was run;
The wreath of vict'ry *Atalanta* won.
The vanquish'd sigh, their forfeit lives resign;
Yet did he not the purpos'd course decline:
Unshock'd with their defeat, he forward press'd,
And with fix'd eyes the virgin thus address'd.

From easy conquests wherefore seek you praise?
With me contend for the disputed bays:
Happy in speed, if I the vict'ry gain,
My victory will not your glory stain.
From *Megaraeus* my honour'd birth I claim,
He from *Onchestius*, as renown'd a name;
Third in descent, from *Neptune's* self I spring.
The grandson of that sacred ocean-king.
I boast of virtues equal to my race,
Great honours will you gain in my disgrace;
Hippomenes o'ercome will crown th' immortal chace.

A pleasing eye the heroine on him threw,
Nor knows her wish, to lose, or to subdue:
What God, a foe to beauty, would destroy,
And urges on his fate th' advent'rous boy?
Seeking my bed who does his life despise,
I am not worth, says she, so vast a prize.
Not that his beauty charms, tho' that might move;
His age I pity, not his person love.
Heav'n's, what contempt of death! how great his soul!
Then does he *Neptune* 'midst his fires enrol!
Then how he loves! content to part with life,
If cruel fate denies me for his wife!
Begone, O stranger; shun my bloody bed,
Whilst yet thou may'st: this match will cost thy head.
No virgin is there, would thy match decline;
But wiser maids may languish to be thine.
Yet why regard I him, so many slain?
Or let him perish, or the race refrain.
If numbers cannot warn him, whom this strife
Has sent to death, he must be tir'd of life.
And must he die, because he'd live with me?
Must death the wages of his passion be?
This murder will my victory defame,
Make me a curse; yet am not I to blame.
O would thou would'st desist, and danger shun!
Or since so mad, would thou could'st faster run!
What virgin's charms are blended in his face!
Would thou had'st never seen this fatal place.
Unhappy youth, thou well deserv'st to live!
And were I happier, and would fate connive;
Did not hard heav'n the marriage rites deny,
With thee alone the nuptial knot I'd tie.
She said, and guiltless of her new-sprung pains
Knows not 'tis love, that thrills within her veins.

The

The king, the croud, demand the promis'd race;
 When *Neptune's* issue thus implor'd my grace:
 O *Venus*, favour my attempt, he said;
 And those affections, which you gave me, aid!
 The friendly winds his ardent pray'r convey'd,
 I own, I pity'd, and gave instant aid.

There is a field, which *Tamafene* is nam'd;
 For its rich soil above all *Cyprus* fam'd:
 The ancients this did to my honour vow,
 And with its gift my temple there endow.
 A tree there flourish'd on the pregnant mold,
 Whose glitt'ring leaves and branches shone with gold.
 By chance I reach'd my hand as I did walk,
 And pluck'd three golden apples from their stalk;
 Then to the youth the useful fruit I brought,
 Unseen by others, and their service taught.
 Both from the barrier start at trumpet's sound,
 And with light feet scarce touch th' unprinted ground;
 You'd think the sea might their light tread have born,
 Or that they could have flown o'er standing corn:
 With fav'ring shouts the croud provoke the course,
 Thus spur the youth; now! now, thy speed inforce!
 Now haste, *Hippomenes*, collect thy might;
 Strain ev'ry nerve, and vict'ry crown thy flight.
 'Twas doubtful, whether what the people said
 More glads the hero, or the love-sick maid.
 How often lagg'd she, when she might outgo;
 And dwelling on his face, made conquest slow!
 Panting, and dry, their hot short breath they drew;
 And eager hold the distant goal in view.
 When a gold apple *Neptune's* nephew threw,
 Fond of the shining fruit the maid admires;
 And from the course to catch the rolling gold retires.

On her delay th' exulting youth gains ground,
 And the wide plains with shouts of joy resound;
 The hindrance she repairs with winged haste,
Hippomenes again behind her cast:
 The second fruit he throws; she stoops to seize;
 And, grasping, once again the youth out-flies.
 The race now near an end, he cries, O save!
 Great Goddess, give success to what you gave!
 With all his vigour, to prolong her stay,
 He side-long threw the third bright orb away.
 She doubts the by-frut, but I urg'd her fate,
 And added to the fruit a double weight.
 With-held, both by diverting her pursuit,
 And with the burthen of the pond'rous fruit.
 But lest my words the race in length exceed,
 The maid, o'ercome, rewards the victor's speed.

Did I not well, *Adonis*, earn his praise?
 His thanks, and incense, for so vast a grace?
 But he, ingrate! nor thanks, nor incense pays.
 Fir'd at his scorn and stung with sudden rage,
 And lest th' example should debauch the age;
 Or future times induce my pow'r to flight,
 Against them both I due revenge excite.

Now to the sacred *Cybeleian* dome,
 By fam'd *Eabion* rear'd of old, they come.
 Thick groves obscur'd it with surrounding shades;
 Here their long toil to needful rest persuades.
 Th' *Aonian* youth, scorch'd by my raging fires,
 Burns with intemperate, and ill-tim'd desires.
 A gloomy grot, stood by the temple's side,
 Arch'd o'er with pumice, nature's genuine pride.
 For long religion was the cell renown'd;
 There wooden Gods in piles were heap'd around.

Hither retir'd, by no regards restrain'd,
 He with licentious love the place prophan'd:
 Each statue turn'd aside his conscious head,
 The doubting Goddess would have struck them dead;
 But that she thought the punishment too small;
 Straight yellow mains adown their shoulders fall:
 Their arms to legs, to paws their fingers turn,
 Broad are their breasts, and with new fury burn.
 With their strong tails they whirl about the sand,
 Fierce are their looks, and trembling awe command.
 Their wonted utterance lost, for speech they roar;
 The woods their bed, whom once rich couches bore.
 These lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks
 With curbing bits; and yokes their stubborn necks.
 These, and all such as scorn to yield to flight,
 And on th' assailants turn their breasts for fight,
 My darling boy, my fair *Adonis*, shun;
 Left by thy courage we are both undone.

Thus having counsell'd the bright Goddess flies,
 Up-born by swains, and cuts the liquid skies;
 But his rash courage her advice defies.
 By chance the dogs, pursuing long before
 His scented footings, had dislodg'd a boar:
 Whom, as he from his covert foaming bounds,
 The youth with sure-aim'd spear obliquely wounds.
 Straight from the wound with crooked tusks he drew
 The jav'lin forth, which streams of blood pursue.
 And now incens'd prepares his foe t' engage,
 Who, trembling, sought some shelter from his rage.
 Seizing, the vanquish'd boy to earth he bears;
 And with his horrid tusks his bowels tears.
 As thro' the yielding air the Goddess drives,
 Nor at her much-lov'd *Cyprus* yet arrive;

Her ears his groans and dying murmurs wound;
 She turns her silver birds, and tracks the sound.
 But when she saw him weltring in his gore,
 Downward she sprang and her fair tresses tore:
 Then she, her breast with bruising blows invades,
 And envious Gods, and cruel fates upbraids.
 Not all, said she, is subject to your waste;
 The mem'ry of my grief shall ever last.
 Sweet boy, thy death's sad image, ev'ry year,
 Shall in our solemniz'd complaints appear.
 But from thy flowing blood shall spring a flow'r:
 Shall *Proserpine* exulting boast her pow'r?
 Shall she of *Mentha's* transformation vaunt,
 And I the pow'r to change *Adonis* want?
 She said, and nectar of a fragrant smell
 Pour'd o'er the blood; the blood began to swell:
 Like shining bubbles which on water rise,
 When rain with force pours from the cloudy skies.
 And e're an hour's short space was run, there grew
 A blooming flow'r, and of a sanguine hue.
 Such as those trees produce, whose fruits contain
 Within their rind full many a purple grain;
 Yet does their beauty but a while remain.
 For their light-hanging leaves, but weakly plac'd,
 The winds, from which their name they borrow, blast.









OVIDS

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XL

The ARGUMENT.

As Orpheus sat playing and singing on the mount, the Bacchanals, resenting his contempt of the female sex, seize on him and kill him. They by Bacchus are turn'd into trees. Midas, wishing that every thing he touch'd might change to gold, is punish'd in his wish. Pan and Apollo contending for superiority in musick, and Midas being appointed judge, and giving the preference to Pan, is by Apollo punish'd with asses ears to his head. Proteus instructs Peleus how to obtain the Goddess Thetis, who from his embraces bears Achilles: Chione, being debauch'd by Mercury and Apollo, bears by the former

mer Autolychns, by the latter Philammon. Dædalion the brother of Ceyx is turn'd into a falcon; Ceyx, perplex'd with the prodigies of his family, resolves to go and consult the Delphian oracle; from which voyage he is strongly dissuaded by his queen Alcyone: He however pursues his resolution, and is drown'd in a storm: She in his absence begs she may know his fate in a dream. A description of the cave of Somnus, and his attendance. Morpheus assumes the form of Ceyx, and acquaints Alcyone with his death. She is chang'd into a king-fisher: Æacus, pining for the love of Eperia, throws himself from a rock into the sea, and by Thetis is turn'd into a didapper.



Hilt thus the Thracian bard, with powerful
strains
Woods, beasts, and stones to his sweet lyre
enchains ;

Behold the Thracian dames, (their frantick breasts
Glad with the rugged skins of savage beasts)

The sacred songster on the mount espy'd,
As to his harp the vocal sounds he try'd,
One, her loose tresses wildly waving, cries,
Lo! there, the wretch who dares our sex despise!
And, crying, darts her jav'lin at his eyes.

The missive dart, with twisting ivy bound,
Skims lightly o'er his face, nor leaves a wound.
Another whirls a stone; but, as it flew,
Th' harmonious voice and lyre its force subdue.

And, as repenting of its rude essay,
Down at his feet as in submission lay.
Now uncontroll'd their rasher rage increast,
And madding furies reign'd in ev'ry breast.

That

That rage his songs had charm'd; but shriller cries
 Of raving Bacchanals rung thro' the vaulted skies;
 Drums, flutes, and clapping hands, with mingled sound,
 The softer, more harmonious, musick drown'd;
 At length their fury rises, and they stain
 With silenc'd *Orpheus'* blood the blushing plain.
 But on the list'ning train that round him stood
 The beasts, the serpents, and the feather'd brood,
 The madding dames perform their envious will;
 His theatre raze, and then the poet kill.
 Like birds, with cruel force they on him fly,
 When they, by day, the bird of night espy.
 Or as, encompass'd round, a stag at bay
 Falls to the raging hounds an easy prey:
 So they the prophet seiz'd; together flung
 Their wreathy spears, not made for such a wrong!
 With stones, clods, arms of trees, they now engage;
 And lest that arms be wanting to their rage
 By chance strong oxen, join'd beneath the yoke,
 In neighb'ring fields the fruitful furrows broke;
 And lab'ring swains, providing food with toil,
 With sinewy arms turn'd up the teeming soil;
 The rusticks fly, scar'd at the raging train,
 And leave their instruments upon the plain;
 On the deserted field they leave behind,
 Mattocs, and spades and all the rural kind.
 These murth'ring arms their female frenzy please,
 And the torn horns of the maim'd steers they seize;
 Thus arm'd for cruelty, their horrid hate
 Hurries them back to finish *Orpheus'* fate;
 He rear'd his suppliant hands, and then in vain
 First spent his breath; nor mercy could obtain.
 The rout of sacrilegious furies, bent
 On blood, unmov'd compleat their dire intent.

Ev'n thro' that mouth, whose sacred pow'r, O *Jove*!
 Could stubborn rocks to soft attention move,
 In savage beasts which still obedience bred,
 Ev'n thro' that mouth, his life and spirits fled.
 The birds, the woods, the rocks, the herds, who late
 Obey'd thy verse, then mourn'd thy cruel fate;
 The drooping trees their leafy honours lose;
 In tear-swoln streams the swelling riv'lets rose.
 The nymphs of springs and lawns, in sable clad,
 Their locks dishevell'd to the *Zephyrs* spread:
 Widely dispers'd thy mangled limbs they leave,
 And *Hebrus*' waves thy head and lyre receive.
 Strange to relate! whilst down the stream they flow;
 The tongue and lyre resound in strains of woe;
 The banks, which heard their moan, in sad replies
 Of eccho'd sorrow murmur'ring sympathize.
 Now to the sea their native current bore
 The floating gifts, and cast on *Lesbos*' shore.
 A serpent on the foreign sand prepares
 To seize his sacred head, and dropping hairs.
 The monster gap'd, when *Phæbus* from the sky
 Descending stopp'd his impious gluttony;
 To a hard a stone congeal'd him by his pow'r,
 With jaws out-stretch'd, as ready to devour.
 Down to the shades the ghost of *Orpheus* goes
 And the dark realms he saw when living knows.
 There thro' th' *Elysian* fields among the blest'd
 He sought *Eurydice*, and re-possess'd.
 And now they walk in strict embraces twin'd;
 Now he outgoes her, then he lags behind:
 And now without a fear surveys with head inclin'd.
 But *Bacchus* suffers not their murth'ring hate
 Secure to triumph in his prophet's fate;

Each *Thracian* dame, whose barb'rous hands were dy'd
 In his just blood, with roots on earth he ty'd;
 And those who with more zealous rage did wound
 The bard, he fasten'd deeper in the ground;
 And ev'n as birds, whose feet entangled are
 Within the subtle fowler's secret snare,
 Become by fearful flutt'ring faster bound;
 So each of these, now cleaving to the ground,
 With terror struggle to escape in vain;
 For faster binding roots their flight restrain.
 One searching for her nails, her toes, her feet,
 Beholds her twining legs in timber meet.
 And whilst she thinks to strike her thighs in woe,
 On harden'd oak she deals the senseless blow:
 The same hard oak her breast and shoulders grow.
 Her out-stretch'd arms you'd think were branches made,
 Nor would your sense be in that thought betray'd.

This done, the God's resentment still remains;
 And he forsakes the impious *Thracian* plains:
 To *Imolus* with a better choir he goes,
 Down whose long skirts the swift *Paeolus* flows,
 Tho' yet the precious river did infold
 No sparkling sands, or grains of envy'd gold.
 Satyrs and Bacchanals, his usual train,
 Attend their master on the fertile plain;
Silenus came not; him, with ivy crown'd,
 Reeling with age and wine the *Phrygian* rustics found,
 And to their king, the royal *Midas*, brought:
 Him *Thracian* *Orpheus* once the orgies taught,
 When the *Cecropian* sage his art, *Eumolpus*, sought.
 The monarch knows his partner in the rites,
 And for five days and five successive nights,
 The jovial fire regales with ample cheer,
 But when th' eleventh morn adorn'd the sphere,

The

The chearful monarch treads the *Lydian* fields,
And to the God his foster-father yields.
The God well-pleas'd at his returning fire,
Bids *Midas* speak his unconfin'd desire;
The grant abus'd, but in the proffer bold,
Let all I touch, says he, be chang'd to gold.
The fatal wish the God consenting gives;
But, for the rashness of the chuser, grieves.
The *Phrygian* king retir'd, elate with pride,
Fond of his curse, with frequent touch he try'd
If the consenting God had not his pow'r bely'd.
Scarce trusting his own sense, he pulls a bough;
Straight what was green before, is golden now.
He takes a stone, pale gold the stone became,
He takes a clod, the clod becomes the same:
Crops ears of corn, and soon you might behold
The yellow harvest burnish into gold.
An apple pulls, and, you'd have thought, that he
Enjoy'd the riches of th' *Hesperian* tree.
The marble pillars, touch'd by him alone,
Their substance chang'd, and with rich metal shone.
When e'er he wash'd, the water, shower'd in rain,
Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.
Scarce can his breast his swelling hopes contain,
Such golden wonders in his fancy roign.
The lab'ring slaves a thousand dainties bring,
And load the tables for their well-pleas'd king.
But scarce can he between his fingers hold
The bread, e're it congeals to stubborn gold.
His food he to his teeth applies, and straight
The food is harden'd into massy plate.
And ever, as he drank, you might behold
His greedy jaws o'erflow with liquid gold.

Struck with so strange a plague, with riches poor,
He hates, and damns the wealth, he wish'd before.
His plenty feeds him not, he burns with thirst;
And with his gold, as he deserv'd, is curst.
His shining arms up-lifting, thus he pray'd;
O sacred *Bacchus*, lend thy timely aid:
My crime I own; but thou propitious be!
And from this glorious mischief set me free.
The gentle Godhead heard the monarch's plaint;
And, in compassion, soon resum'd his fatal grant.
Left-ill-wish'd gold about thee still abide,
Go to the streams which by strong *Sardis* glide;
There keep the rising banks, says he, which lead
Along the rapid current to his head:
Then, where the fountain gushes, plunge thou in,
There wash thy limbs, and purge away thy sin.
The king obeys; and in the fountain leaves
That golden virtue, which the spring receives:
And still those ancient seeds these waters hold,
Who gild their shores with grains of glittering gold.

He, hating wealth, in woods and forests hides;
And with God *Pan* in mountain-caves resides:
But his thick sense, and folly with him bore,
To prove his punishment, as once before.

With steep ascent does craggy *Imolus* raise
His tow'ring head, and views the distant seas.
His out-stretch'd skirts one way to *Sardis* join;
There small *Hypæpis*' narrow bounds confine,
There boasting *Pan* did his rude numbers praise
To tender nymphs, and pip'd his awkward lays;
Nor did he scruple with contemptuous pride
To boast his own, and *Phæbus*' skill deride,
The challeng'd God th' unequal contest tries;
And *Imolus* must reward the doubted prize.

On his own mount th' old umpire took his place;
And brush'd the leaves back from his ears and face.
With oaken wreath alone his brows he bound,
And dangling acorns hung his temples round.
Then turning to the rural God, said he,
Your judge attends, you stay not now for me.
Obedient *Pan* straight blows his wax-bound reeds,
And *Midas*' fancy with rude numbers feeds,
Who to the vocal strife by chance succeeds.
His eyes on *Phœbus* next grave *Timolus* bends,
The sequent wood his turning head attends.
Phœbus, his golden locks with laurel bound,
Clad in a *Tyrian* robe which swept the ground;
A lute, with gems and iv'ry studs enchas'd,
Holds in his left, the bow his right-hand grac'd.
His mien and carriage did the artist shew;
Quick o'er the sounding strings he draws his bow.
When *Timolus*, ravish'd with th' harmonious air,
Bids *Pan* no longer his poor skill compare:
But to the lute submit his jarring reed:
All lik'd of what the mountain-seer decreed:
Midas against it does alone declare,
And calls the sentence partial, and unfair.
The *Delian* God, incens'd, no longer bears
A human form should grace his stupid ears:
But, lengthen'd out, with hair he covers o'er;
And makes them hang more pliant than before.
In all his limbs besides he's still the same:
Those only do the brutal form proclaim.
Punish'd in that offending part, he wears
Upon his skull a slow-pac'd ass's ears.
He, his dishonour striving to disguise,
A red tiara round his temples ties.

Yet could he not from all conceal his shame,
 His barber spies it, tho' he dares not name:
 Yet, longing, tho' he trembles to reveal,
 The seen disgrace he can no more conceal.
 A hole he dug, and in the hollow ground
 He breath'd the secret, and soft murmurs drown'd:
 And lest the whisper'd tale should get some vent,
 He stopp'd the hole, and back in silence went.
 A tuft of reeds sprung on the rustling plain,
 Which rip'ning did betray the babbling swain:
 Their waving grove, by southern breezes blown,
 Talk'd o'er his words, and *Midas* ears made known.

Latona's son reveng'd from *Tmolus* flies,
 Up-born, and wafted thro' the liquid skies;
 O'er the streight *Hellespane* he steers his flight,
 And on the *Phrygian* soil did first alight.
 Betwixt *Rhœtæum* and *Sigæum* stood
 An ancient altar, to the thund'rer vow'd:
 Thence first he saw, what labour did employ
Laomedon to rear his purpos'd *Troy*:
 Saw, with what vast expence, the work must grow;
 And how the buildings rose, with toil, and slow.
 When he, and *Neptune*, whose high powers restrain
 Arm'd with tridents might the swelling main
 In mortal likeness to the king appear;
 And, for a price, engag'd his walls to rear.
 The work perform'd, the king the price denies;
 And falshood by forswearing multiplies.
 The insult unreveng'd, thou shalt not boast;
 Stern *Neptune* cries, but feel us to thy cost:
 The wrathful God his madding waves unbound,
 Which all the shores of greedy *Ilium* drown'd:
 The land became a lake, the drooping swain
 His harvest lost beneath the liquid plain.

Nor did this plague content his fierce desires,
 The perjur'd monarch's daughter he requires:
 Her, to a dreadful monster of the main
 Expos'd, *Alcides* soon set fire again.
 Who, when he at the *Phrygian* monarch's hands,
 His valour's hire, the promis'd steeds demands,
 Deny'd the fruits of his exploit & enjoy,
 He sacks with fury now twice-perjur'd *Troy*.
 Nor did the partner of his martial toils
 Unhonour'd go, or empty of the spoils,
Hesione, adorn'd with youthful charms,
 Is giv'n to *Telamon's* assisting arms;
 But *Peleus*, in still higher nuptials bless'd,
 A blooming Goddess in his bed possess'd.
 Nor less did in his heav'nly grandfire pride,
 Than in the father of his lovely bride.
 More could from *Jove* boast their illustrious race,
 More could not boast a Goddess's embrace.

For aged *Proteus* had to *Thetis* said:

Bless, Goddess, with an heir thy nuptial bed;
 Thou shalt produce a youth, in arms and fame,
 Superior to his martial father's name.
 And, for this cause, lest any thing should prove
 Of more renown on earth than mighty *Jove*,
 Tho' strongly by her blooming beauties led,
Jove did decline the virgin Goddess' bed.
 But charg'd his *Peleus* to advance his claim,
 Receive *Jove's* choice, and wed the sea-born dame.

A bay within *Aemonia* lies, that bends
 Much like an arch, and outstretch'd arms extends;
 It might have been an harbour lock'd by land,
 If deeper seas had cover'd o'er the sand.
 The solid shore, where never sea-weed grows,
 Nor clogs the way, nor prints of footing shews.

Harp

Hard by, a myrtle grove affords a shade;
In this, a cave by art, or nature made;
But rather, art: oft hither *Thetis* swims
On dolphins backs, here spreads her naked limbs.
In this, the sleeping Goddess *Peleus* caught;
Who, when she would not by his pray'rs be wrought,
He strove to force, and clasp'd her in his arms;
Straight she betakes her to her wonted charms,
Vary'd her shapes, or he his will had gain'd;
Now turn'd a fowl, yet he her flight restrain'd.
Now seem'd a tree, and flourish'd out her leaves,
Close to the bole th' enamour'd *Peleus* cleaves.
Next she a spotted tygress' figure tries,
The frighted lover quits his hold and flies.
Then, pouring wine on seas, their Gods implores;
With incense burnt, and victims slain, adores:
'Till the *Carpathian* prophet rear'd his head,
And, *Peleus*, cry'd, thou shalt enjoy her bed.
Do thou but bind her in her next surprize,
When in her cold moist cave she sleeping lies;
And tho' she take a thousand shapes, let none
Dismay; but hold, 'till she resumes her own:
Thus *Proteus* spoke, and diving down his head,
Drown'd his last accents in the wat'ry bed.
The hast'ning sun shot down to western seas,
When the fair *Nereid* bent on blissful ease,
Forsook the floods, and to her cave repair'd;
When soon as she by *Peleus* was ensnar'd,
She vary'd all her forms, until she found,
Her virgin limbs within his fetters bound.
Then spreading forth her arms, she sighing said;
Thou hast subdu'd by some immortal aid.
She re-assumes her form, and wonted charms;
He clasps the Goddess in his longing arms;

O'ercome with bliss, did her embraces prove;
And stamp't *Achilles* in his rage of love.

Happy was *Peleus* in his son and wife,
And had not *Phocus*' murther soil'd his life,
All else was well: with brother's blood defil'd,
He speeds to *Trachin*, from his home exil'd,
There *Lucifer*'s mild offspring *Ceyx* reign'd,
Whose looks the lustre of his fire retain'd:
But now unlike himself his brow appears,
Mourning a brother's loss with constant tears.
Hither, with travel tir'd, and clogg'd with cares,
The exile with a slender train repairs.
The flocks, and herds he brought, without the town
He left to graze on an adjacent down.
With boughs of suppliant olive in his hands,
Peleus before the courteous monarch stands:
His name and birth declares, his murther masks;
His flight disguises, and some dwelling asks:
Ev'n to the vulgar, *Ceyx* thus replies.

Our hospitable bounty open lies:
By stronger motives you demand our love;
Your name renown'd, and race deriv'd from *Jove*!
In suing, lose no time; your worth assures
Your full desires; whate'er you ask, is yours.
I wish, I could more ample gifts bestow;
He spoke, and rising tears began to flow:
His cause of grief, the suppliant and his train
Demand, when he resum'd his mournful strain.

Perhaps, you think this *hawk* who lives by prey,
Ever the same, as you behold to day!
He was a man; still the same daring soul,
And thirst of war, and blood, his alter'd form controul,
Dadalion nam'd; sprung from the star which wakes
The dewy morn, and left the heav'n forsakes.

I courted

I courted peace, and *Hymen's* gentle rites;
 He joy'd in dreadful war, and bloody fights.
 His valour kingdoms with their kings subdu'd,
 By whom *Thesbean* doves are now pursu'd.
 He had a daughter, *Chione* her name,
 Who, ripe for joy, so great her beauty's fame,
 A thousand rival lords to seek her nuptials came. }
 By chance, as *Phœbus* from the *Delphian* dome,
 And *Hermes* from th' *Arcadian* mountains come;
 The Gods together saw the blooming maid,
 Together were to ardent love betray'd;
 Smoth'ring his flame the cautious God of light
 Deferr'd the bliss, he long'd to taste, 'till night.
Hermes, delay ill-brooking, on her laid
 His sleep-provoking rod, and forc'd the slumb'ring maid.
 Night scatter'd all her stars: an old wife's shape
Phœbus assumes, and seconds *Hermes'* rape.
 Now when the fulness of her time drew nigh,
Autolychus was born to *Mercury*.
 The son inherits all his father's guile,
 Cunning in theft, expert in ev'ry wile;
 With subtilty could he deceive the sight,
 Converting white to black, and black to white.
Philammon, famous at the song and lyre,
 (For twins she bore) sprang from the *Delphian* fire.
 Two glorious sons what profit to have bore?
 Or that two Gods did her bright form adore?
 How, her descent from *Lucifer* and *Jove*?
 Does not such glory oft most fatal prove?
 Most fatal sure to her, who durst compare
 Her charms to bright *Diana's* form and air;
 Who durst the virgin Deity's face despise;
 Rage flash'd in the indignant Goddess' eyes:
 If not our form, at least our deeds shall please, she cries. }

This said, her bending bow she strongly drew;
 And thro' the scorner's tongue the twanging arrow flew.
 She stood at once of sound and speech bereft,
 And life and blood her stagg'ring body left.
 What grief (O piety!) my heart oppress!
 What said I not, to calm my brother's breast!
 Deaf as some rock beat by the roaring waves,
 He hears me not, but for his daughter raves:
 Seeing her burn, four times did he assail,
 Four times in vain, the flaming pile to scale.
 Prevented, wild as bulls by hornets stung,
 With frantick speed he from our presence flung.
 Yet seem'd to run far faster than a man,
 As if his feet had wings, he all out-ran.
 Eager of death, *Parnassus*' brow ascends;
 And o'er the steepy cliff his body bends:
 Thence as he downward rush'd with all his weight,
Phæbus in pity of his wretched state,
 With wings supports him, and prevents his fate.
 With beak and talons arm'd, a man no more,
 Thro' the wide æther does *Dadalion* soar;
 With strength above his size, and valiant as before.
 A falcon now, with rage and savage mind,
 To death he prosecutes the feather'd kind;
 His smarting sorrows make him cruel grow,
 And he to others proves a cause of woe.

As *Ceyx* thus his brother's change relates,
Phocian Anetor rushes thro' the gates;
Peleus, he cries, half spent and out of breath,
 (Leaving his cattle on the distant heath;) }
Peleus, I bring thee news of loss and death.
 Th' dauntless chief bids him the loss declare;
Ceyx, oppress'd with trouble and with fear,

Expects, yet dreads to know the tale of fate;
Which thus the trembling herdsman did relate:

When *Phœbus*, from the height of all the sky,
The *East* and *West* beheld with equal eye:
To winding shores the weary herd I drove;
Part here and there, in slow excursions rove;
Part on the yellow sand their bodies laid;
And, lying, the wide-spreading seas survey'd:
Part for refreshment in the ocean lave,
And rear their lofty necks above the wave.
A fane, undeck'd with gold or *Parian* stone,
Stood near the sea, within a grove o'ergrown;
Here *Nereus* and the *Nereids* did preside;
So seamen told us, as their nets they dry'd.
Near it a marsh, o'erhung with willows, stood;
Made plashy by the still returning flood.
With hideous noise a wolf of monstrous size,
That frights the confines, from those thickets flies;
His furious jaws with blood and foam besmear'd;
And his red eyes suffus'd with flames appear'd.
Provok'd to blood by famine, more by rage,
He sought not his dire hunger to assuage;
No single ox strove to devour, but all
Pursuing, wounds; and glories in their fall.
Nor few of us, while we his force withstood,
Felt his dire gripe; the strand was dy'd with blood;
With blood the sea-brim blush'd; and all around
The lakes with groans of dying steers resound.
Each moment of delay fresh loss creates;
Danger admits not pausing, and debates.
Arm, arm, while something yet is left to lose;
And, joining force, this mortal plague oppose.
The herdsman ends; nor did this loss incense
Peleus, too conscious of his old offence:

For *Phocus* slain, he thought this mischief done;
 A mother's justice to revenge her son!
 But the *Trachinian* hero takes th' alarm;
 Prepares to go, and bids his followers arm.
 'Till fair *Alcyone*, his trembling bride,
 Hastened against his danger to provide:
 Her dress unfinish'd, with dishevell'd hair,
 Seeks him in all the agonies of fear:
 Her consort found, about his neck she hung,
 Wept on his face, and, with a faltering tongue,
 Entreated that his men might go alone,
 And he not hazard both their lives in one:
 Fair queen, says *Peleus* to her, O forbear
 (Enough your bounty grants,) this pious fear;
 No force avails in such extremities as these,
 'Tis pray'r that must the sea-thron'd pow'r appease:
 A lofty tow'r within a fortress stood,
 Whose beacons aided ships that plough'd the dang'rous flood.
 This they ascend, and sighing see the shore
 With cattle strew'd, the spoiler drench'd in gore.
Peleus, with hands stretch'd towards the spoiling tide,
 Begs *Psamathe* to lay her wrath aside;
 Implores her grace and aid; but from his pray'r
 Th' indignant Goddess turns her sullen ear:
 But *Thetis* for her consort did obtain
 That pardon, which his pray'rs pursu'd in vain.
 Nor yet the savage wolf, from blood withheld,
 Was calm, but raging scour'd the fatal field.
 'Till she the beast, as he an heifer flew,
 Transform'd to marble, disring but in hue;
 His form and shape preserv'd, the stone declar'd
 Him now no wolf, or longer to be fear'd.
 Yet heav'n deny'd the banish'd *Peleus* peace
 In *Trachin*'s soil; nor must his toils surcease:

He wander'd on, 'till in *Magnesia's* clime,
Acastus purg'd him of his bloody crime.

Ceyx, perplex'd with former ills, of fate
 Fall'n on his brother, and with these of late,
 The shrine, at *Claros*, to consult prepares;
 His mind to strengthen, and disarm his fears.
 For *Phorbas*, and his sacrilegious train,
 Had block'd the passage to the *Delphian* fane.
 Yet did he not from thee, his faithful bride,
 From thee, *Alcyone*, the purpos'd voyage hide.
 Thro' her chill veins a sudden horror ran;
 Her alter'd cheeks grew pale as box, and wan;
 In her disorder'd face fierce sorrows rise,
 And the tears shower'd from her flowing eyes,
 Thrice strove she to have spoke, but thrice in vain.
 For sobs and tears her falt'ring voice restrain.

At length, what fault of mine, my dearest joy,
 She cry'd, could change thy mind, and love destroy?
 Delight you then to go, from me remov'd?
 Do journeys please, and is my absence lov'd?
 Yet did'st thou go by land, my lab'ring breast
 Would be with grief, but not with fears, possess'd.
 The seas affright me with their horrid roar;
 Late saw I planks thrown up upon the shore;
 And often I sad names inscrib'd have read
 On empty tombs, which ne'er possess'd their dead.
 Nor let it your rash confidence inspire,
 That lordly *Aeolus* I boast my fire;
 Who struggling winds in rocky caverns keeps,
 And, at his pleasure, calms the raging deeps.
 But winds, broke loose, submit to no command;
 They rage thro' boundless seas, and sweep the land,
 Perplex the clouds, and fierce encounters move;
 Strike forth dire flames. My fears from knowledge prove.

Oft have I witness'd to their rude comport,
While yet a child within my father's court.
But if no pray'rs can o'er your will prevail,
If you too strongly stand resolv'd to fail,
Take me, my love; let both one fortune bear:
Then shall I only, what I suffer, fear.
Together let us plough the dreadful main;
And equally, whate'er befalls, sustain.

Thus spake th' *Æolian* fair, whose sorrows move
Her God-like lord; nor burn'd he less with love.
Yet would he not his first intent forsake,
Nor her a partner in his danger make.
Much did he say her passion to appease;
And urg'd a thousand things to give her ease.
Yet did not always what he urg'd approve;
But this he adds, to sooth her drooping love.
With this alone he could her passion tame;
All absence is too long; but, by the flame
Of my resplendent fire, says he, I vow,
(Fate, the return I purpose, but allow!)
Er'e *Cynthia* twice, with light renew'd, adorn
The gloomy face of night, I will return.
She, cheer'd with promise of so short a stay;
He bids them launch the ship without delay:
The tackling furnish'd, this renews her fears;
Gives her presages, and renews her tears;
She clasps him round, and bids a sad farewell;
And, swooning, in his dear embraces fell.
The seamen call abroad, while *Ceyx* would fain
Some short delay for tender transports gain;
Their oars they now reduce in double ranks,
With equal strokes up-rising from their banks.
Soon the fair mourner rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies.

He shakes his hand; she answers from the shore;
Soon from the land the driving vessel bore;
And she, with straining eyes, can see his face no more.
Next her keen looks the flying bark pursue,
That lost, the sails her fix'd observance drew:
Those disappearing, home distress'd she goes;
And on her widow'd bed her body throws.
The bed, and place, with tears to mind recall
That absent part, which gave esteem to all.
Now far from port, the winds began to blow
On quiv'ring shrouds; the mates no longer row.
They hoist their yards amain, and all their sails
At once let down to catch the crouding gales.
The ship scarce half her course, or sure no more,
By this had run; far off from either shore:
When, deep in night, fierce *Eurus* stiffly blows;
And the swollen seas in foaming surges rose.
Strike, strike the top-sail, let the mainsheet fly,
And furl your sails, did the hoarse master cry;
His cries the wind and roaring waves suppress,
The mates take counsel from the weather's stress:
Each plies his task; some the sail-yards bestride,
Some lave the water out on either side:
And some from leaks restrain the gushing tide.
While thus, as danger dictates, each his hand
Puts to th' unbidden toil, nor waits command;
The storm grows louder, and the wild winds wage
War from all parts, and second *Neptune's* rage.
The affrighted master now no longer knew
What orders to give out, or what to do;
Oppress'd with such a furious flood of ill,
As foils his art, and baffles all his skill:
Loud cries of men resound, and rattling shrouds,
Waves break on waves, and clouds encounter clouds.

In whiten'd curls the billows upwards fly,
And tossing surges seem to scale the sky :
Now from the bottom yellow sands they throw,
Now black ; the waves alike in colour shew ;
Now white with foam appear the flatted seas,
The vessel shifts and changes as they please.
Now as on tow'ring mountains back she rides,
Views distant vallies, as the surge divides ;
Now headlong with the downward billows fell,
Look'd up to skies as from the depths of hell :
The dashing billows make as loud report,
As batt'ring-rams impell'd against a fort.
Or as chaf'd lions, with redoubled rage,
Rush with a roar, and pointed spears engage :
Ev'n so the wind-driv'n waves, with added pow'r,
Invade the ship, and o'er her hatches tow'r.
Her yielding planks now spring ; stern *Neptune* raves,
And fills her breaches with his gushing waves.
In bursting show'rs the clouds their substance spend,
You'd think all heav'n would on the surge descend.
Ambitious waves, toss'd upward from the main,
Climb the dark sky : the sails are clogg'd with rain.
Show'rs join with floods : no stars dispense their light ;
The storm augments the darkness of the night.
Yet, ever and anon, with horrid glare
Red light'nings flash, and singe the gloomy air.
Now rising floods her upper deck possess,
And as some soldier, braver than the rest,
Oft the defended walls to scale essays,
At length succeeds, and wing'd with hopes of praise,
Among a thousand only stands the shock ;
So, while the mounting waves the vessel rock,
The tenth bold billow her high wall ascends ;
Nor sinks 'till she beneath his fury bends.

BOOK XI. METAMORPHOSES.

81

Part of the waves did but the bark assail;
 Part fill her hold; all tremble and look pale;
 As at a siege, when walls are batt'ring down;
 While some, got in, are masters of the town.
 Art fails; hearts sink; on ev'ry rising wave
 Death sits in triumph, and presents a grave.
 This weeps; that stands amaz'd, this calls 'em bless'd
 Whom fun'rals grace; that pray'rs to heav'n address'd;
 The heav'ns, lost to their sight, and Gods besought
 With lifted hands; some on their parents thought,
 Their children, house, and what they left behind;
Alcyon possess'd all *Ceyx*' mind:
 Her name alone his voice and thoughts employ'd;
 Long'd for her sight, yet in her absence joy'd:
 Fain to his native shore he'd turn his eyes
 For one last look; but knows not where it lies.
 The giddy seas so whirl; such pitchy clouds
 Obscure the skies: night twofold darkness shrouds.
 Now over-board the whistling whirl-winds bore
 The shiver'd mast; and now the rudder tore:
 A billow, with these spoils encourag'd, raves;
 And, victor-like, contemns the under-waves.
 Falling as *Pindus*, or as *Athos* wou'd,
 Torn from their roots, and plung'd into the flood;
 Sunk with the weight, and blow, the ship subsides,
 And o'er her keel the surge in triumph rides;
 Her men are scatter'd on the raging main,
 Some suck'd in whirlpools, ne'er to rise again;
 Others on driving planks their floating limbs sustain.
 Ev'n *Ceyx* in that hand, which late did wield
 A scepter, now a splinter'd fragment held;
 Toss'd on the surface of the stormy main,
 His and his consort's fire invokes in vain;

D 3

But

But chiefly, as he floats, and strives for life,
He names *Alcyone*; his darling wife,
And wish'd the waves would cast him on the sands
Of *Trachin*, to be buried by her hands;
Oft as the floods permit, he names the fair,
And when beneath the waves he sighs it there.
At length, arch'd o'er his head, a gloomy wave
Breaks down, and sinks him in the watry grave.
The sparkling *Lucifer*, that dreadful night,
Became obscure, and veil'd his fires from sight:
Who since he might not quit his destin'd place,
With pitchy clouds involv'd his muffled face.

Mean while *Alcyone* (his fate unknown,)
Computes how many nights he had been gone;
Now did a robe for his return prepare;
Now wove another for herself to wear:
Flatter'd by hope to take this pious care!
Incense, and prayers, to all the pow'rs presents;
But most imperial *Juno's* shrine frequents:
At her chaste altars the fair matron pray'd
For him, who now was but a name, a shade.
His safe return she begg'd, her vows to crown;
And that his heart she might divide with none,
Her last request is ratify'd alone.
The heav'nly queen, who could no longer bear
A vain devotion for the dead to hear;
Her shrine to rescue from polluted pray'r;
Thus, to her faithful slave, her *Iris* spake,
Haste, and to sleep's dull dome thy journey take;
Bid him t' *Alcyone* a vision send,
To image out her *Ceyx*' woeful end.
Scarce had the Goddess this injunction laid,
Iris, in robes of various dyes array'd,

Her ample bow from heav'n to earth extends;
And to the monarch's dull abode descends.

Near the *Cimmerians* lies a cavern deep
In hollow'd rock, the mansion of dull sleep;
Which the sun sees not at his noon-tide height,
Nor cheers with rising, or descending light:
But gloomy mists from humid earth arise,
And shed perpetual twilight o'er the skies.
No crested fowls, with early crowings, dare
Proclaim the rise of rosy morning there;
No vig'lant dogs, or yet more wakeful geese,
Prophane with noise the silent region's peace.
No bleats of cattle, no wind-quiv'ring boughs,
Or jarring tongues th' unactive regent rouse.
Dumb quiet reigns; yet, from the rock below,
Streams of *Lethean* water gently flow;
Purl on the pebbles, and invite to rest:
Poppies in clusters the dull doors invest:
And num'rous simples, from whose juicy veins
Night draws out sleep, and sheds it o'er the plains.
No irksome doors on creaking hinges jarr'd,
Nor did the peaceful dome admit a guard.
Midst of the cave there stood an ebon-bed,
Plumy, and high, with sable cov'rings spread.
Here lay the stupid God, dissolv'd in rest;
Dreams, in fantastick forms, around him prest;
Phantoms, than summers grains in number more,
Than leaves on trees, or sands on ocean's shore,
The ent'ring nymph dispels the obvious dreams,
And thro' the cavern sheds refulgent beams.
The drowzy God but struggling long disjoins,
His eyelids, and his sleepy head declines:
Oft in his bosom sunk his grizly beard,
At length he rous'd, and on his elbow rear'd;

Ask'd the bright virgin (for he knew her,) why
 She thither came? When *Iris* made reply;
 Thou rest of things, thou mildest of the Gods!
 Great sleep, that driv'st all cares from thy abodes!
 Thou peace of mind, restorer of decay!
 Repairing limbs o'erwrought with toils of day!
 Quick, send a dream, whose imitative form
 May shew *Alcyone* a figur'd storm:
 And her drown'd lord's disastrous fate unfold:
 This great *Saturnia* bids: Her message told,
Iris withdrew; who could no longer keep
 Her senses free from fumes of lazy sleep;
 To shun the lethargy, she upwards flies;
 And by her painted bow remounts the skies.

The fire, among a thousand sons, excites
Morpheus the subtlest of dissembling sprites.
 None, of her train, could with such art perform
 The human gesture, visage, voice, and form.
 Usurping habit, and peculiar phrase;
 The imitative man was all his praise.
 One the fear'd figures of fierce monsters takes,
 And flies in mimic birds, and curls like snakes.
 This Dæmon *Icelos* the Gods have nam'd,
 But men, *Phobetor*, as for terror fram'd.
 A third is *Phantasus*, of diff'rent kind;
 His workings are to lifeless things confin'd:
 He paints out verdant plains, or mighty beams,
 Stupendous mountains, and wide-flowing streams.
 These three to kings and potentates display
 Their forms by night; the rest among the vulgar stray.
Morpheus alone, of all the airy band,
 Old *Somnus* chose for *Iris*'s command:
 Then clos'd his drowzy eyes, and hung his head,
 Oppress'd with sleep again, and sunk in bed.

His

His silent wings thro' darkness *Morpheus* plies;
 And, swift as thought, to *Trachin's* palace flies:
 There laid them by, and *Ceyx's* semblance took,
 Bloated, and ghastly, with a pallid look;
 Naked he stood, like one depriv'd of life,
 Before the bed of his unhappy wife;
 His beard all wet, the locks upon his head
 With water clogg'd; he, leaning on the bed,
 Thus spake, while tears from seeming passion flow;
 Dost thou, O wretched wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
 Or am I chang'd in death? my form survey'd
 Confess; but know, 'tis but thy husband's shade,
 Thy pious pray'rs no favour could obtain;
 Lo! I am drown'd; no longer hope in vain.
 The boist'rous *Southern* wind blew fierce and high;
 And wreck'd our vessel in th' *Aegean* sea;
 The floods oppress'd me; whilst I breath'd thy name;
 Alas! in vain: think it not idle fame,
 Or doubt its author: see, this I relate;
 I, that there perish'd by untimely fate.
 O rise, thy tears and fable weeds prepare;
 Let me be honour'd with that pious care!
 Nor let *Alcyone*, her once-lov'd lord,
 Send to the *Stygian* regions undeplor'd.

Thus *Morpheus* spake, and gave his voice a tone
 Which might by her for *Ceyx's* be known:
 Seem'd real tears to shed; while ev'ry look,
 And ev'ry motion, the dead king bespoke.
 Mov'd with the dreadful dream, she sigh'd and wept,
 Stretch'd out her arms to clasp him, as she slept:
 And clasp'd the empty air; then cry'd, O stay!
 Ah! whither wilt thou? Let us go one way.
 Wak'd with his voice and ghost, she quakes with fear,
 And looks in vain for that which was not there.

Rais'd with her shrieks, a light her servant brought;
 She raves with grief, not finding what she sought.
 Struck her fair cheeks, and did her linnen tear;
 Bruis'd her soft breast; nor stay'd to loose her hair;
 But tugg'd it off: her nurse the cause demands
 Of this rash violence: straight she wrings her hands:
 And in the passion of her grief reply'd,
Alcyon's no more: O no! she dy'd,
 When *Ceyx* perish'd in the wat'ry grave;
 Speak not of comfort, I'll no comfort have:
 Is he not wreck'd? These eyes have view'd his face;
 I strove to clasp him in this strict embrace;
 'Twas but his ghost; but 'twas his ghost confes'd;
 The pallid shade my *Ceyx* all express'd.
 His beauty not, as once, divinely rare!
 But pale, and naked, with wet-dropping hair:
 Here stood the dear-lov'd wretch; ev'n in this place:
 (There did she seek his airy steps to trace.)
 'Twas this my sad misgiving soul divin'd,
 When you forsook me to pursue the wind:
 Would, I had gone with thee, since thou art dead!
 Would, I with thee had sunk this widow'd head!
 Then both together, all our time assign'd
 For life, had liv'd; nor been in death disjoyn'd!
 With thee I perish'd in the vast profound,
 Poor I was wreck'd; yet you without me drown'd.
 Let me forgive the floods, if e'er I strive
 To lengthen life, and such a grief survive!
 But strive I will not; nor thy fortunes leave;
 O yet the partner of thy fate receive.
 Tho' not one common urn contains us dead,
 Our names shall on one monument be read:
 Tho' cruel oceans part thy bones from mine,
 Yet on the marble tomb our names shall join.

The rest her sorrow choak'd; such sobs she gives
Twixt ev'ry word; with sighs her bosom heaves.
The morn arose: the shore she seeks in haste,
Ev'n to that place from whence she saw him last.
And while she sadly utter'd, here he stay'd;
Here parting kiss'd me; thence he anchor weigh'd:
Whilst she such sights recalls, with steady eyes
Fix'd on the sea, far off she something spies.
She thinks at first, yet doubts, that it must be
A body floating on the waving sea;
But, nearer as it shore-ward drove, she knew
It was a body, and her fears were true.
The coarse unknown, yet much the object mov'd;
For mimicking the fate of him she lov'd.
Poor wretch, whoe'er thou art! and such, if wed,
Thy wife, said she, a mourning widow made!
Still less herself, with wilder grief she raves;
As the known trunk floats on the nearer waves:
Now driv'n almost on shore the body lies;
When, with loud shrieks, 'tis he, 'tis he! she cries.
She wounds her face; her hair, and habit rends;
And to her *Ceyx* her trembling arms extends.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus thou return'st, says she, to kill thy wife?
On the sea's brim a high-wrought mole there stood,
To break the fierce incursion of the flood;
Thither forthwith, with wond'rous force, she springs;
Beating the passive air with sudden wings.
The new-form'd *Halcyon* to the waters takes,
Skims o'er the surface, and sad murmurings makes.
With mournful noise laments her lord's divorce;
Anon she reach'd his dumb and bloodless corpse.
With out-stretch'd wings embrac'd her lifeless bliss,
And printed on his lips a vain, cold kiss.

Whether

Whether her touch to life restor'd the dead,
 Or that the pressing waves up-rais'd his head,
 The vulgar doubted; but too sure her breath
 Inspir'd new life, and thaw'd the ice of death:
 The Gods, in kind compassion of their fate,
 To birds of kind the am'rous pair translate.
 As once, they love; and nuptial fondness shew;
 Begin new joys, and chearful parents grow.
 Sev'n winter days, on the calm ocean's breast,
Halcyon sits brooding o'er her floating nest.
 Safe are the seas; for careful *Aeolus* binds
 The boist'rous waves, and stills the raging winds.

Some aged fire beheld their pinions move
 O'er the broad sea, and prais'd their constant love;
 His neighbour, or perhaps himself, revives
 Another's fate: yon sable fowl that dives,
 And skims with long slim feet about the flood,
 (Here pointing, he a wide-mouth'd corm'rant shew'd:)
 Boasts his descent from an imperial race;
 If back the royal stem you seek to trace,
Ilus, *Assaracus*, adorn his line,
 And *Ganymede*, the youth of form divine,
Laomedon, and *Priamus*, whose hand
 Last sway'd the scepter of the Trojan land.
 Brother to *Hector* was this bird of old;
 And had not fate his growing might controul'd,
 He would perhaps as great a name have won;
 Tho' *Hector* was great *Dymas*' daughter's son.
 Fair *Alexirhoe*, the nymph, 'twas said,
 Bore *Aeacus* by stealth in *Ida*'s shade.
 He, hating cities, and the discontents
 Of glitt'ring courts, the lonely woods frequents,
 Seeks unambitious plains, and gloomy groves,
 But rarely to the throng'd assemblies moves;
 Yet had he not an heart, which soft desire
 Refus'd, or beauteous eyes could not inspire.

Of thro' the woods, the fair *Hesperia* sought,
On *Cebren's* banks, her river-fire, he caught,
As in the sun she dry'd her tresses there,
Run quick away the new-discover'd fair,
Swift as a hind when she a wolf espies,
Or tim'rous dove, before the falcon flies.
Th' enamour'd youth pursues the pleasing chase;
Fear wings her feet, and love enforc'd his pace.
Behold, a secret viper, in this strife,
Stung her fair feet, and robb'd her of her life.
He raving clasps the virgin, as she dies;
And, O! that ever I pursu'd! he cries,
Yet fear'd I not this dreadful chance of woe;
Nor was possession worth this fatal blow:
To both our crimes dost thou thy ruin owe.
The wound the serpent, I th' occasion gave,
But thou my life shalt in attonement have:
He said; and from a cliff, whose brow o'erhung
The undermining seas, himself he flung:
Tethys, concern'd, sustains his falling limbs;
And clothes 'em o'er with feathers as he swims.
No pow'r of dying, as he wish'd, she gives:
At life, on force prolong'd, the lover grieves:
And murmurs that his soul's constrain'd to stay,
Which from his body strove to force its way.
Scorning his new giv'n wings, again on seas
His bulk he throws; the fall his feathers ease.
With that enrag'd, into the deep he dives;
And still to drown himself as vainly strives.
His meagre leanness shews on love he fed,
A length of neck sustains his sable head.
And legs of longer joints beneath him spread.
Fond of the seas their surge he ne'er forsakes;
And an apt name, from frequent diving, takes.



OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Priamus, and his sons, all but Paris, mourn for the death of Aëacus, who they did not know was turn'd into a bird. Hence Ovid makes a transition to the story of the Trojan war, of which he gives a summary account. A description of the house of Fame. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, in which the latter is slain, and transform'd by Neptune into a swan. Nestor relates the story of Cæneus, who had the experience of both sexes; and likewise the fray of the Lapithæ and Centaurs. The moving passion of Cyllarus and Hylonomē,





me, the male and female Centaur. *Cæneus*, whose body was impenetrable to the sword or any other weapon, is overwhelm'd and suffocated by mountains thrown on him; and afterwards chang'd into a bird. The relation of *Hercules's* contest with *Periclymenos*, who had the power of varying his shape as he pleas'd. *Paris*, by *Apollo's* direction, kills *Achilles*; and the right of possessing the hero's arms caused a strife betwixt *Ulysses* and *Telamonian Ajax*.



OR *Æsacus* old *Priam* mourn'd, nor knew
His son surviv'd, and cloth'd with feathers flew;

While *Hector* and his brethren pay, with tears,

Rites o'er the tomb which his inscription bears,
But *Paris* no such pious tasks employ;
Bent on the *Spartan* rape, the am'rous boy
Brought home the fatal bride, and with her war on }
Troy.

The *Grecian* states their solemn faiths exchange;
Fit out a thousand ships for their revenge.
Nor had the vow'd reprisal been delay'd,
If adverse winds had not their passage stay'd.
But long at *Aulis*, on *Æolia's* side,
'Till weather change, the wind-bound vessels ride.
Here, as of old, to *Jove* they sacrifice;
And from the altar as the flames arise,
A blew-scal'd dragon, in the armies view,
Writh'd up a tree which near the altar grew.
On whose bough-tops a bird her nest had made;
And twice four callow young were in it laid.

These

These and their dam, who, with maternal pain,
 In circles flutter'd round her care in vain,
 The furious reptile seiz'd with greedy jaws;
 The frighted croud on the dire omen pause.
 When *Calchas* cry'd, Who could the truth divine;
 Rejoice, *Pelaegians*, 'tis a happy sign!
 Proud *Troy* shall fall; tho', e're our toils shall end,
 These thrice three birds, thrice three years war portend.
 The dragon, as she twin'd around the boughs,
 Becomes a stone, the stone a dragon shews.
 Still stormy seas th' impatient fleet delay'd;
 Some thought the ocean God their voyage stay'd
Troy to preserve, and save the walls he made.
 Not so wise *Calchas*, who the cause foresees,
 And tells the camp, they must heav'n's wrath appease.
Diana's wrath the purpos'd war withstood:
 The virgin Goddess claim'd a virgin's blood.
 Soon as the king the father had o'ercome,
 And publick good prescrib'd an impious doom,
 The weeping priests chaste *Iphigenia* lead,
 At the high altar's side resign'd to bleed.
 Pity the Goddess' anger did subdue,
 When a thick mist before their eyes she threw:
 And, whilst they prosecute her rites, and pray'd,
 Produc'd a hind, to represent the maid.
 When fitter sacrifice had calm'd her rage,
 Her fury and the seas at once assuage:
 A prosp'rous gale the thousand vessels bore;
 Which, long distress'd, now gain the *Phrygian* shore.

Full in earth's center, 'twixt air, earth, and sea,
 A place there is, confining on the three:
 Where things, howe'er remote, are view'd around;
 And winding hollows drink in ev'ry sound.

BOOK XII. METAMORPHOSES. 93

Here fame does in a lofty tow'r reside,
 Unnumber'd entries to her palace guide:
 A thousand crannies yawn: no doors block up the way,
 A mart for ever full; and open night and day.
 Each wall of ringing brass throughout resounds;
 Things heard reports, and ev'ry word rebounds:
 No rest within, no silence, yet the noise
 Not loud, but like the murmurings of a voice.
 Such as from far by rolling billows sent,
 Or as *Jove's* fainting thunder almost spent;
 About her courts in tides the people flow,
 Hither, the busy vulgar come and go;
 And millions of wild rumours wander to and fro.
 Lies, mix'd with truths, their substance vary still;
 Here some with news th' unknowing curious fill:
 Some carry tales; each in the telling grows,
 And ev'ry author adds to what he knows.
 Rash errors, light credulity are here,
 Vain-grounded transports, and as empty fear:
 New-rais'd sedition, secret whisp'rings blown
 From unknown authors, and of things ne'er done.
 She sifts the ample world, and sees whate'er
 Befalls on earth, on ocean, or in air.

Now gave she notice, that, with dreadful host,
 The *Grecian* fleet steer'd for the *Trojan* coast:
 Nor come they unexpected; *Ilium* bends
 Her pow'rs to battle, and her shores defends.
 There thou, *Protesilaus*, in early strife,
 By *Hector's* fatal lance, did'st loose thy life.
 Their daring souls, and war but now begun,
 Cost *Grecia* dear; tho' *Hector* yet unknown.
 Nor loss of blood th' assailants fury drew
 From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could do.

The mingled gore does wide *Sigæum* stain,
Neptunian Cygnus had his thousands slain:
Now on the foe the fierce *Achilles* flew,
And with his lance embattled ranks o'erthrew.
Thro' thickest hosts th' advent'rous hero fought,
And *Cygnus* round the plains or *Hector* sought.
Cygnus he found, as o'er the field he stray'd,
To the tenth year was *Hector's* fate delay'd:
The youth survey'd, the hero forwards strains,
Cheers his proud steeds, and strokes their snowy mains,
His thund'ring car now drives against the foe;
Pois'd his strong lance, and now prepar'd to throw:
Whoe'er thou art, O youth! rejoice; said he,
That by *Achilles'* hand thou'rt doom'd to die.
He spoke; his jav'lin did his words pursue,
With certain aim, the whirling weapon flew:
But yet th' unerring steel no wound imprest,
But with blunt force struck *Cygnus* on the breast.
Thou Goddess-born, says *Cygnus*, (for, I know,
The current voice of fame denotes thee so;)
Wonder'st thou that thy spear does thus rebound,
(For much he wonder'd,) nor has giv'n a wound?
This helm with horse-hair deck'd, this shield I bear,
Are not my guard: these I for fashion wear.
So *Mars* his person arms; should I display
My naked breast, thy force could find no way.
Small honour from an ocean-nymph to spring!
My fire I boast her's, and that ocean's king.
He said; and straight he at *Achilles* threw
A lance, which almost thro' his buckler flew.
Nine hides it pierc'd, the tenth did it restrain;
The hero caught it and whirl'd back again.

The darted steel does from his body bound,
 Sent with full force again it fails to wound;
 Nor, at the third essay, a better entrance found:
 Tho' *Cygnus* in derision brav'd his foe,
 And bar'd his bosom to th' expected blow.
 The disappointed hero burns with rage,
 (Fierce as some bull whom circling crouds engage,
 Whose low-bent horns the scarlet, which provokes
 His fury, toss with still deluded strokes.)
 He searches if his lance's head were on;
 Or in this hand, said he, so feeble grown?
 Is all my vigour spent on one? that pow'r
 Wherewith I raz'd *Lyrnessus*' haughty tow'r?
 When *Tenedos* and *Thebes* I fill'd with blood,
 And made their pavements blush with crimson flood?
 Its slaughter'd natives when *Caycus* dy'd;
 Twice *Telephus* my pow'rful jav'lin try'd.
 Behold, these heaps of bodies! These I slew,
 Much could my hand have done, as much can do.
 This said, his former deeds almost suspects,
 And at *Meneætes*' breast his aim directs:
 A servile *Lycian* he. The murth'ring dart,
 Quite thro' his yielding cuirass, pierc'd his heart.
 With dying groans he prostrate falls to ground;
Achilles draws the jav'lin from the wound:
 This hand, said he, this now victorious lance
 Shall urge thy fate; assist me equal chance!
 With that th' unerring dart at *Cygnus* flung;
 Which, undeclin'd, on his left shoulder rung.
 And, like a rock, the lance repell'd again;
 Yet, where it graz'd, it left a purple stain.
Achilles joys the wound suppos'd to view,
 Wound there was none; and tho' the blood was true,
 'Twas what the steaming jav'lin from *Meneætes* drew.

Then

Then roaring, from his car he leap'd, and made
A furious onset with his flaming blade,
He saw his helmet back'd, and armour bord;
But his firm body blunts the keen-edg'd sword.
Cygnus unhurt the chief no longer bears;
But beats his weighty shield about his ears;
And with sword-hilt, by many a fearful blow,
Bears on the cheeks of his unwounded foe.
Press'd on as he retir'd, pursues, insists,
Nor lets him breathe : his eyes now swim in mists :
Cold sweats o'er all his trembling body flow'd ;
A stone now stopp'd him, as he backward trod.
Achilles saw, and, with a furious bound,
Threw *Cygnus* on his back along the ground.
The foe cast down close to the earth he prest :
And set his shield and knees upon his breast :
Drew hard his cask-strings in th' unequal strife,
And strangling robb'd him both of breath and life.
The hero next prepar'd to strip the dead :
The vanish'd body from his arms was fled.
His sea God fire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

This toil, this fight, gave many days of rest,
And on each side the dreadful battle ceas'd :
Whilst on their walls the watchful *Phrygians* ward,
And *Greeks* as watchful did their trenches guard.
A feast was kept ; at which *Achilles* paid
His thanks, with victims, to the blue-ey'd maid :
On flaming altars they the entrails lay ;
Which grateful steams did to the Gods convey
The solemn parts to sacred use address,
They load the plenteous tables with the rest :

Th' invited chiefs, on couches spread around,
 Feast on the flesh, and the large goblets crown'd
 With gen'rous wines, at once which thirst and sorrow
 Nor songs, nor musick, did their ears delight, (drown'd.
 But in discourse they wear the live-long night.
 Of warlike deeds they talk, of valour shewn
 By daring foes, and much they boast their own.
 By turns they speak of dreadful battles fought,
 Of dangers often 'scap'd, yet often sought.
 What subject more *Achilles'* ear could joy?
 What fitter theme *Achilles'* tongue employ?
 His late exploit, atchiev'd in *Cygnus'* fall,
 The hero tells; they, list'ning, wonder all;
 To find a body was exempt by fate
 From feeling wounds, and could ev'n steel rebate.
 Thro' all the *Greeks* the gen'ral wonder ran,
 The chief himself amaz'd: when *Nestor* thus began.
Cygnus is he, who in your age alone
 Baffled hard steel, and could be hurt by none.
 I once *Perrhabian Canens* saw endure
 A thousand strokes, yet stand from wounds secure:
Perrhabian Canens, whose immortal fame
 In deeds of arms his *Othrys* does proclaim.
 Yet what's more strange, and all belief exceeds,
 A woman born, he did these wond'rous deeds!
 Surprize in all the prodigy begets;
 And each to hear the wond'rous tale intreats.
Achilles presses too: says he, O sage,
 Thou eloquence, and wisdom of our age!
 Grant our desire; (for all desire the same;)
 Of *Canens* tell; how he a man became;
 In what contentions, in what battles known;
 And, if by any, say, by whom o'erthrown.

Tho' years my mem'ry spoil, the fire replies,
 And much in youth beheld my knowledge flies,
 Much I retain; and yet of all that are
 Among so many acts of peace and war,
 None deeper is imprinted in my brain;
 And if the length of time, not spent in vain,
 Can many accidents to knowledge give;
 Two ages spent, now in the third I live.

Of all the virgins on *Thessalia's* coast,
 Than *Canis* none more fair, she e'er could boast.
 From various cities bord'ring on the land,
 And towns, which gladly stoop to thy command,
 (For she her birth to your *Aemonia* ow'd;) }
 The ripen'd maid contending lovers woo'd.
Peleus perhaps had sought her for his bride,
 Unless already to thy mother ty'd;
 Or else by solemn vows to future match ally'd.

All nuptial tyes fair *Canis* still forbore;
 But as alone she trac'd the secret shore,
 The ocean God seiz'd on the blooming fair,
 And seizing, forc'd; for so did fame declare.
 When, charm'd with joys, enamour'd *Neptune* cry'd,
 Speak thy desires, nor fear to be deny'd:
 Wish what thou wilt. (So fame the story told:)
 My wrong, said *Canis*, makes my wishes bold.
 That like enforcement never may befall,
 Be I no woman; and thou giv'st me all.
 Her latter words a deeper tone express,
 Hoarse as a man; and now she prov'd no less.
Neptune had giv'n beyond the maid's request;
 No force of steel should pierce her alter'd breast;
 Nor pointed weapons have the pow'r to wound:
 The hero joys with these rare blessings crown'd.

BOOK XII. METAMORPHOSES. 99

In ev'ry manly virtue great he grows:
And scours the fields thro' which *Panens* flows.

Bold *Ixion's* son, by pow'rful beauty led,
Took the fair *Hippodamia* to his bed;
The cloud-got centaurs his proud nuptials grac'd;
In shady bow'rs at sundry tables plac'd.

Th' *Aemonian* peers were present at the feast;
And I was there, a glad invited guest.

The ecchoing courts with our loud pleasures ring,
Whilst each did *Hymen! Io! Hymen,* sing.

The blazing altars upwards throw their flame:
At length the bride with nymphs attended came.

All greet *Pirithous* happy in his choice;
But hold not long the omen of that voice.

For *Eurytus*, more brutal than the rest,
Foul rape had harbour'd in his centaur's breast:

By beauty fir'd, and rais'd with heat of wine,
Lust, and ebriety, in outrage joyn.

The boards o'erturn'd a sudden fray declare;
And the new bride's dragg'd by her lovely hair.

On her the bestial *Eurytus* did seize,
The rest, such nymphs, as most their fancies please,

Or such as best they could, promiscuous took;
Sack'd towns with such a face of horror look.

With female shrieks the dome resounds; we rise:
When straight, Vain *Eurytus!* bold *Theseus* cries;

Dar'st thou *Pirithous* thus offend, so long
As *Theseus* lives, with him to feel the wrong?

Nor did the hero boast his rage in vain;
But, breaking thro' the throng, with high disdain,

The centaurs thrust aside, and did the bride regain.
The ravisher unable to reply,

(No words such horrid acts could justify;)

With furious blows the brave redeemer prest;
Flew at his face, and struck his gen'rous breast.
An ample goblet, with high figures wrought,
By chance stood nigh, which strong *Ægides* caught:
With force the hero whirls the massy bowl
Full at *Eurytus*, and lets out his soul:
The stag'ring monster vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and mingled brains, and clotted blood.
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
And falling backwards spurns the sanguine ground.
The double-form'd resent their brother's death;
And call to arms, with one consenting breath.
Wine to their courage adds: and now a flight
Of bowls, and flagons hurl'd, begins the fight.
The things, so useful to their pleasures late,
Are made the instruments of blood, and fate.
First *Amycus*, *Ophion's* son, presumes
For arms to strip the consecrated rooms.
An hallow'd sconce he seiz'd, which hung on high
Dispensing light around the sacristy;
This, sacrificer-like, he swings around,
And strikes the sturdy victim to the ground;
On *Celadon* it fell with weight, and left
His face of features, and of form, bereft.
Burst were his eye-balls, and his nostrils broke;
And splinter'd bones into his palate struck:
But *Belates* from some strong table tore
The pond'rous foot, and struck the murth'rer to the floor
There as he knock'd his chin against his breast,
And blood and teeth spu'd on his brawny chest,
He urg'd his vengeance with a second blow;
And sent him murm'ring to the shades below.
Next him in place, *Gryneus*, his haggard eyes
Rolling about, a flaming altar 'spies;

Serves

BOOK XII. METAMORPHOSES: JOE

Serves this, said he, for nothing? then he rais'd
 The marble pile, and whirl'd it as it blaz'd.
 Amongst the *Lapythites* the weight he threw,
 Which *Brotens*, and the bold *Orion* flew.
Orion's mother, *Mycale*, was known
 From her bright sphere with charms to drag the moon:
 Grant me but arms, that death thou shalt not boast;
Exadius cry'd, but rue it to thy cost.
 The votive antlers of a stag, on high
 Fix'd to a pine, his want of arms supply.
 These he at *Gryneus* throws; so sure they fly,
 The forky antlers stick in either eye.
 One ball with blood the falling horns besmear'd;
 The other stream'd all down his grizly beard.
 Behold! fierce *Rhatius*, with avenging hand,
 Snatch'd from the sacred fires a flaming brand;
 This at *Charaxus'* front with force he threw;
 The blazing weapon at his temples flew.
 With well-aim'd blow transfix'd his batter'd head;
 And all its fires amidst his yellow tresses spread.
 The rapid flames his stubborn tresses burn,
 Which crackle in the fire like sheafs of corn.
 The hissing blood fries in his horrid wound,
 Like glowing steel when in the smithy drown'd:
 From his sing'd locks the flames *Charaxus* shakes,
 And a huge stone on his broad shoulders takes;
 So pond'rous, it a wain would load alone:
 Against the foe too pond'rous to be thrown.
 This, falling short, *Cometes'* head invades;
 And sent him down to everlasting shades.
Rhatius exulting, May you all abound
 In strength so try'd! cries; and renews his wound:
 With flaming brand urges again his pains;
 'Till the crush'd skull sinks in the boiling brains.

The victor now, his triumphs to pursue,
 On *Corythus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas*, flew;
 On *Corythus*, whose face the beard began
 But now to shade, and stile him first a man.
 What fame is purchas'd in that beardless prey?
Evagrus cry'd; but more he could not say;
 For *Rhatus*, ere his jaws together came,
 Drove down his throat the brand, and choak'd him

the flame.

Next, whisking it around his head, assails
 The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails.
 Him, who had been with frequent triumphs crown'd,
 With sharpen'd stake fierce *Dryas* chafes round;
 And in his shoulder's joint inflicts a dreadful wound.
 Groaning, he tugs it out with all his might;
 And, drench'd in blood, redeems himself by flight.
Orneus, and *Thaumas*, urg'd by equal dread,
 And wounded *Medon*, and *Pisenor* fled;
 And *Merm'rus* late a victor in the race,
 Now, maim'd in fight, and halting, flacks his pace;
Pholus, and *Melanens* and *Abas* run;
Abas, who scorn'd the foaming boar to shun:
 And *Astylos*, who could fate's will declare,
 And vainly bad his friends that fight forbear;
 When *Nessus* fled, he warn'd him, Fly not so;
 Thou art reserv'd for great *Alcides*' bow.
 But *Areos*, *Imbreus*, *Lycidas* by flight
 Could not escape the fate, which wrought their fright:
 Nor could *Eurynomus* his death repel;
 But all o'erpow'r'd by *Dryas*' valour fell.
 And thee, *Crenaus*, tho' for flight address'd,
 Tho' turn'd thy back, a sudden wound repress'd.
 For looking back, a spear, with dreadful blow,
 His forehead pierc'd, and glanc'd beneath his brow.

Unwaken'd with the long tumultuous fray,
 Dissolv'd in death-like sleep, *Aphidus* lay;
 Stretch'd on a bear's rough hide, on *Ossa* kill'd,
 A goblet in his hand he, slumb'ring, held.
Phorbas, afar, the sleeping drunkard spy'd;
 And, for th' charge his arm up-rearing, cry'd,
 Drink thy next draught with *Stygian* water mix'd:
 This said, *Aphidus* with his spear transfix'd.
 Thro' his bare neck, as he supinely lay,
 The strong-aim'd jav'lin made its murthering way.
 Death came unfelt; disgorging streams of blood,
 The hide and bowl receiv'd the sanguine flood.
 I saw *Petræus*, tearing from the ground
 A well-grown oak; when, whilst he clasp'd it round,
 And wrenching it, now this, now that way, stood,
Pirithous' jav'lin nail'd him to the wood.
 Strong *Lycus* by *Pirithous*' valour fell;
Pirithous' valour *Chromis* sunk to hell.
 These to the victor did less fame create
 Than *Ælops*' death, and *Diclys*' stranger fate.
 His eager jav'lin *Ælops*' temples cleft,
 And stabbing his right ear pierc'd thro' the left.
 But *Diclys* from a broken mountain's side,
 To shun *Ixion*'s son, attempts to slide.
 Whence falling headlong with his weight he tore
 A mighty ash; the stumps his entrails gore.
Aphareus to revenge him, with a stone
 Torn from a rock, rush'd in, and would have thrown;
 But, as he pois'd it, with one furious stroke
Theseus the sturdy *Centaur*'s elbow broke.
 Then left him wounded in th' unequal strife;
 Nor cares, nor has he time, to take his life,
 Thence vaulting on *Bianor*'s back he fate,
 His back, 'till then unpres'd by mortal weight.

With his strong knees the *Centaur's* sides he squeeze'd,
And by the shaggy locks the monster seiz'd;
Then dug his eyes with club of knotty oak;
Batter'd his face, and harden'd temples broke.
With the same arms does he *Nedymus* wound,
And dash the strong *Lycoras* to the ground.
And *Hippasus*, whose beard his breast o'er-spread;
And *Ripheus* in bleak woods and mountains bred.
And *Tereus*, whose fierce sport was once to tear
From forth her rocky den the raging bear;
Of her strong hold the struggling beast deprive,
And the stern savage drag in triumph home alive.
Demoleon could no longer brook this fight,
But envies *Theseus's* success in fight:
When high in rage, his nervous forces joyn
To root from earth a stately ancient pine.
That toil in vain, he splits the trunk in two,
And darts one limb at his too prosperous foe.
But *Theseus*, by *Minerva's* counsels taught,
Avoids the stroke: (So would he have it thought.)
Nor was the tree, of mischief guiltless thrown;
But shiver'd *Crantor's* breast, and shoulder-bone.
That man, *Achilles*, was thy father's squire,
Giv'n by subdu'd *Amintor* to thy fire,
(*Amintor*, the well-train'd *Dolopians* guide.)
Pledge of their peace, and laws of hostage ty'd.
Him when, thus torn, and weltring on the ground,
Griev'd *Peleus* saw with that prodigious wound;
O *Crantor*, much-lov'd youth, said he, receive
The victim to thy flying soul I give.
Then at *Demoleon* sent a sure-aim'd dart,
With all the might of wrathful hand and heart;
The piercing lance transfix'd the bones which join
His strong-knit ribs; and quiver'd in his chine.

The

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The jav'lin from the wound he strove to pluck;
But scarce could draw; the head behind it stuck;
His rage with pain increas'd, his hoofs he rears,
And paws; and to the ground thy father bears;
Who with his shield the sounding strokes defends,
And, for his guard, his pointed lance protends.
Then, 'twixt the shoulders, one full thrust he made;
And stabb'd the Centaur's breasts with his deep-driving
blade:

Yet *Hyles*, and *Phlegraus* had he slain
Before, at distance fighting on the plain:
Hiphinous and *Clanis* had he kill'd
In closer conflict of the dreadful field:
Add *Dorylas* to these, who round his head
A grievly wolf-skin had for terror spread:
And, which supply'd the part of arms, he wore
A bull's strong horns, all dy'd with streaming gore.
To him, with courage fir'd, Behold! said I,
This jav'lin does thy threat'ning horns defy:
At this, I threw; which when he could not ward,
He plants his right-hand for his forehead's guard,
His hand my jav'lin fasten'd to his brows;
Loud shouts upon the lucky wound arose,
Thus while he stood with pain and shame distress'd,
Thy father, who was nearest, on him prest;
And thrust his sword deep in below his breast.
His belly ripp'd, from the wide-yawning wound
His dangling bowels dragg'd upon the ground.
Dragging, he trod them down beneath his feet;
And as he trod, the slimy vessels split,
Which, winding, fetter both his legs and thighs;
He falls, and with an empty belly dies,
Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could save,
If double forms, like thine, can beauty have.

His springing beard shot out like down of gold,
And golden curls from his smooth shoulders roll'd.
Vigour and fire were in his looks exprest,
His neck, hands, arms complete, and rising breast.
Where he was man, his shape, in ev'ry part,
Excell'd the sculptor's imitative art.
Nor did his bestial limbs his human shame,
Their shape as curious, and their grace the same.
Add but a heroe's head and neck, and he
Had been a steed, O *Castor*, worthy thee.
So strong his back, so level on the seat;
So large his chest; all shining black as jet:
Except his tail, which to the ground did flow,
And fet-locks, which were white as new-fall'n snow.
Numbers of his own nation sought his love;
Him none but fair *Hylonome* could move.
Fairer then all the nymphs of double race
Who dwelt on *Othrys*, of more winning grace.
By blandishment of phrase, and love confess'd,
She her whole *Cyllarus* alone possess'd;
For him she comb'd her locks, for him she dress'd.
Sweet chaplets wove, and would the violet wear;
And oft with lillies deck'd her auborn hair.
In limpid fountains, which their waters spread
O'er the broad plains from *Pegasus's* head,
Twice ev'ry day she wash'd her lovely face,
Bathing as oft, her curious limbs displays.
So nice in her attire she scorn'd to wear
The fur of any beast, but what was rare.
With such she shaded o'er her iv'ry breast:
Both lovers were with equal flames possess'd.
Both o'er the mountains did together stray,
In woods and grotto's both together lay.

Both

Both to the nuptial feast did then repair,
And both with equal rage maintain the war.

Unknown from whom, was sent a fatal dart
At *Cyllarus*, which pierc'd the *Gentaur's* heart.
The weapon drawn forth from the lurking wound;
He straight grew chill, and tumbled to the ground:
His frighted nymph his stagg'ring limbs receives,
Would stop the blood; and to his lips she cleaves;
Would stay his flying soul; but when she found
Life's fires extinct, with words in clamour drown'd,
Ev'n on that steel, which thro' his bosom past,
She plung'd herself, and him in death embrac'd.

Methinks, I've still *Phaocomes* in view;
Six lion's hides he o'er his body threw.
The shaggy skins, all o'er the *Gentaur* spread;
Like trappings on his brutal back were laid:
A log, four oxen scarce could move, he found;
And heaving lanc'd, and gave a distant wound.
With horrid force descending on the foe
It crush'd, and split his ample skull in two.
Thro' eyes, ears, mouth, and nostrils gush'd his brain;
Like curdled milk which thro' a sieve we strain.
He stooping downwards to disarm the dead,
I pass'd his bowels, and his life-blood shed.
Your father saw my vengeance: *Chthonius* too,
And fierce *Teleboas* with this arm I slew.
This bore a prong, that did a jav'lin throw;
This ancient scar I to his jav'lin owe.
Then was I blooming, and the time drew near
Which ask'd my vigour at the *Trojan* war.
Then I could cope with *Hector* on the plain;
And might, if not o'ercome, at least restrain.
But *Hector* was not born, or then was young;
And now long age my sinews has unstrung.

Why should I mention *Periphanthes*' name
 Or in *Pyretus*' death record his fame?
 Why dwell on *Amphyx*' honours in the field,
 Who with a headless lance *Oëclus* kill'd?
 Why speak of young *Macareus*' renown,
 And how he bore huge *Erigdapus* down?
 Or wherefore should I of *Cymelus* tell,
 Who by a jav'lin lanch'd by *Nessus*' fell?
 Nor think, that *Mopsus* could alone relate
 The distant secrets of mysterious fate;
 In valour as in knowledge great, he threw
 His prosp'rous jav'lin, and *Odites* flew.
 The victor-prophet, as the *Centaur* rail'd,
 I sew'd chin and tongue, and chin and bosom nail'd.
 Five *Caneus* flew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
Pyracmon, *Helymus*, and *Stiphelus*.
 Tho' now forgetful by what wounds they fell,
 Their names, and number I remember well.
 Gigantick *Latreus*, great in bulk and might,
 Arm'd with *Halesus*' spoils succeeds to fight.
 Nor young, nor old, still youthful was his rage,
 Tho' his black locks were grizled o'er with age.
 Proud of his *Macedonian* spear, and shield,
 The *Centaur* prances o'er the purple field.
 Clashes his arms, and, trotting round the plain,
 Thus bellow'd out in terms of loud disdain.
 And must I bear thee, *Canis*? for to me
 Thou still shalt *Canis*, and a woman, be:
 Does not the native softness of thy kind
 Debase thy soul? or bear'st thou not in mind
 For what reward thy change of sex began?
 How made a strumpet, but to seem a man!
 Thy birth remember, and thence found thy fame
 On female weakness, and on female shame.

Go,

Go, draw the carded wool; the distaff bear;
To men resign the province of the war.

Whilst thus the *Centaur* boasts, elate with pride,
Canens a jav'lin lanc'd against his side.

Just where the human in the brutal ends,
The piercing jav'lin with a forces descends.

Fir'd with his pain, the raging monster now

At *Canens*' face his jav'lin aim'd to throw:

The unavailing weapon back recoils,

As pebbles dropp'd on drums, or hail on tiles.

In closer fight he next essays to wound

His harden'd sides, the sword no entrance found.

Tho' dull the point, the edge shall lanch thy throat,

Said he, nor shalt thou 'scape; with that he smote;

The weighty stroke, as if on marble, sounds;

And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.

When *Canens* had full long his naked side

Laid open to the monster's rage, he cry'd,

Now will I try, if you my sword can feel;

Then 'twixt his shoulders drove the fatal steel.

Thrust to the hilt, full oft he wreaths it round

In his pierc'd breast, and multiplies the wound.

The furious *Centaur*s rush with horrid rage;

And him alone with all their spears engage.

Their spears rebated fall, but draw no blood;

For *Canens* still invulnerable stood.

This wonder struck 'em all with new surprize;

When *Monychus*, O shame to valour! cries;

O dire disgrace! O death to our renown!

A nation by a single man born down!

Nay, not a man. Yet sure he must be so;

And we are what he was, weak women now.

What boot our mighty limbs? The double force

Nature conjoyns in us of man, and horse.

I scarce

I scarce can think us sprung from seed divine,
Or worthy of the bold *Ixion's* line,
Who durst aspire to *Juno's* proud embrace.
This half man conquers his degen'rate race!
Stones, weighty beams, whole mountains on him roul;
And with a pile of trees crush out his soul.
Let woods oppress his jaws; o'er-whelm with weight,
Instead of wounds. The *Centaur* said, and straight
An oak, up-rooted by a southern blast,
He heav'd, and on the valiant *Ceneus* cast.
Th' example took, and soon such havock made,
Othrys of all his trees was disarray'd;
And gloomy *Pelion* stripp'd of his late spreading shade.
Press'd with so huge a burthen *Ceneus* sweats,
And to th' o'er-whelming oaks his shoulders sets.
But soon the pile above his head they rear;
And rob him ev'n of breath and vital air.
He faints; then struggles to advance his crown
Above the weight, and shove the timber down.
Sometimes the burthen with his motion quakes,
As wind lock'd up in earth a mountain shakes.
His end was doubtful; most inclin'd to think,
His soul, crush'd downwards, to the shades did sink.
Mopsus dissents, who saw a fowl arise
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies.
I saw it too aloft in *Æther* soar;
Nor ever had beheld the like before.
When *Mopsus* first espy'd it flutt'ring round
Our host, and sending forth a dreadful sound;
Its flight pursuing with his soul and eyes,
Hail! glory of the *Lapythites*, he cries;
O *Ceneus*, late the first of men, but now
A fowl unmatch'd! His witness all allow;

Grief

BOOK XII. METAMORPHOSES. 111

Grief adds to rage: resentment fires each breast
To think, that one should fall by crouds oppress'd
Nor gave we o'er, 'till part were slain in fight,
The rest redeem'd by darkness, and by flight.

Whilst Nestor thus relates this scene of blood;
Betwixt the *Lapythians*, and *Centaur*-brood;
Tlepolemus his spleen but ill controul'd,
To find *Alcides'* glories all untold.
'Tis strange, old man (said he) th' *Heraclean* name
Should no remembrance in your story claim:
Most sure, I've often heard my father tell
How by his arm some cloud-born *Centaurs* fell.
Why am I urg'd, with sighs replies the stage,
To reap up sorrows of a distant age?
Wherefore should you require me to relate
Your father's injuries, and my cause of hate?
So great his acts they did belief transcend;
And made his fame o'er the wide world extend;
I wish the truth could be deny'd; and spare
To spread the *Trojan* heroes names in war.
On valiant *Hector* I no praise bestow;
For who takes pleasure to applaud his foe?
Messene's tow'rs your conqu'ring fire o'er-turn'd;
From him their fates *Pylos* and *Elis* mourn'd:
Cities, which had not e're provok'd his hate;
Or ow'd to hostile acts their desprate fate.
With fire and sword did he our house pursue;
And, to pass others whom his fury slew,
Twice six of *Neleus's* descent were we,
Twice six his rage destroy'd, excepting me.
Others defeats are easy; but the fate
Of *Periclymenus* is wond'rous to relate:
On him great *Neptune* had conferr'd the grace,
(*Neptune*, the founder of the *Neleids* race,)

Hi,

His native form to change, and, varying still,
 Resign, and other forms resume at will.
 He, when he ev'ry shape had try'd in vain,
 Your father's fatal fury to restrain,
 The figure of the lordly eagle wears,
 Who *Jove's* dread thunder in his talons bears.
 With pinions stretch'd a strong descent he made,
 And did the face of *Hercules* invade;
 With his fierce beak, and crooked pounces tore,
 And then aloft again in air would soar.
 But his unerring bow *Alcides* drew,
 As tow'ring upwards to the clouds he flew;
 The shaft transfix'd his wing, the wound was slight;
 But the maim'd sinews disappoint his flight.
 Motion, or strength, no longer they retain;
 And with one wing he beats the air in vain.
 When, tumbling with his weight, the arrow struck
 Quite thro' his side, and in his weazon stuck.
 Now, my brave *Rhodian* leader, should the praise
 Of *Hercules* employ my courtly praise?
 My murther'd brothers I revenge alone,
 By passing o'er in silence his renown;
 And thee with love embrace, their murth'ers son.
 His sweet harangue old *Nestor* finish'd here,
 Again with wine their drooping souls they cheer;
 'Till from their seats at length the guests arose;
 And spent the night's remains in due repose.

The God, who with his trident can controul
 The seas, felt all the father in his soul;
 For *Cygnus* mourn'd, and young *Achilles'* fate
 Pursu'd with wrath, and more than civil hate.
 Ten years now almost spent in dreadful fights,
Phœbus he thus to his revenge excites.

BOOK XII. METAMORPHOSES. 113

O dearest offspring of my brother *Jove*,
 O youth, whom more than all his sons I love;
 Thou, who with me didst the vain hours employ
 In rearing up the fruitless towers of *Troy*!
 Dost thou not grieve to see, those bulwarks now
 To earth their high and envy'd heads must bow?
 Nor mourn the thousands slain in their defence,
 And war maintain'd at so much blood's expence?
 Or, not to dwell on any flighter wound,
 That *Hector's* coarse was dragg'd those walls around?
 And yet the curs'd destroyer lives, by far
 More fierce, and cruel than the rage of war.
 Who, did he come but once within my power,
 My vengeance should secure his fate that hour.
 But since I cannot reach this hated foe,
 Let him thy close and mortal arrows know.

The *Delian* God to *Neptune's* will resigns;
 And to his uncle's wrath his own he joins.
 Sudden to *Troy* his rapid steps he bends;
 And in a cloud to th' *Ilian* host descends.
 There 'midst a slaughter'd croud he *Paris* seeks,
 Dealing his arrows at ignoble *Greeks*.
 Straight to the youth his Godhead he confess'd,
 And the young warrior with reproofs address'd.
 Why dost thou on th' inglorious vulgar lose
 Thy killing shafts? some nobler objects chuse:
 If for thy ruin'd house thou ought dost care,
 Thy brethrens blood revenge on *Peleus'* heir.
 He said, and points where stern *Achilles* stands,
 Dealing destruction on the *Phrygian* bands.
 The bow now bent, the vengeful God aright
 Directs the shaft, and aids its mortal flight.
 If ought could comfort aged *Priam's* heart,
 'Twas *Hector's* vengeance from that lucky dart.

He

He, whom so many thousands slaughter'd crown'd,
 Falls by a feeble faint adulterer's wound.
 Had'st thou foreknown, so womanish a hand
 Thy glorious fate was destin'd to command;
 To shun that shame, thy choice had rather been
 The victim of the warrior *Amazonian* queen.
 He who was *Ilium's* terror, *Greece's* boast,
 And the protection of their cause and host,
Aeacides! a name in war so great;
 Who brav'd unconquer'd all the shocks of fate:
 Now on the fun'ral pile defenceless burns;
 The God, who arm'd him, now to ashes turns,
 And of the great *Achilles* scarce remains
 So much, as one poor scanty urn contains.
 Yet in his spreading glory he survives,
 There, equal to himself, the hero lives!
 Thy fame, divine *Pelides*, soars as high
 As thy great spirit, and can never die.

And ev'n his arms, to instance whose they were,
 Procure a war; arms for his arms they bear.
 Not he who boasts *Oileus* for his fire,
 Not *Diomedes* to their claim aspire:
 Not *Meneleus*, nor his brother-king,
 Whose hopes from more renown and years might spring;
 Not others durst demand: *Laertes'* son
 And *Telamonian Ajax* claim alone.
 Royal *Atrides* prudently withdraws
 From th' envy of the high-disputed cause:
 His sentence to the rival chiefs denies,
 And leaves the gen'ral host to judge the prize.









O V I D'S

METAMORPHOSES.

Book XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Ajax and Ulysses, before the chiefs of the army, dispute their pretensions to the arms of Achilles; which being adjudg'd to Ulysses, Ajax, inrag'd, stabs himself; and his blood produces Hyacinths. A short description of the miseries of Troy, when taken; Polyxena is sacrificed to Achilles's Ghost; Hecuba laments her murder'd family, and herself made a slave. She revenges on Polymnestor his treachery in killing her son Polydorus; and is turn'd into a bitch. Aurora mourns for the death of her son Memnon, from whose funeral pile arise certain birds call'd Memnonides, which fighting kill'd

kill'd each other. *Aeneas's departure from Troy with his father Anchises, and their reception at Delos with Anius; who relates the transformation of his daughters into doves. Aeneas's voyage further continued to Italy; a short description of Scylla and Charybdis. The loves of Polyphemus and Acis to Galatea; the Cyclop overwhelms Acis with a mountain, who is afterwards turn'd into a river of his own name. Glaucus falls in love with Scylla, and relates to her his metamorphosis; she repulsing him, he betakes himself to the palace of Circe.*



HE princes sat, the chiefs of ev'ry band;
Around in rings the list'ning souldiers stand:
When the stern master of the sev'n-fold
shield

Arose, conspicuous in the crouded field:
Inrag'd, with gloomy eye-balls scowling o'er
The stranded vessels, and *Sigean* shore,
O *Jove!* cry'd he, and there his arms he spread,
Before the fleet must we our title plead?
And am I rivall'd by *Ulysses'* claim,
Who scrupled not to run from *Hector's* flame:
That I sustain'd, its headstrong course did stem,
And from its rage the blazing fleet redeem.
So much 'tis safer at the council-board
To play the sophister, than wield the sword,
But I in language am as much unskill'd,
As he is in the business of the field;
And he in artful phrase excels as far,
As I in combats, and the active war.
Nor need I, *Greeks*, display the pageant scene
Of acts, of which you've all spectators been.

His

BOOK XIII. METAMORPHOSES. 117

His let *Ulysses* boast, in private done,
Without one witness, but the conscious moon.
Great is the prize disputed, I confess;
But he that rivals *Ajax*, makes it less.
Small were my pride should I the prize obtain,
Tho' great, whatever he but hop'd to gain;
And he in this is honour'd, who can boast
He strove with me, when he the palm has lost!
But were my brav'ry question'd, yet my blood,
And high descent, should make my title good.
My fire was *Telamon*, whose arms employ'd,
With *Hercules*, these conquer'd tow'rs destroy'd:
And who in *Argo*, with the flow'r of Greece,
For *Colchos* fail'd to fetch the golden fleece.
My fire his birth to *Æacus* did owe,
The judge of mortals in the realms below:
In realms where guilty *Sisyphus* is known,
And swears beneath the still descending stone!
That *Æacus* the king of Gods above
Begot: so *Ajax* is the third from *Jove*.
Nor let this pedigree assist my claim,
If great *Achilles* join'd not in the same.
I was his brother, and as such demand
A brother's arms, to grace this kindred hand.
Why should this heir to *Sisyphus*'s shame
And blood, in thefts and fraud so much the same,
On great *Achilles*' line ingraft a foreign name?
Was it that I unsummon'd came, nor stay'd
Ignobly, to the war to be betray'd;
Therefore am I deny'd these arms? and he,
Who last came in, shall be preferr'd to me?
Who, to decline the war, did madness feign;
*Till *Palamedes*, with a subtler brain,

Tho'

Tho' fatal to himself, the cheat explor'd;
And to the battle dragg'd the coward lord?
Let him, who shunn'd all arms, a hero's bear;
And shew the merit of his backward fear:
Whilst I'm dishonour'd, barr'd a kinsman's right,
Because I first succeeded to the fight.
Would heav'n his madness had but real been,
Or he 'till now permitted so to feign;
That this curs'd counsellor of crimes had ne'er
Been made a partner in this social war!
Then had our shame been spar'd; nor *Pan's* son
On desert rocks of *Lemnos*' isle been thrown.
Where, as 'tis said, with never-ending groans,
His fate he to the woods and winds bemoans,
And wishes *Ithacus* may feel the woe
He merits; which, ye righteous Gods, bestow!
There he, a brother of the war, and sworn
With us, against that *Troy*, his arms to turn:
Of *Hercules's* fated hafts possess'd,
At once with famine, and with wounds is press'd:
And for his food those arrows must employ,
Doom'd to contribute to the fall of *Troy*.
Yet, wretched as he is, he still survives;
And, safe from *Ithacus's* treach'ry, lives.
Poor *Palamede*, wou'd too have wish'd to be
Left in some desert isle, secure from thee.
If live he could not in the lonely clime;
He had not dy'd for an imputed crime.
But *Ithacus*, to dire revenge inclin'd,
Bore his convicted malice in his mind;
Charg'd him with treasons, plots against the state,
And forg'd designs, the coinage of his hate!
Then shew'd the golden bribe, his charge to aid,
Which he before into the tent convey'd.

Thus

BOOK XIII. METAMORPHOSES. 119

Thus of our heroes he the host depriv'd,
 By exile counsell'd, or by death contriv'd.
 These are *Ulysses'* conquests, this his fame,
 And formidable only to his shame!
 Yet did he in the force of words exceed
 Good *Nestor*, he would all his rhetorick need,
 His fears to varnish, and wipe off the stain
 Of *Nestor* left defenceless on the plain:
 Old, and retreating on a wounded steed,
 He begg'd *Ulysses'* succour in his need.
 But in his hop'd assistance was betray'd;
Ulysses' friendship durst not give him aid.
 But left the senior to superior foes,
 And that I forge not this, *Tydidēs* knows;
 Who vainly call'd his trembling friend to fight,
 And would have sham'd him from his coward flight.
 The Gods with righteous eyes view mortals deeds;
 Who would not late assist, assistance needs;
 And who forlook, himself forsaken saw:
 His own example had prescrib'd the law.
 He cry'd for succour in the ill-fought field;
 I found him trembling, pale, about to yield
 His life in fear; and interpos'd my shield,
 Bestrid him as he lay: redeem'd his life,
 (My least of praise!) and sav'd him in the strife.
 If *Ithacus* will still contend, again
 Let him return to that disastrous plain:
 Recal the foe, his wounds, and wonted fear;
 Behind my target skulk, and plead his title there.
 Rescu'd, this man, late so distress'd in fight,
 That with his wounds he could not stand upright,
 Now labour'd not with one, which could retard his
Hector then came, and brought the Gods along; [flight.
 Swift terror seiz'd the valiant, and the strong:

Where-

Where-e'er he rush'd, all like *Ulysses* fled;
His sword procur'd such universal dread.
Him, flush'd with conquest, with a pond'rous stone
I fell'd to earth: him I sustain'd alone;
When to our host he his bold challenge made;
And that to me the lot might fall, you pray'd.
Nor were your pray'rs unheard: on me it fell:
Must I the issue of that combat tell?
Unvanquish'd I return'd. With aiding *Jove*,
With fire, and sword, the *Trojans* on us drove:
Our ships invaded: Where was then this friend,
Renown'd to talk, what succour did he lend?
By me alone their hostile force was born,
Your thousand ships preserv'd; the hopes of your return!
For such a fleet redeem'd these arms bestow;
If you this truth will from my mouth allow,
Your grant will more their worth, than mine, declare;
And on each side we shall the glory share.
These arms want *Ajax* more their worth to grace,
Than *Ajax* them, to crown his well-known praise.
Let *Ithacus* compare his *Rhesus* slain,
Dolon surpriz'd, and weak *Helenus* ta'en;
The stol'n *Palladium*; nothing done by day;
And his no worth, take *Diomedes* away.
If to such mean deserts these arms accrue,
Divide them; to *Tydid*es most is due.
Why asks he these, who still unarmed goes,
Still skulks, and steals upon th' unguarded foes?
This radiant cask, that gleams with burnish'd gold,
Will his deceit, and lurking steps unfold.
Nor can his head *Achilles'* helmet bear;
Or brandish with that feeble arm his spear.
His shield, whose orb the figur'd world adorns,
A coward arm, inur'd to thieving, scorns:

Why,

BOOK XIII. METAMORPHOSES: 111

Why, forward fool, dost thou persist to claim
 What, gain'd, will aid thy ruins, not thy fame?
 Should erring *Greece* on thee the prize bestow,
 Thou might'st invite, but ne'er deter the foe.
 Besides, thy chiefest excellence, thy flight
 Will be retarded by th' unwieldy weight.
 Add that, so rarely practis'd to the field,
 Thine yet is new and an undamag'd shield,
 Mine batter'd, torn, and hack'd by many a sword,
 Demands a successor to guard its lord.
 But what are words to vindicate our right?
 Pronounce our certain merit in the fight.
 These arms amidst th' embattled *Trojans* throw;
 And let him wear, who wins them from the foe.

Here *Ajax* ends; a murmur of applause
 Crowns his last words; the croud approve his cause:
 'Till the *Laertian* hero, from his seat,
 Rose with slow grace, and venerably great:
 Fix'd on the earth a-while his eyes appear'd,
 Which now he to th' expecting princes rear'd:
 Prepar'd attention with each artful look;
 And won 'em with his carriage e're he spoke;
 At length with sober grace he loos'd his tongue,
 And eloquence on ev'ry accent hung.
Grecians, if heav'n with yours had heard my pray'r,
 These arms had needed now no doubtful heir:
 Still had *Achilles* these his arms possess'd,
 And still had we been with *Achilles* blest'd?
 But since stern fate, and the severe decree
 Of heav'n, at once averse to you and me,
 This mighty blessing to our vows denies;
 (And here he seems to weep, and wipes his eyes)
 Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,
 Than him, to whom you owe *Achilles'* deeds?

Nor let it aid him, that he seems to be,
 And is that stupid thing; nor injure me,
 That I some useful sense have still enjoy'd,
 Which has been in the common cause employ'd:
 Or now at least that in my own defence
 I use, such as it is, my eloquence;
 The talents heav'n bestows, and just renown,
 The purchase of desert, let none disown:
 A long descent, and boasted ancestors,
 And acts not done by us, I count not ours.
 Yet in that, *Ajax* vaunts himself to be
 Great grandchild unto *Jove*; nor less are we;
 Ally'd like him, and in the same degree.
 My sire *Laertes* from *Arcefius* rose,
 His greater birth, to *Jove*, *Arcefius* owes:
 No man condemn'd, or banish'd, does disgrace,
 Or stain the honours of our noble race.
 To *Hermes* by my mother too ally'd,
 I boast a kindred God on either side.
 Not that I make my mother's birth a plea;
 Or, that my sire from brother's blood was free,
 Count I desert, or strive to push my claim;
 Weigh both our worths: let worth our rights proclaim:
 So it in *Ajax* no desert appear,
 That *Telamon* and *Peless* brothers were.
 Our rank in birth and blood be laid aside,
 And by our glory let our right be try'd;
 Or if proximity in blood have place,
 And you will scan the honours of our race:
 His sire was *Peless*, *Pyrrhus* is his son:
 What right remains for th' heir of *Telamon*?
 These arms to *Philo* then, or *Seyras* bear,
 And let 'em grace the warrior's legal heir.

BOOK XIII. METAMORPHOSES. 133

*Ten*cer with thee might his demand defend :
But does he hope this prize, or ev'n contend?
Since then our merit in our actions lies,
Tho' mine are more than I can well comprize;
And tho' on ev'ry act I cannot dwell,
Some I'll recount in order as they fell.

Thetis, to whom *Achilles'* fate was known,
In female garb conceal'd her youthful son.
The latent heroe like a virgin drest,
Deceiv'd each eye, and *Ajax* with the rest.
When, mix'd with female toys, my art to blind,
Bright arms I brought to tempt a manly mind;
When yet the chief was virgin-like array'd,
Gaz'd on the shield; and the long jav'lin weigh'd;
I, by his choice, the heroe's sex betray'd.
O Goddess-born! said I, 'Tis fate's decree
That *Ulysses'* fall should be reserv'd for thee.
Why do'st thou cease the destin'd walls to raze?
I seiz'd, and sent him forth to works of praise,
The mighty youth to acts of might succeeds;
Owing to me, mine then are all his deeds.
Bold *Telephus*, upon the *Phrygian* plain,
By me was wounded, and was cur'd again.
That *Thebes'* tow'rs were raz'd, is my renown:
My pow'rful arms reduc'd the *Lesbian* town,
Chryse, and *Tenedos*, and *Cylla* owe,
And *Syros'* isle, to me their overthrow.
And, not on meaner acts of fame do dwell,
By this right hand the strong *Lyrnessus* fell.
I gave the man who *Hector* could subdue;
That *Hector* then was slain, to me is due.
For th' arms which found *Achilles*, these I crave;
He dead, I ask but what, alive, I gave.

When *Sparta's* prince was wrong'd, united *Greece*
 Combin'd the private inj'ry to redress :
 A thousand ships at *Aulis* lay, confin'd
 To the calm seas, and waited for a wind ;
 No wind, tho' long expected, rocks the main ;
 Or adverse blasts our purpos'd course restrain.
 When fate commands our monarch to assuage,
 With *Iphigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage :
 But he, refusing, of the Gods complains ;
 And in the monarch all the father reigns.
 I to the publick welfare mov'd his soul,
 And did the parent in his breast controul.
 Yet I must own, (but with *Atreides'* leave
 And sure *Atreides* will the truth forgive :)
 The common cause mov'd me to prosecute,
 Before a partial judge, a hateful suit ;
 Yet him his brother's wrong, his people's good,
 The scepter by the gen'ral voice bestow'd,
 O'erway'd to purchase fame tho' with a daughter's blood.
 Next 'twas my task the mother's mind to assail ;
 With her not words, but wiles were to prevail.
 Thither had *Ajax* gone, the courted gales
 Had still been wanting to our unsworn sails.
 That toil o'ercome, to *Troy's* proud court I went ;
 On your demands, a fearless envoy, sent ;
 The hostile tow'rs I view'd, and pass'd ; tho' then
 The haughty town was full of warlike men.
 Undaunted I went on, and urg'd at large
 The common cause committed to my charge.
 False *Paris* I accuse, and re-demand
Helen, and all the spoils of *Sparta's* land :
 Old *Priam*, and the wife *Antenor* heard
 My well-urg'd charge, and hearing it rever'd :

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But *Paris*, and his brothers, and his train
 Of lawless rioters, could scarce restrain
 Their impious hands from sacrilegious blows:
 Such was their rage: this *Menelaus* knows;
 Who was that day expos'd with me to share
 The earliest dangers of the opening war.
 But how, by sword or skill, I serv'd the state
 In that long war were tedious to relate.
 The first great battle fought, our wary foes
 Skulk'd in their town, nor durst their powers expose:
 Nine years expir'd, war did again affright
 The plains; 'till when, what deeds perform'd your
 But barely useful in the hours of fight? (might,
 What then avail'd thy prowess? Would'st thou know,
 Wherein I serv'd our host, or hurt the foe?
 I fortify'd our lines, in ambush laid,
 And to destruction *Phrygia's* troops betray'd;
 With fair expectation did the soldier cheer,
 To brook the long fatigue of lingering war.
 Employ'd at ev'ry need, did I provide
 Fresh forage, and our failing arms supply'd;
 Our monarch, cheated in a dream by *Jove*,
 Bids us the care of future war remove:
 The Gods commands excuse the guiltless king,
 And warrant what did from that vision spring;
 But *Ajax* should tame thoughts have disavow'd;
 Have urg'd the siege of *Troy*, and flight withstood:
 He should have put the hero forth, and fought:
 Why was the nobler siege by him unsought?
 Why arm'd he not? Why no oration made,
 Which might the warring populace have stay'd?
 Could this to him a task of hardship be,
 Whose speeches all are boasts, and pageantry?

But what if this great man, who looks so high,
And speaks so big, himself did foremost fly?
I saw, and blush'd to see, this valiant lord
Hoist all his sails, and haste to go aboard:
When, instant, I the flying band reclaim,
What mean you, friends, why ruin you your fame?
What madness urges you to leave the town,
Which, vanquish'd, does your prosperous valour own?
Will you, at length, your ten years toil defame,
And bear back nought but infamy and shame?
With words like these the shrinking host I fir'd,
For grief with eloquence my tongue inspir'd,
Their wav'ring souls turn'd from intended flight,
And brought 'em to support the future fight.
The king a council call'd; the doubting board
Had fears; nor durst this *Telamonian* lord
Breathe in that needful hour, one aiding word.
When base *Iberfites* there presum'd aloud
To tax the royal conduct to the croud;
Enrag'd to hear him use our ruler wrong,
I check'd his babbling insolence of tongue.
And then our soldiers urg'd to war and fame,
And did with rage renew'd their gen'rous souls inflame,
Since when, what he hath nobly done in fight
Is my just praise, who thus restrain'd his flight.
Now tell me, which of all the wiser *Greeks*
Applauds thy service, or thy friendship seeks?
Me *Diomed* approves, and deigns to share
With me the glorious hazards of the war.
Nor trivial is the grace, for me to boast
Myself by him pick'd out from such an host.
With him I freely trod, without affright,
And dar'd the danger of the foe and night.

Dolon surpriz'd, and slew; the man whom *Troy*,
 As *Greece* had us, did for a spy employ;
 Nor, 'till I had explor'd his bosom, slew;
 And learn'd whate'er the treach'rous town would do,
 All known, and nothing left to be enquir'd,
 I, with that praise content, might have retir'd:
 But, eager of renown, I forward went:
 Surpriz'd the *Thracian* monarch in his tent,
 And, down to *Pluto's* realm, him and his warriors sent.
 Then, on his car, triumphant back I rode;
 Crown'd with success, and glorious as a God,
 Refuse me now the hero's arms, whose steeds
 Were promis'd *Dolon* for less vent'rous deeds:
 Refuse them now, and *Ajax*' self, more kind,
 Will own they ought to be to me assign'd.
 Why should I of still larger glory boast
 Gain'd o'er *Sarpedon*, and his slaughter'd host?
 Why of strong *Caranus*, or *Cremius* tell,
 Or how *Alcander*, and *Alastor* fell?
 Why talk of *Halius*, and *Noemon* slain?
 Or *Charopes* left breathless on the plain?
Cersidamas, in vain, my arm withstood;
 To me his death illustrious *Choon* ow'd.
 With *Eniomus's* gore the ground I dy'd,
 And *Prytanis* o'erthrew, with five beside,
 Warriors of meaner rank, but all of courage try'd.
 Nor have I wanted wounds obtain'd in fight,
 In bold exchange receiv'd, and fair to fight:
 Nor credit empty words, but honest scars;
 Behold! (says he, and here his bosom bares;
 This breast, still exercis'd in your affairs.
 No blood in all this space has *Ajax* lost,
 Or of a single wound for *Greece* can boast.

But this is nought, if his vain-glory prove,
 That for our fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Jove*?
 I grant, he did; nor will I e'er detract,
 Meanly thro' envy, from a noble act:
 So he ingross not to himself alone
 A common praise, but render us our own.
Patroclus, in *Achilles'* armour dress'd,
 And for the hero, which he seem'd, confess'd,
Troy's flames from our invaded ships repell'd
 And drove their boasted champion from the field.
 But *Ajax* boasts, that he alone in fight
 Durst cope with *Hector*, and oppose his might;
 Forgetful of the king, these chiefs, and me;
 Who wish'd the combat ours as much as he,
 By no election he the preference got,
 The ninth in choice, and but prefer'd by lot.
 But what success, O mighty hero, crown'd
 This fight, for *Hector* then receiv'd no wound
 O, with what grief I call to mind that day,
 Which snatch'd the pride, and strength of *Greece* away!
 I saw *Pelides* fall; and undismay'd
 By thought of danger, or by sorrow stay'd,
 Ran in, his coarse redeem'd, and on these shoulders lay'd.
 These, ev'n these shoulders the dead chief did bear,
 Cas'd in those arms; which I contend to wear.
 From proof, my nerves can such a weight sustain;
 And I've a soul, where grateful notions reign,
 To weigh your honour'd gift, and prize the noble gain.
 Did *Thetis* then, with such ambitious care
 These arms so labour'd for her son prepare,
 That, after Him, this stupid thing should claim
 The work divine which would his ignorance shame?
 Knows he those various sculptures of the shield,
 Those burning planets, and that wat'ry field,

The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the northern *Bears*,
 That ne'er in ocean dips his frozen star;
 Those cities grav'd, and fierce *Orion's* sword;
 Or half the wonders its broad skirts afford;
 Yet proudly, as his right, does he demand,
 To wear that shield he cannot understand.

Upbraids he me, that I this war did shun,
 And came not in, 'till others had begun?
 Perceives he not, in this his argument,
 Is most against the great *Achilles*' bent?
 If to dissemble must a crime be thought,
 We both dissembled; then the same's our fault:
 If late accession to the field you blame,
 Yet still I earlier than *Achilles* came.
 Me a fond wife, a mother him withdrew,
 But our life's bloom has been reserv'd for you;
 Nor need I dread, should I but ill defend,
 This crime, to share the guilt with such a friend.
 My wit the hero from disguise did free;
 I caught *Achilles*, but not *Ajax* me.
 Nor need I wonder, since he taxes you,
 That he at me such foul aspersions threw.
 If *Palamede* accus'd must brand my name;
 Must you, that sentenc'd him, be free from blame?
 Nor could the youth, with artifice of tongue,
 Evade a crime so evident, and strong;
 No dubious charge his treason did maintain;
 The hire discover'd made the treach'ry plain.
 Nor ought it be a blur on my renown,
 That *Philoctetes* was on *Lennos* thrown;
 You, that agreed, defend a fact which was your own.
 Not but I counsell'd him, indeed, to spare
 Himself the labour of the distant war.

Decline the voyage, and to ease give way,
 Which might the poison of his wound allay.
 He took th' advice, and lives; and must confess
 It was not only good, but found success;
 Tho' faith is all we can in counsels give;
 In fate is all the merit when they thrive.
 Now since he's destin'd for the fall of *Troy*,
 Spare me, and *Ajax's* address employ;
 Let him be sent to soothe in artful strains,
 One stung with anger, and subdu'd by pains.
 Better will *Ajax* with persuasive sense
 Or wiles allure the man, and draw him thence.
 But first shall *Simois'* waters backward flow,
 And not a leaf be seen on *Ida's* brow;
 First shall *Achæia* th' *Ilium* tow'rs befriend;
 Prevent her fate, and promis'd succours lend;
 E're, when my counsels in your service fail,
 The wit of stupid *Ajax* shall prevail.
 Tho' stern and savage *Philoctetes* be,
 And rave against the kin, these lords, and me;
 Tho' he incessantly devote my head;
 Thirst for my blood, and wish to hear me dead;
 Yet I the dang'rous task will undertake,
 Strive to appease, and with me bring him back.
 His shafts I will possess, (so fate but smile!)
 Sure as the *Phrygian* seer I did beguile:
 Made him the dark decrees of heav'n declare,
 The doom of *Ilium*, and th' events of war:
 Ev'n as the image of the blue-ey'd maid
 I, from amidst the hostile guard, convey'd.
 Vies *Ajax* then with me, when, that, unt' en,
 His prowess, and our siege had both been vain.
 Where then was *Ajax*? where the glorious boast
 Of this great soldier, why in terror lost?

And

And durst *Ulysses* trust himself to night,
 Pass thro' the watch, and their drawn weapons slight;
 Nor scale their walls alone, but inmost tow'rs;
 And from her shrine bear off the virgin-pow'r;
 Then tempt my fate again, and with that prey
 Repass the dangers of the horrid way?
 Which had I not achiev'd, in vain the field
 Had glisten'd with this champion's sev'nfold shield.
 That glorious night, by me was *Troy* o'erthrown;
 Then when I made it that it might be won,
 Why do'st thou thus on my *Tydidēs* glare,
 Why nod? he does with me those praises share.
 Nor did'st thou for the navy fight alone:
 Thou by an host assisted, I by one!
 And he, but that he knows the fighting part,
 Should yield to conduct, and give way to art,
 Had join'd in this debate; those trophies sought;
 And urg'd as good a right as thou hast brought.
 So might the brave *Euripylus* have done,
 Thy modest brother, or *Andremon's* son;
 Nor had *Idomeneus* a weaker claim,
 Or *Meriones*, another *Cretan* name;
 Or the king's brother, high, as thou can'st boast in fame.
 Yet these, who all of worth and valiant are,
 Nor second any ways to thee in war.
 These did to me their rival claims resign,
 Wav'd their pretensions, and gave way to mine.
 Thy nerves and hand are useful in the fight,
 But need my conduct to direct thy might:
 All bulk and brawn a brainless head you bear,
 Th' events of future actions are thy care:
 True, thou can'st fight; but then the king with me
 Consults in what fit hour the fight shall be.

No conduct with thy stupid strength is join'd;
 Thou serv'st but with the body, I the mind.
 Far as the pilot holds his rank before
 The drudging slave, who tugs the labour'd oar;
 Far as the chief does larger praise demand
 Than the mean soldier's executing hand;
 So much my merit greater is than thine:
 Who only can't perform, when I design.
 Above the strength of hand, I boast a brain,
 And vig'rous mind: there all the man does reign.
 But you, my lords, and partners in the war,
 Reward my services, and watchful care:
 For all these years in anxious labours spent,
 Let this one *Premium* meet your free assent.
 Fate yields, our toils are o'er, and *Troy* o'erthrown,
 I made it practicable, it's our own.
 By our joint hopes then, and her tott'ring tow'rs,
 And by those ravish'd Gods which now are ours;
 By all my future services may gain,
 (If any task of honour yet remain;
 Or ought be wanting to the *Trojan* doom;
 Which courage, or which counsel may o'ercome;) *(A)*
 Esteem my future merits by my past,
 And let these arms to that account be plac'd.
 To me deny'd, to this be they allow'd:
 And then the statue of the Goddess show'd.

The chiefs were mov'd; here words approv'd their
 And eloquence from valour gain'd the arms. [chance.
 He who so oft and single did approve
 Himself a match for *Hector*, and for *Jove*;
 Who could the rage of sword and fire sustain,
 Now stood not proof against his own disdain.
 Grief master'd him whom nought could else subdue;
 Straight his keen sword he from the scabbard drew;

And,

And, This good blade is surely mine, he cry'd;
Or seeks *Ulysses* this to grace his side?
Against my self this steel I must employ,
So often purpl'd with the blood of *Troy*;
In thy lord's gore I will thy point imbrue:
That *Ajax* only *Ajax* may subdue.
He said; and gave that breast a mortal wound;
To which, 'till then, no sword had entrance found:
To force it thence by strength he strove in vain;
But the blood gushing drove it out again.
A purple flow'r rose on the blood-stain'd ground,
Such as first sprang from *Hyacinthus*' wound.
Inscrib'd on both, the letters are the same:
Those mark'd the Godhead's groans, but these the hero's
name.

Crown'd in his hopes, *Ulysses* now doth stand
With swelling sails full for the *Lemnian* land,
(The land which female rage did once prophane:)
With purpose the *Herculean* shafts to gain.
The tedious war was ended, when their lord
With them was to the *Grecian* host restor'd.
Troy and her king in common ruins lie;
His queen, unhappy that she must not dye,
Robb'd of all else, her human form she lost;
And with strange barkings ven'd a foreign coast:
The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire
To narrow *Hellestone*; nor there expire.
The little blood which flow'd from *Priam's* veins,
The purple foot of *Jove's* blest'd altar stains.
They drag *Cassandra* by the sacred hairs,
Vain are her lifted hands, and vain her pray'rs.
Clinging to shrines now sinking down in flames,
Clasping their country's Gods, the *Trojan* dames.

Th' unsparing victor-party force away,
 Resolv'd to bear to *Greece*: th' invidious prey;
 From that same tow'r *Astyanax* is thrown,
 Whence oft he'd seen his fire, by's mother shown,
 Fight for his country's safety, and his own.
 The winds invite to sea; the prosp'rous gales
 Sing in the shrowds, and court the loosen'd sails.
 Farewel, dear soil! the *Trojan* matrons cry,
 We're hurry'd hence to loath'd captivity;
 Prostrate they fall, and kiss the darling ground;
 Then leave the domes, which smoke, and whirling flames
 surround.

The last aboard, the hapless mourning queen
 Amidst her slaughter'd childrens graves is seen;
 Grasping the tombs and kissing their remains,
Ulysses her departure thence constrains.
 A handful, snatch'd in haste, of *Hector's* dust,
 With her she bore, and in her bosom thrust;
 And on his tomb she left her hoary hairs,
 (A poor oblation!) mingled with her tears.

Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruins lies a land,
 Subject to *Thracian* culture and command,
 There *Polymnestor* rul'd: and *Priam* there
 Has lodg'd his *Polydore* with pious care,
 Hoping his royal aid would save the boy,
 And rear him to survive the sinking *Troy*.
 Wise caution! had he not withal consign'd
 Gold to betray the monarch's greedy mind.
 But soon his charge, when lingring *Ilium* drew
 To her last date, the *Thracian* monarch flew.
 Whose coarse, as if his guilt he with the slain
 Could cast away, he casts into the main.
 Now rode *Atrides* by the *Thracian* shore,
 'Till winds forbore to storm, and seas to roar.

When

When from the yawning earth *Achilles* rose; on his
A gloomy discontent his eyes disclose:
Th' indignant shadow, mighty as the life,
And stern as then, when in a lawless strife,
Th' impatient hero his broad sabre drew;
And did the royal brother's blood pursue.

Ungrateful *Greeks*, says he, and can you thus
Depart? and are our deeds inurn'd with us?
For shame, *Achaïans*, let it not be said;
That you dishonour'd your *Achilles* dead.
But that some rites at least my tomb may gain,
To charm my ghost *Polyxena* be slain.

He said; when they th' ungentle ghost obey'd,
And from her mother forc'd th' imperial maid:
The last surviving comfort of her grief,
Her age's darling, and her soul's relief.
High-soul'd, and brave above her sex, they lead
The virgin-victim o'er his tomb to bleed.
When at the scene of death, she look'd around,
And saw the knives, and bloody altar crown'd;
Saw the fierce *Pyrrhus* with resentment swell,
Indignant glare, and grasp the murth'ring steel,
Mindful of what she was, untouch'd with dread,
My gen'rous blood, said she, this instant shed.
Behold, in throat, or breast (I am prepar'd);
Your weapon sheathe; (with that her bosom bard,
Polyxena doth servitude despise;
And yet no God affects such sacrifice,
But that my death may rest a woe unknown
To my sad mother, this I wish alone,
That thought allays the pleasure of my death:
And with reluctance I resign my breath;
Tho' *Priam's* widow, wretched queen! should more,
Her own sad slav'ry than my death deplore.

But

But let no touch of man pollute a maid; I'll go untainted to the Stygian shade:
 If that the grace I ask be just, remove
 Your hands, the victim will more grateful prove
 Or to the God or ghost, whate'er he be,
 To whom I'm offer'd, if my blood be free.
 And if my dying accents you will hear,
 If hearing grant this last, this little pray'r:
 No slave, but Priam's daughter, I implore
 You to my mother my dead corpse restore.
 Freely restore, and let me not be sold,
 Or rites of burial be exchange'd for gold:
 Gold she had once; but sunk in state, as years,
 Now poor, accept my ransom in her tears.

Here ceas'd the maid; nor could th' attending train
 Those tears, which she disdain'd to shed, restrain.
 Th' unwilling priest himself, with weeping eyes,
 And pitying, strikes the mournful sacrifice.
 Bent on her salt'ring knees, she yields her breath,
 Calm, and intrepid in the pangs of death.
 Ev'n when she fell, she had a care to hide
 What should be hid; and chaste, decent dy'd;
 Her lifeless corpse the Trojan dames embrace,
 And count the sorrows of old Priam's race;
 His house's ruins, and its streaming gore,
 And thee, O maid, in solemn dirge deplore:
 And thee, O royal wife, intitled late
 The mother-queen, and glory of the state.
 A captive now, and on Ulysses thrown!
 Refus'd ev'n there, but for thy gallant son:
 So scorn'd thy age, that Hector, so renowned,
 A master hardly for his mother found;
 In her old arms her lifeless child she strain'd;
 And clasp'd, what only now a corpse remain'd;

Then

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Then shed these tears she did so oft afford
 Her country, children, and her murder'd lord.
 O'er her pale lips she hung, and hanging prest;
 Then bathes her wounds with tears, and bruises'd her breast:
 Besmears her heavy head with clotted gore,
 And mourning, vents these complaints and more.
 O child! thy mother's utmost cause of woe!
 (What more remains for fortune's spite to do!)
 Lifeless thou liest; and in thy wounds I see,
 All plagues that have inflicted wounds on me.
 That none of all my race in peace might dye,
 Yon to the fated sword a victim lye.
 Thee in thy sex secure I hop'd, in vain;
 For thou, a woman, by the sword art slain.
 The curs'd *Pelides*, who did late destroy
 Thy princely brothers, and yon blazing Troy,
 Has slain thee too. When *Paris* sent the dart,
 And *Phœbus* drove it to his murthering heart.
 I said, we will *Achilles* fear no more;
 Yet dead, he's now as dreadful as before:
 Against my race his ashes rise; his tomb
 Presents a foe, and urges on our doom.
 Did I so oft endure a mother's throws,
 To glut *Pelides*' rage, and serve our foes;
 Their spires to earth the towers of *Ilium* bend,
 And in deep woe the publick ruines end.
 If yet they're ended: for to me alone
 Troy still survives, nor are my sorrows done.
 I, who but now a life so glorious led,
 Bless'd in my race, and partner of my bed,
 Now scorn'd, insulted, am to exile born;
 And from my childrens tombs by violence torn.
 Condemn'd *Penelope*'s commands to know;
 Who, whilst she shall my daily task bestow,

Will

Will shew me to her train, and boasting say,
 Lo! *Hector's* mother, *Priam's Hecuba*!
 My sorrow's sole relief, so many lost;
 Is offer'd to appease an hostile ghost.
 Hard heart, why break'st thou not? This womb hath bred
 Deaths for thy foes, and victims for them dead.
 What views of hope to longer life engage?
 To what am I reserv'd, too cruel age!
 New fun'rals to behold, ye rigid pow'rs,
 Why lengthen you a poor old woman's hours?
 O *Priam*! thee I may most happy call
 For not surviving of thy *Ilium's* fall.
 Happy in death, thou saw'st not this sad fate,
 But lost thy life together with thy state.
 In pomp shalt thou be bury'd, royal maid!
 And with thy noble ancestors be laid!
 O, no! thy mother's tears, and sprinkled sand
 Must now content thee in a foreign land.
 All now is lost; yet lives there still a boy
 Of *Priam's* race, my last and youngest joy;
 My *Polydore*, to *Thrace* for safety sent:
 For him I'll bear with life and discontent.
 But why delay we, in the cleansing flood,
 To wash her wounds, and cheeks besmear'd with blood?

She said; and pausing rends her hoary hairs;
 And to the ocean, in slow pace, repairs.
 Just had she said, Ye *Trojan* matrons, give
 An urn, which may this briny stream receive;
 When she beholds the corpse of *Polydore*
 All struck with wounds, and floating to the shore.
 The matrons shriek; she dumb with sorrow stood;
 Grief stops at once her voice, her tears, her blood.
 Now to the earth she turns her gloomy eyes;
 Their glaring balls now raises to the skies:

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His visage oft, and oft his wounds surveys;
 But on his yawning wounds does chiefly gaze:
 As still she were a queen, on vengeance bent,
 She meditates the murth'rer's punishment.
 Wild as a yelling lioness she flies,
 When her lost whelp inflames the mother's cries.
 Swift shoots the thief unseen, she marks the trace,
 And by the footsteps shapes her anxious chace.
 So *Hecuba*, when sorrow with her rage
 Had join'd its powers, unmindful of her age,
 Tho' not of her resentments, hies with speed
 To the curs'd author of that bloody deed:
 And, craving conference, the tyrant told
 She would disclose a mass of hidden gold.
 A future treasure for that son design'd,
 Who in the *Thracian* court did refuge find.
 The greedy monarch held the fiction true,
 And, eager for the prize, with her withdrew.
 To sooth her soul with artful phrase begun,
 And cry'd, Delay not, queen, to bless thy son.
 By all the Gods, we justly will restore
 What now thou giv'st, and what thou gav'st before.
 With fierce, indignant aspect she beheld
 Th' unrighteous prince, and with resentment swell'd:
 Calls forth her latent train, upon him flies,
 And digs her fingers in his perjur'd eyes:
 Tears out their bleeding orbs; whilst sense of wrong,
 And thirst of vengeance make her hands so strong,
 That she not only robb'd him of the day,
 But tore the very seats of sight away:
 The *Thracian* croud resenting for their king,
 Vollies of stones and weapons at her fling,
 She with extended jaws, and alter'd tone,
 Snarles, and pursues, and bites the weapons thrown:

No

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I merit such: but no regards of state,
 Or honours claim'd, now suit *Aurora's* fate,
 Robb'd of my *Memnon*, I a suppliant come,
 Who fought in vain, to stay old *Priam's* doom;
 Who did by stern *Achilles' jav'lin* bleed,
 In pride of youth: so fate, and you decreed!
 On his dead coarſe ſome honours yet beſtow,
 Great king of Gods, to calm a mother's woe:
 And recompenſe at leaſt his loſs with fame.
Jove grants her ſuit: ſtraight roſe the fun'ral flame:
 The greedy fires on *Memnon's* body prey,
 And curling ſmoke o'ercaſts the low'ring day.
 As when thick vapours from the waters riſe,
 And intercept the ſun, and cloud the ſkies:
 Black ſparks fly up, and in one body roul,
 And gather heat, and kindle to a ſoul.
 Their lightneſs gives them wings; and firſt they ſhew,
 Moſt like to birds, then real birds they grow.
 Thouſands, and thouſands of the kind appear,
 And flap their ſounding pinions in the air.
 Three times their flight the fun'ral pile around
 They take; and thrice they give a choral ſound.
 In two battalions then divide their flight,
 And like two potent nations fiercely fight:
 Their oppoſites with beak and talons wound,
 And ſtrike with wings each other to the ground.
 Down fall they victims in the fun'ral flame,
 Burnt by the kindred fires from which they came.
 Mindful from whom they did their ſoul poſſeſs;
 In death their mighty origin confeſs.
 Theſe birds old time, to raiſe them high in fame,
Memnonides did from their author name.
 Strange to relate! oft as the glorious ſun
 His annual courſe did thro' the *Zodiack*-run,

New honours they conferr'd on *Memnon* dead:
Rush'd to the war, and by each other bled.

Whilst others then th' imperial dame deplore,
Who bark'd in woods, and rang'd the desarts o'er;
Aurora, to a private grief resign'd,
Still bore her gallant son's decease in mind:
Constant in sorrow she her tears renews,
And rains o'er all the world her silent dews.

Yet fate permits not, with the walls of *Troy*,
That war should all that nation's hopes destroy.
The good *Aeneas*, with his household Gods
And aged sire, his pious shoulders loads,
Them, and *Ascanius* to preserve he chose;
His other wealth resign'd to *Grecian* foes.
Straight he embarks content with such a prize,
Leaves *Ida's* coast, and from *Antandros* flies:
Sailing he shuns the curs'd *Hamonian* shore,
Stain'd with the blood of murther'd *Polydore*.
Aided by fav'ring winds, he lands his train
At *Delos' isle*, where *Anius* then did reign.
Anius, who did the shrines of *Phæbus* tend,
The patron God, who did the isle befriend,
The good old priest his landed guests receives,
And in his ample dome their welcome gives.
The town, the sacred groves, the temples shews,
The trees, *Latona* grasp'd when in her throws,
The incense burnt, and victims rightly slain,
He to his palace leads the friendly train:
Sets 'em on thrones with costly carpets spread,
With gen'rous wines regal'd, with dainties fed.
When thus *Anchises* to his host begun,
Thou chosen priest, and fav'rite of the sun?
Am I deceiv'd, or did not then appear,
(When first we *Trojan* failors landed here;)

BOOK XIII. METAMORPHOSES. 143

Four virgin daughters, and one darling boy.
 To bless thee with a happy parent's joy?
 The rev'rend *Anius* shook his hoary head
 With snowy fillets bound, and sighing said:
 Thou'rt not deceiv'd, O most renown'd of men!
 I was the sire of five fair children then;
 But (such th' unconstant state of things below!
 Thou see'st me robb'd of all, and childless now;
 For, ah! what comfort can an absent son bestow?
 In sea-girt *Andros* he my viceroy reigns;
 An island which from him its name retains,
 Him *Delius* honour'd with prophetick skill;
 And did with fate and future knowledge fill.
 My girls from *Bacchus* did a grant receive,
 Beyond what they desir'd, or could believe:
 Whate'er they touch'd, (such power he did bestow,)
 Would corn, and wine, and olives, instant grow,
 So rich their use, that when old *Atreus*' heir,
 Troy's ravager, did of their virtues hear;
 (Lest you should think, that *Anius* has not too
 Been wrong'd, and bore a share in *Ilium*'s woe;) }
 The tyrant lawless violence apply'd,
 And forc'd the virgins from their father's side;
 Strictly commands they should their pow'r employ,
 To feed his host, and aid the foes of Troy.
 Each, as they can, their jailor's care beguile;
 Two fled t' *Eubæa*, two to *Andros*' isle.
 The *Greeks* with arms pursue them, and declare,
 Unless surrender'd to denounce a war.
 Nature against strong terrors pleads in vain,
 My son resigns them to the *Greeks* again,
 But think how hard the threatned war might drive,
 And, as you may, a brother's fears forgive.

There

There no *Aeneas*, no *Hectorian* friend,
 Were found his menac'd *Andros* to defend:
 No hands who could the victor's rage restrain,
 And drive off ruin to the tenth campaign.
 Cords now were for their captive arms prepar'd;
 Whilst to the heav'n's their unchain'd hands they rear'd:
 And, *Bacchus*, help! they cry'd; and whilst they pray'd,
 The supplicated God presents his aid,
 (If change of form may be accounted so.)
 Yet how their forms were chang'd I ne'er could know:
 Not yet can tell: the sequel only proves,
 On sudden wings they rose, like snowy doves;
 The birds which thy celestial consort loves.

Thus, in discourse, the jocund hours they spend;
 And to the noon of night their feast extend!
 The board then mov'd, the bowl no longer flows,
 But ev'ry guest is fond to seek repose.
 With rising morn they *Phœbus*' will explore,
 Who bids 'em seek their ancient mother's shore,
 Those kindred shores, and that indulgent earth
 From which their fires deriv'd their names and birth.
 The good old *Anius* to the beach attends,
 And loads with presents his departing friends:
 A robe, and quiver to *Ascanius* gives;
Anchises from his hands a staff receives:
 A massy bowl the *Dardan* prince does bear,
 The gift of *Theban* *Therses* to the *Seer*.
Alcon of *Myla* did the goblet frame,
 And carv'd thereon this ample tale of fame.
 A city stood, with sev'n fair gates renown'd;
 The city from her gates her title found.
 Before its walls, tombs, piles, and blazing fire,
 Virgins with flowing hair, and torn attire,

Sad obsequies with pomp perform'd, which shew
 The flagrant tokens of uncommon woe.
 The nymphs, to see their wat'ry sources dry,
 Weep, as they would the failing springs supply.
 The blasted trees shoot out their leafless boughs;
 The goats on flints for want of herbage browse.
 'Midst of their dying *Thebes*, (a gen'rous pair!)
Orion's daughters stand, with bosoms bare:
 Her martial breast this yields to dreadful fate;
 That gives the wound herself to save the state.
 The rescu'd crowd their noble courage mourn;
 And, high in pomp, their bleeding bodies burn.
 Yet left the world should such a lineage lose,
 Two striplings from their virgin-ashes rose.
 The new-sprung orphans fame *Corona* calls,
 Who celebrate their mother's funerals.
 With all these figures the chas'd goblet shin'd;
 And round its brim did gild *Acanthus* wind.

Nor meaner presents do the *Trojans* make;
 The seer does from the prince a censer take;
 An ample chalice of a curious mold,
 And a rich crown, that blaz'd with gems and gold.

When now rememb'ring that the *Trojan* race
 Its first great fire did back to *Tenecer* trace;
 For *Crete* they sail; but long they could not bear
 Th' inclement season, and unwholesome air.
 Its hundred cities left behind, they stand
 Direct for fair *Ansonia's* destin'd land.
 Toft by rough winter, and the high-swoln seas,
 They anchor at the faithless *Strophades*.
 There *Harpyes* with prophetick threats affright,
 And to new toils the storm-driv'n mates incite.
 From steep *Dulichium*, and the *Samian* shore,
 From *Ithaca*, and *Leucas* now they bore,

All isles, incircled by the raging main;
 And subject all to fly *Ulysses'* reign.
 Thence to th' *Ambracian* land their course they bend,
 For which ev'n rival Godheads did contend:
 There they the partial umpire's form were shown,
 No longer human, but a pile of stone.
 But late the place more famous is become
 From *Actium's* battle, and *Apollo's* dome.
 There they *Dodona's* babbling oaks survey,
 The vocal forest, and *Chaonia's* bay:
 To which *Molossus'* royal issue came
 On new-sprung wings to shun a fruitless flame.

Next sail they to *Phaacia's* happy shore,
 Fam'd for her orchards, and autumnal store;
Epirus past, they at *Buthrotos* stay'd,
 Whose scepter now the *Phrygian* prophet sway'd;
 Reviving *Ilium's* tow'rs, and sunk renown,
 In a small model of that glorious town.
 Thence, taught the sure events of future time
 By *Priam's* son, they seek *Sicania's* clime.
 High promontories o'er each angle bend,
 And to the sea their triple rocks extend.
 Wash'd by the waves, the steep *Pachynos* stands
 Oppos'd to hazy winds, and southern lands.
 Soft zephyrs from the western quarter blow,
 And fan the *Lilybaans* tow'ring brow.
 But northern winds on bleak *Pelorus'* head
 Their gelid rains, and freezing influence shed.
 Hither they steer; and favour'd by the tide
 At night in *Zancle's* crooked harbour ride.
 Dangers, to right and left, infest the shores:
 Here *Scylla* swells, and there *Charybdis* roars.
 So swift and strong the circling eddies flow,
 This sucks up ships, and spouts 'em from below.

Fierce

Fierce dogs the other's nether parts embrace;
 Yet fair above, she shews a virgin's face.
 And (if the poet's song the truth declares;)
 She was the virgin once whose face she bears.
 Full many a youth her blooming charms desir'd;
 Full many courted, and in vain admir'd:
 Oft to the ocean-nymphs she would repair,
 None to the ocean-nymphs than she more dear,
 To them would oft relate her own disdain;
 Oft laugh at her deluded lovers pain.
 To whom, the sea-born maid whilst *Scylla* dress'd,
 Bright *Galatea* thus her griefs confess'd.
 Mild human lovers seek your charms, whom you
 With safety may refuse, as now you do.
 But I who boast myself of *Nereus*' blood,
 Whose ocean-mother rules the verdant flood,
 Who can so many sisters aid command,
 Was forc'd, to 'scape the *Cyclop*'s savage hand
 And ruder love, my native streams to keep;
 And sink for safety to the wat'ry deep.
 Here bursting tears forbid her more to say;
 Th' attending virgin wipes her tears away:
 Prepares kind comfort to assuage her woe,
 And sooths, and begs her tears may cease to flow.
 Relate, O most ador'd, nor from me keep
 The cause, says she, that makes a Goddess weep:
 You know my faith. The *Nereid* straight consents;
 And thus to *Scylla* her whole sorrows vents.

From *Faunus*, and *Symathis* rose a boy,
Acis by name; his fire's, and mother's joy.
 But yet their transports could not equal mine:
 I saw, and doated on the youth divine.
 His blooming charms did twice eight summers crown,
 And shade his cheeks with graceful springing down.

As I the boy, the *Cyclop* me admir'd;
And still pursu'd me with a zeal untir'd.
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate
To him prevail'd, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! O gentle queen of love,
How strong thy pow'r! What conflicts dost thou move!
This stern *Barbarian*, whose detested fight
Did the wild inmates of the woods affright;
He, from whose rage, and horrid thirst of prey,
No wretches e'er escap'd that cross'd his way;
Who all things sacred, who the Gods above
And their *Olympus* scorn'd, now stoops to love.
Forgetful of his flocks, and caves, a fire
Feeds in his breast, and burns with strong desire.
His form, and how to please becomes his care;
And now with rakes he combs his stubborn hair:
With scythes his bristles trims; consults the brooks,
And in their mirror calms his dreadful looks.
His thirst of blood, and love of slaughter cease;
Ships safely touch his shore, and leave in peace.
Mean-while, most learned in the fate's decrees,
An *Augur* crosses the *Sicilian* seas;
On *Ætna's* skirts arrives, and boldly greets
Huge *Polyphemus* in his dire retreats.
That single eye, said he, which gives thee fight
Shall by *Ulysses* be depriv'd of light.
The *Cyclop* laughs aloud, and thus replies,
Thou doating wizard, stupid, and unwise!
Thy art's a cheat, and thou do'st fate betray:
A female hath already stole this eye!
The prophet's cautions all are lent in vain;
He meets the true prediction with disdain.
Now stalks he cross the shores; now quits the waves,
And weary seeks his dark and distant caves.

BOOK XIII. METAMORPHOSES. 149

An high-arch'd hill thrusts forward to the main;
 Whose clifly sides the breaking seas restrain.
 Hither the *Cyclop* bends; his num'rous flock
 Uncall'd pursue his steps, and mount the rock.
 Seated, his staff before his feet he cast,
 A well-grown pine, sufficient for a mast:
 He blows his hundred reeds, whose whistling fills
 The far-resounding seas, and ecchoing hills.
 Safe in a grot, and by my *Acis* lay'd,
 I heard the tuneless airs the monster play'd:
 Heard him, with awkward melody, repeat
 A song like this; for I retain it yet.

O *Galatea*, more than lillies white,
 Fresher than flow'ry meads, than glass more bright,
 Tall as the alder, and than kids more gay,
 Smoother than shells o'er which the surges play;
 More wish'd than winter's sun, or summer's air,
 Sweeter than ripen'd grapes, than apples far more fair,
 Clearer than ice, more stately than the planes,
 Softer than curds of milk, or down of swans.
 More beautiful, if fix'd, than plants that grow
 In grounds thro' which smooth gliding riv'lets flow.
 Yet thus whilst all these praises are thy due,
 Still *Galatea*, art thou cruel too:
 Fiercer than savage bulls, that know no yoke;
 Giddier than waves, more stubborn than the oak:
 Than vines, or willows bent with greater ease,
 Stiffer than rocks, more fierce than stormy seas,
 Prouder than peacocks prais'd, more rash than fire,
 More fell than bears, and sharper than the brier,
 Deafier than storms, more fell than trampled snake,
 And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
 More swift in running than the hound-chas'd hind,
 Than clouds when driv'n, or than the driving wind.

Knew'st thou my worth, thou'd'st curse this dull delay;
Repent thy flight, and sue to me to stay.
For I have caves within the living stone,
To summer's heat and winter's cold unknown,
Trees charg'd with apples, spreading vines that hold
A purple grape, and grapes resembling gold.
Both shall for thee be kept, too lovely maid;
Thyself shalt pluck the strawberry in the shade,
Th' autumnal cornel, plumb of purple hue,
And the more gen'rous sort, the waxen too.
Nor chesnuts shalt thou want, if mine thou'lt be,
Nor wildings; ev'ry branch shall bear for thee.
These flocks are mine; in valleys many stray,
More in the woods, in stalls as many stay.
Nor could I, should you ask, their numbers tell:
Poor is the swain, who knows his numbers well.
Nor take their worth from me, but trust your eyes;
Survey their swelling dugs, and straggling thighs.
I have in sheep-coats young and tender lambs;
In others, kids late taken from their dams.
New milk each morn shall yield, thy thirst t' appease;
The rest shall stand to cream, or press to cheese.
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of easy purchase, or which are not rare:
Deer, red and fallow, roes, and nimble hares,
Or nests from mountains scal'd, or doves in pairs.
A bear's twin-cubs I lately did surprize;
Most like the two, in colour, face, and size:
With these, said I, shall *Galatea* play,
These shall my mistress and her will obey.
Come, *Galatea*, from the surges rise;
Display thy beauties, nor our gifts despise.
I know myself; for lately did I look,
And lik'd my form reflected in the brook.

BOOK XIII. METAMORPHOSES. 131

View me, how great, how equal to your *Jove*!
 (He, who, you vainly boast, rules all above;)
 Behold, what curls are round my front display'd;
 See, how they, like a grove, my shoulders shade.
 Nor let it your esteem of me impair,
 That I all o'er am stuck with bristly hair.
 Fair is the tree, whose leaves luxuriant grow,
 The steed, whose main does his arch'd neck o'erflow;
 Fair is the bird, whom thickest plumes adorn,
 The sheep, from whom the nobler wool is shorn:
 A plenteous beard becomes a manly face,
 And curling bristles do the body grace.
 'Midst of my forehead shines one only light,
 But mighty as a shield, and dazzling bright.
 The sun all objects views beneath the skie,
 And yet the sun boasts but a single eye.
 Besides, your seas obey my father's throne;
 You shall my father for his daughter own:
 But grant me pity, and your suppliant hear;
 To you alone I bow; you only fear.
 Heav'n, *Jove*, and his keen light'nings I despise;
 Much more I dread the light'ning of your eyes.
 And yet your scorn would less my patience move,
 Did you, with mine, condemn smooth *Acis*' love:
 Wherefore should you the boy prefer to me?
 Altho' himself he please, and pleases thee,
 (Which grieves me most;) could I the minion get,
 In strength, as stature, should he find me great.
 His entrails would I tear, crush out his brains,
 And strew his mangled limbs about the plains.
 Nay more, (if mix you must,) his flowing blood
 I'll sprinkle o'er your streams, and tinge your flood.
 For oh! I rage; despis'd affection burns
 With double force; my bulk to *Ætna* turns:

Flames, hot as his, are in my bosom pent;
Yet wilt thou not, obdurate maid, relent?

This said, he rose; (for I beheld him well;) }
Saw him stalk wide, and with resentment swell,
Wild as a bull that has his heifer lost,
He scours a-cross the woods, and well-known coast.
Acis and me at length the monster 'spy'd;
(Safe as we thought) and straight exulting cry'd,
My rival's found, and shall my victim die,
At last, I shall this lover's knot untie!
As raging *Cyclops* can, he loudly roars;
And *Ætna* trembles, and the neighbour shores.
Beneath my native streams I shrunk my head;
And the *Symathian* youth affrighted fled.
Help, *Galatea*, help! ere I am slain,
Cry'd he; and you, my parents, entertain
Your issue in the empire where you reign.
The *Cyclop* hard pursues, a mountain rends;
And the huge weight at flying *Acis* sends:
One rocky skirt just reach'd him, as he fled;
But reaching, murder'd, and o'erwhelm'd him dead.
We did, as much as granted us by fate;
Resuming *Acis* to his grandfire's state:
The purple blood from his crush'd body fled,
But, bubbling out, soon pal'd its florid red.
First, like a rain-discolour'd stream, it flows,
And then refines, and then more limpid grows.
Th' o'erwhelming earth now moulders, and divides;
And clust'ring reeds shoot thro' its porous sides.
Straight from the yawning rock, their roots around,
Crouding for vent new rapid waters found.
Conspicuous to the waste a youth arose,
And quiv'ring rushes load his horned brows.

'Twas

BOOK XIII. METAMORPHOSES. 153

'Twas wondrous strange; but that his looks appear
More blue, and he more large, it *Acis* were.
And *Acis* 'twas, altho' he now became
A living stream, which still preserves his name.

Here *Galatea* ends; the train divide;
And the young *Nereids* float it down the tide:
Scylla returns, but dares not trust the deeps;
But, naked, near the yielding gravel keeps.
Or, tir'd, in shallow, but sequester'd streams
Bathes, and refreshes her alluring limbs.
Lo! *Glaucus* on the wat'ry surface rode;
New to the seas, and late install'd a God.
He, ravish'd with the beauteous virgin's sight,
Said all he could invent, to stay her flight.
She faster flies, and swift with fear ascends
A lofty rock, which towards the shore extends:
It's head, on which no leafy honours grow,
Dreadful o'erhung the surge that swell'd below.
Safe in the place, she stops; and rests her there;
Nor knew if he a God or monster were.
His rank unknown she will his person view,
And gazing on his form admires his hue;
His spreading locks which o'er his shoulders flow;
He seem'd a man above, a fish below.
He mark'd her well, and on a dam reclin'd,
Think not, says he, I'm of the bestial kind,
Nor, with such wild conceits, estrange thy mind. }
I am a God, and equal in renown
To *Triton*, *Proteus*, or to *Ino's* son.
Yet mortal was I once; and then bestow'd
Each vacant hour in sporting on the flood.
Oft did in nets the twinkling fish betray;
Oft with a line deceiv'd the little prey.

There is a shore, which does a mead divide;
 Along whose skirts here wanton waters glide,
 And, opposite, high grafs hems in the verdant side.
 No low'ring herds e'er on its herbage fed;
 Nor harmless sheep, nor goats on mountains bred:
 No bees from thence their thighs with honey load:
 Its flow'rs no wreaths for nuptial pomps bestow'd:
 No scythe its growth restrain'd; of mortals I
 First press'd its verdant bed my nets to dry.
 Whilst there the fish I did in order spread,
 Which chance had to the strict inclosures led:
 Or which unwary hunger did provoke
 To snap the bait, and gorge the latent hook.
 (What would an idle fictitious tale behave?
 Yet such this seems:) my prey began to move,
 Display'd their fins; and swam as on the flood;
 And whilst I motionless, and wond'ring stood,
 Their flight they to their native waters take;
 And their new master and the shore forsake.
 Amaz'd, and doubting long, the cause I sought;
 If, or a God, or herb, this wonder wrought.
 What herb can such a pow'r pretend, I cry'd;
 And cropp'd the pasture, and its relish try'd.
 Scarce had I tasted, but my entrails shook:
 And I myself a diff'rent nature took.
 I, now, no longer in the mead could stay,
 But, mov'd by instinct, hasten'd to the sea:
 O earth, said I, my last farewell receive,
 And, plunging in the waves, the land I leave.
 The hospitable Gods of streams below
 Greet my descent, and social honours show:
 Old *Ocean* and his bride implore, that they
 Would take, whatever mortal was, away.

With

With nine times o'er repeated potent strains
 They purge, and cleanse me from all human stains,
 They charge me dive an hundred streams below;
 From various springs the crouding waters flow.
 The tow'ring surge foams o'er my bending head,
 And ev'n whole seas their billows o'er me shed.
 Thus far, I can the wond'rous truth relate;
 The rest was dark, the mystick work of fate:
 But soon as sense return'd, I found my frame
 Chang'd, as you see; nor was my mind the same.
 Then first of all, this sea-green beard I saw;
 These dangling locks, which thro' the deep I draw:
 These arms and shoulders of such strength and size;
 This double nature, and these scaly thighs:
 But what avails it, that this form I wear,
 What, that I am to ocean Godheads dear;
 What, that myself I boast a God to be,
 If thou, relentless maid, affect not me?

Thus *Glancus* spoke, and more he would have said,
 When *Scylla* his unfinish'd courtship fled.
 With slighted love oppress'd, a gloom he wears;
 And for redress to *Circæ's* court repairs.





O V I D'S
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Glauce applies to Circe for a remedy against Scylla's disdain; Circe resenting it, that Scylla is preferr'd to her, resolves to be reveng'd on her rival, and by an incantation and poisonous mixture causes furious dogs and other monsters to grow around her waste. A geographical continuation of Æneas's voyage. Jove, angry at the Cercopians, transforms them to apes. Æneas descends to hell with the Cumæan Sybil, who relates to him Apollo's passion for her, and his grant of an exceeding old age. A description of Polyphemus's devouring human





man bodies: as likewise of the Læstrygons. Ulysses's companions turn'd to swine by Circe. She, falling in love with Picus king of Ausonia, who slighted her courtship, in revenge transforms him to a wood-pecker: and Canens, whom he lov'd, deploring his loss, melts into air. Diomedes relates how thro' Venus's resentment, Agmon and others of his train are turn'd into herons: Appulus is chang'd to a wild olive. Cybele, that the Trojan ships might escape burning, turns them to sea-nymphs. Venus procures her son Æneas's Deification. Vertumnus's love of Pomona; who relates to her the death of Iphis, and conversion of Anaxarete into a stone. The Apotheosis of Romulus: his queen Hersilia is made a Goddess, by the name of Ora.



O W Glaucus Ætna, and that clime had past,
Which Jove did o'er the rebel giants cast;
The Cyclop's fields, which ne'er did tillage
know;

Or felt the pressure of the furrowing plow;
Sail'd by the shores which Zancle's bounds inclos'd,
And Rhegium's walls to Zancle's shore oppos'd;
And the rough streights, which from Trinacria's strand
Divide the confines of th' Ausonian land.
Thro' the wide Tuscan seas he forward drives,
And at the Goddess' verdant hills arrives;
Where Circe did her awful court maintain,
And 'midst a croud of various monsters reign.
The magick queen no sooner Glaucus ey'd,
But, salutations past on either side,
O nymph divine, the suppliant lover said,
Assist a God, whom only you can aid.
If my desert so high a grace may find,
Assuage the sorrows of a love-sick mind.

None

None better knows the pow'r of herbs, than me :
 I was by herbs transform'd to what you see.
 But that you may the charming object know,
 Who fir'd my soul, and gives me all this woe ;
 Against *Messana*, late I did explore
 The beauteous *Scylla* on th' *Italick* shore.
 I shame to tell what tender things I said,
 How much I promis'd, and how warmly pray'd ;
 Yet what returns of scorn the virgin made.
 If charms avail, those aiding charms, O try ;
 If herbs more potent, then those herbs apply :
 Not that I wish my passion to remove ;
 But wish the nymph a mutual flame might prove.

But *Circe* (none to warm desires more prone ;
 Whether the cause were in herself alone ;
 Or that the queen of love this curse had sent,
 And did her father's crime on her resent.)
 Better, says she, the willing nymph pursue,
 Whose wish the same, whom equal flames subdue ;
 For thou, O well deserv'st to be pursu'd ;
 Give hopes, and credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.
 Know then thy pow'r, and what thy form has done ;
 A Goddess I, and daughter to the sun,
 In herbs so potent, and no less in charms,
 Proffer myself, and court thy circling arms,
 Scorn her that scorns thee ; her, who seeks, pursue ;
 And in one act revenge thyself of two.

This *Glaucus* heard, but, with a gloomy brow,
 First shady groves shall on the billows grow,
 Sea-weeds to mountain tops (says he,) remove ;
 Ere I, whilst *Scylla* lives, will change my love.
 The Goddess frets ; and since she neither could
 Destroy a Deity, nor loving, would :

She

She on her rival all her anger turns,
 And fiercely with neglected passion burns:
 Then quick from earth infectious roots she tears,
 And grinds; and *Hecateian* charms prepares.
 A sable robe puts on, her court forsakes;
 Thro' throngs of crouching beasts her journey takes:
 To *Rhegium* bends, oppos'd to *Zancle's* shore;
 Where billows foam, and constant tempests roar.
 With unwet feet she o'er the surge does bound,
 And treads the mounting waves like solid ground.
 Fenc'd o'er with rocks a small arch'd bay there lies,
 Where *Scylla* often for refreshment flies,
 Safe from wild tempests; or inclement skies. }
 Here cool, ev'n whilst the mid-day sun invades
 The world with hottest beams, and shortest shades.
 This *Circe* does with monster-breeding bane,
 And rankest weed-extracted juices, stain;
 Thrice nine times o'er repeats a mystick spell,
 And mutters out the deadly notes of hell.
 Now *Scylla* came, and wading to the waste,
 Beheld her womb with barking dogs embrac'd;
 Starts at the sight, nor thinking that they were
 Parts of herself, she chides them, but with fear:
 Dreads their wide jaws, and fain would from them run,
 But with her drags the beasts she strives to shun:
 Looks downward for her thighs, her legs, and feet;
 For them, her eyes *Cerberian* yawnings meet.
 Her groin's environ'd round with rav'ning beasts,
 And on the backs of dogs her belly rests.
 The lover wept, and *Circe's* bed refus'd;
 Who had so cruelly her art abus'd.
 Still in the venom'd waters *Scylla* fate,
 And exercis'd on *Circe* all her hate:

For this *Ulysses*, whom th' enchantress lov'd,
In his lost friends her thirst of vengeance prov'd.
Nor less her rage the *Trojan* fleet had mourn'd,
Had she not early to a rock been turn'd :
Its craggy stones are seen still hanging o'er ;
And cautious sailors shun the dreadful shore.

The *Trojan* fleet had now *Charybdis*' sand
Sail'd o'er, and almost made th' *Italian* land :
When adverse winds their out-stretch'd canvas swell'd ;
And on the *Lybian* coast their ships impell'd.
There *Dido* takes the prosp'rous wand'rer's part,
And entertains him in her house and heart.
His sudden flight a deep resentment bred,
Whom she had honour'd with her throne and bed.
Forthwith a pile, as for some rites design'd,
She rears, but cloaks the purpose of her mind.
She mounts it, and with fatal anguish prest,
The murth'ring steel she plunges in her breast.
Her of her life the well-aim'd wound bereaves ;
Deceiv'd herself, she all her court deceives.
Mean-while the *Dardans* ply the labour'd oar,
And make from *Carthage*, and the *Lybian* shore.
Soon they *Sicilian Eryx*' soil regain'd ;
O'er which the faithful, good *Aeetes* reign'd.
His annual offerings here *Aeneas* paid,
And reverenc'd his Godlike father's shade.
His ships from *Iris*' flames redeem'd, again
He courts the winds, and ploughs the rugged main ;
And now beyond th' *Aeolian* isles he flies,
And sees the *Sirens* rocks behind him rise ;
Her pilot lost, his driving vessel bore
To *Prochyta* and high *Aenaria*'s shore :
Along the *Pithecusan* hills he runs,
The town derives her titles from her sons.

For

For righteous *Jove* who did with hate of old
 The sly *Cercopians* perjuries behold,
 In vengeance of their crimes the guilty race
 Transforms to brutes, of hideous mien, and face.
 So strangely fram'd, you might their species find
 At once unlike, yet like to human kind.
 Their bodies he contracts, and from the brows
 Their nostrils flats, their cheeks with wrinkles plows:
 With yellow hairs their shaggy limbs o'erspread;
 And to that soil confin'd the monster-breed.
 But first the organs of their speech confounds;
 Nor grants the pow'r of words, or vocal sounds.
 They, who had words abus'd to gross deceit,
 In jabb'rings indistinct now mourn their fate.
 Thence coasting on, he with a star-board wind
 Leaves the *Parthenopeian* tow'rs behind.
 Then to the left he tack'd, and crossing o'er
 Approach'd *Misenus'* tomb, and *Cuma'* shore.
 There to the long-liv'd *Sybil's* dome did go,
 And begg'd an entrance to the realms below:
 His pious soul is urg'd with strong desire,
 To seek the *Manes* of his much-lov'd fire.
 Long-while with downward eyes the matron stood,
 And pensive waited for the coming God.
 At length with sacred rage he swells her breast,
 When she, in words, th' enquiring chief address.
 O prince, whose piety thro' mounting flames,
 Whose courage try'd, thy gen'rous soul proclaims.
 Great and important things you ask of fate;
 Your suit important, but your virtues great!
 Discard thy doubts, and no refusal dread,
 Thro' all the waste dominions of the dead,
 To thy fire's ghost I will thy person guide;
 No way to conqu'ring virtue is deny'd.

This

This said, a golden bough the prophet shows,
 Which in th' infernal *Juno's* forest grows;
 Upward she points, and, Stretch thy hand, says she,
 And bids him pluck it from the sacred tree.
 The *Dardan* prince the *Sybil's* words obey'd;
 And all th' infernal monarch's wealth survey'd;
 His predecessors and *Anchises'* shade. }
 Thence learns the customs of the *Latian* states;
 The toils of future war, and distant fates.
 Inform'd, he now resumes the horrid way;
 And treads the path which leads to upper day.
 Still as he labours thro' the dreary plains,
 His aged guide with talk he entertains:
 Whether thou art a Goddess born, said he,
 Or only boast a mortal lot with me,
 I still will view thee as a thing divine;
 And count the life I hold a gift of thine.
 Since thou hast thro' the realms of night convey'd,
 And safe return'd me, from th' infernal glade.
 Restor'd to day, I will an altar raise,
 And incense burn, and celebrate thy praise.

The *Sybil* backward turns her awful eyes;
 And, I no Goddess am, with sighs replies:
 Your incense spare and attributes of praise;
 Nor to the rank of Gods a mortal raise.
 Yet know that I like Gods had never dy'd,
 Would I with *Phœbus'* passion have comply'd.
 Who, while he woo'd me to his scorn'd embrace,
 And offer'd high to tempt me to disgrace;
 Ask what thou wilt, *Cumaan* fair, said he;
 Thou shalt enjoy thy wish, whate'er it be:
 I snatch'd a heap of sand, and wish'd to bear,
 For ev'ry numbred grain I grasp'd, a year.

Forgetful that I was, to wish not too,
 That I my youth might ev'ry year renew!
 Perpetual youth, and still unfading charms
 The God had giv'n, would I have fill'd his arms.
 His gifts despis'd a single life I led,
 And scorn'd the God the honour of my bed.
 But now, those happy blooming days are gone,
 And crasy age with trembling steps comes on:
 Sev'n ages have I liv'd, and live I must,
 'Till I in years can score those grains of dust.
 Three hundred circling springs, and autumns still
 Remain behind, the vast amount to fill.
 The time shall come, when age and long decay
 Will shrink the substance of this mouldring clay:
 Then none shall think, I e'er had charms to fire
 A God, or be an object of desire.
 Such change shall I endure, he will not know,
 Or will deny that once he lov'd me so!
 No eye shall see me; yet a voice alone
 The fates will grant, by which I shall be known.

While *Sybil* thus beguiles their toil and time,
 As they the steep and craggy passage climb,
 From *Stygian* glooms return'd, they view the skies,
 And *Cuma's* grateful tow'rs before them rise.
 His sacrifices paid, the *Trojan* came
 To shores which after took *Cajeta's* name.
 Here *Macareus*, the wise *Ulysses'* friend,
 Made the long wand'rings of his travels end.
 Here calls a partner of his toils to mind,
 A wretch long since on *Ætna* left behind:
 Joy and surprize in his old bosom strive
 To view his *Achamenides* alive.
 What chance, or what indulgent God, says he,
 Preserv'd my friend from death, and set thee free?

That

That thou a *Greek* in *Trojan* bark art found,
Explain, and to what climes thou now art bound.

Not wild in his attire, as when redeem'd,
Or wrapp'd in vests with thorns and brambles seam'd,
To his enquiring *Grecian* friend's surprize,
The rescued *Achamenides* replies ;
The horrid *Cyclop* may I view again,
Whose jaws run o'er with blood of strangers slain,
If I that friendly vessel prize not more
Than *Ithaca*, my once lov'd native shore ;
Or if I do not equally admire,

And rev'rence this *Aeneas* as my fire.

What tho' I render all that man can do,

The recompence were poor, so much I owe.

That now I live and speak, and view the sun,

And those bright orbs thro' which the planets run ;

That from the *Cyclop's* savage rage I'm free,

(Can I forget it, or ungrateful be ?)

That now I may be buried, when I dye ?

And not intomb'd in his curs'd entrails lie.

All this to that great *Trojan's* gift I owe ;

Heav'n, that, cold sweats did my limbs o'erflow ;

How all my senses were o'erpow'r'd with fright,

When I was left behind, and saw your flight !

Saw your swoln sails, and would have outcries made,

But fear'd that cries would have my life betray'd.

Scarce could your bark the monster's fury shun,

Almost by rash *Ulysses'* shouts undone :

I saw when from its roots a rock he tore,

And whirl'd it at you from the distant shore.

Then pond'rous stones with giant strength he flung,

Which flew as swift as from an engine flung ;

Long fear'd I, lest th' o'erwhelming rocks should sink

Your vessel, or tempestuous surges drink :

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So strong for your distress my terrors were;
I e'en forgot me, that I was not there.
But when that distance you from death had sav'd,
He travers'd *Ætna* o'er, and loudly rav'd;
Grop'd thro' the forests, and bereft of sight,
Stumbled on rocks, and gnash'd his teeth for spight.
His bloody arms he stretches o'er the seas,
And roaring execrates the sons of *Greece*.

Would chance, says he, so far my rage befriend,
As hither hated *Ithacus* to send,
Or some of his curs'd crew into my snare;
How should this vengeful hand their entrails tear!
How grind their bones, their breathing limbs devour,
And with full draughts drink down their reeking gore!
With such a grateful feast reveng'd, how light
A loss, or none, were then my loss of sight!

Thus whilst he rag'd, my limbs with horror shook;
To view his hideous form and bloody look:
His crimson hands and eyeless head to view,
Vast limbs, and beard that dropp'd with gory dew.
A hideous scene of death before me lay;
But certain dying gave me least dismay:
I thought myself surpriz'd, each horrid hour;
That now he fought my entrails to devour.
That fatal moment I to mem'ry call,
When whirl'd around, and dash'd against his wall,
Two of our train he slew; a mingled flood
Of brains gush'd out, and streams of sprouting blood.
When, like a lion, eager of the prey,
He o'er their panting bodies growling lay;
With their torn limbs, did glut his rav'nous maw,
And from the bones the life-warm marrow draw.
Horror and trembling did my nature shake,
To see him such a barb'rous banquet make:

To see him surfeit on the horrid food,
And throw up lumps of flesh and clotted blood.
Tortur'd with thought, I fear'd some dismal day
Would to his savage hunger me betray ;
In caves I lurk'd, of ev'ry sound afraid,
Trembling at death, yet wishing they were dead ;
Long time the falling mast, and springing weed
I gather'd up my famish'd soul to feed :
Hopeless, forlorn, with fears and pain subdu'd,
I cherish'd life, tho' to despair renew'd.
At length, yon welcome bark I did explore,
And ran, and kneel'd, and wafted her to shore.
And begg'd, nor begg'd to be receiv'd in vain ;
The *Trojan* bark a *Greek* dar'd entertain.
Now, my lov'd friend, your own adventures tell ;
And what, since first you put to sea, befel.

He told how *Æolus* rul'd the *Tuscan* main ;
And did in caves the struggling winds restrain :
In oxen's hide, does he, a wind inclose,
And nobly on *Dulichium's* prince bestows :
Nine days we coasted with successful gales,
The tenth, prepar'd t' unfurl the swelling sails ;
Eager of prey our mates, who thought to find
A treasure there, unbound th' imprison'd wind.
Straight backward driv'n, our fleet reploughs the main,
And at th' *Æolian* port arrives again.
Thence came we to that town, whose state, of old,
Lamus, the *Lestrygonian* prince, did hold.
Now fierce *Antiphates*, severe and proud,
The scepter sway'd, and aw'd the servile croud :
Two more, and I, were to his palace sent ;
Two of us, scarce, by flight our deaths prevent.
The third the savage *Lestrygonians* seiz'd,
And with his blood their impious thirst appeas'd.

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The barb'rous king, himself, pursues our flight,
 And does to slaughter his curs'd host incite.
 Rocks, trunks of trees are in an instant thrown,
 Which sink our vessels, and our soldiers drown.
 One only bark, which griev'd *Ulysses* bore,
 And me, in safety scap'd the hostile shore.
 Mourning our slain companions lost estate,
 And anxious for the hardships of our fate,
 We to yon isle, its ills unknowing, fly;
 For hence you may the distant isle descry.
 And thou that soil beware, O Goddess's son,
 Most gallant *Trojan*! for now war is done,
 I'll learn to count thee as a foe no more;
 Therefore, avoid the curs'd *Circean* shore.
 Mindful of dangers we did late engage
 From the curs'd *Cyclops*, and their tyrant's rage,
 We anchor'd long before the dreaded strand,
 And fear'd on the suspected soil to land.
 But lots were cast, whose fortune it should be
 To sound the danger, and fate destin'd me:
 My partner in the task *Polites* went,
 And with us, sage *Eurylochus* was sent;
 And good *Elpenor*, but too much inclin'd
 To that rich juice which hurts the noble mind.
 These all by lots ordain'd, and eighteen more,
 We visit *Circe* on the stranger shore.
 Soon as we to the walls arrive, and tread
 The outward court which to the palace led,
 A thousand wolves, and bears, and lions rise;
 And, meeting, chill our hearts with dread surprize:
 Yet them, in form alone, we dreadful found;
 For none seem savage, or prepare to wound:
 But courteous wag their tails, and fawning greet;
 And, tame and gentle, follow at our feet.

'Till a bright train of she-attendants come
And lead us up the lofty marble dome:
High on her purple throne their mistress fate
In deep recess, and form of awful state.
Rich in their dye, her costly vestures shone,
And o'er her robe a veil of gold was thrown.
Nereids, and nymphs attend, who ne'er were bred
To card the wool, or draw the flowing thread;
But who in baskets sort the mingled flow'rs,
And herbs of various hues, and various pow'rs.
Their subtle mistress, who the virtue knew
Of ev'ry simple, and of compounds too,
The segregated herbs with care inspects;
Prescribes the mixture, and the weight directs.
Plac'd in her sight, we bend our bodies low,
She from the throne returns a graceful bow.
A friendly smile glow'd on her blooming cheek,
She grants our suit, almost, before we speak.
Then she commands, with speed, her ready train
To bring the honey, curds, and barley-grain;
Th' ingredients all infus'd in gen'rous wines,
She to the potion secret juices joyns.
With her own execrable hands she crown'd,
And dealt the unsuspected goblet round.
Whilst gladly we, with heat and travel dry,
To our parch'd lips the magick draught apply.
The Goddess then her secret charms prepares,
And o'er us waves her wand, and strokes our hairs.
(I blush, and yet the sequel must be told;)
Soon roughening bristles all my form infold.
I strove to speak, and, would have fain complain'd,
But grunts were all the language now remain'd,
Prone to the earth my alter'd aspect bends;
And a strange snout my widen'd jaws extends:

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New sinews swell my strong and harden'd chest.
 The bestial nature was all o'er impress:
 Those hands which did the goblet late surround,
 The work of feet perform, and press the ground.
 Driv'n with the partners of my alter'd state,
 (The pow'r of magick potions is so great!)
 We in a sty were lodg'd in filth to roll,
 And grunt in consort, and our lot condole.
Eurylochus, alone, his form retain'd;
 Alone, he from th' invenom'd cup refrain'd;
 Which had he not rejected, with the rest
 Himself had been transform'd, a fellow-beast.
 Nor should *Ulysses* our mishaps have known,
 Or forc'd th' enchantress for the wrong t' atone.
Hermes on him bestow'd a milk-white flow'r,
 Call'd *Moly* by the Gods, of wond'rous pow'r:
 From a black root, its pointed fibres spread
 Thro' chasms of rocks, it rears its potent head.
 Safe in this gift, and the conducting Gods,
 The hero enters *Circe's* dire abodes;
 Again she does th' enchanted bowl demand,
 Again, prepares to wave her magick wand.
 But he her charms prevents, his sabre draws,
 And brandishing aloft, th' enchantress awes.
 Struck with amaze her hand and faith she plights,
 And to her bed the victor-chief invites.
 E're he'll submit, the terms of peace he names,
 And his chang'd friends restor'd in dow'ry claims.

Soon healing herbs are brought; and o'er our heads
 Their safe and inoffensive juice she sheds:
 Her potent wand a diff'rent way she throws;
 And charms, with contradictive charms, undoes.
 The more she charms, we grow the more upright;
 Our bristles shed, our cloven feet unite:

H

Our

Our arms and shoulders take their former grace,
And, weeping, we our weeping prince embrace.
Each hangs about his neck; nor scarce a word
Breaks thro' our lips, but such as thanks afford.
Thence was our pass, for one whole year deferr'd;
In which strange things I saw, and stranger heard.
A fav'rite nymph did to my trust and ear,
The following tale of strange event declare:
(A nymph to whom th' enchantress did impart
The dearest secrets of her mystick art.)
She, whilst our prince in secret did employ
The hours with *Circe*, wrapp'd in floods of joy,
Of human figure did an image show,
Like marble to the eye, and white as snow;
Clos'd in a shrine, fair wreaths his temples grac'd;
And on his head a wood-pecker was plac'd.
Whose form it was, I ask'd, and wherefore, there
Inshrin'd, it o'er his head that bird did bear:
Macareus, hence, the courteous nymph replies,
Let *Circe*'s pow'r your wond'ring soul surprize:
Hear, and attend; whilst I a tale disclose
Of changes which from slighted love arose.

Saturnian Picus in *Ausonia* reign'd,
And gen'rous coursers to the battle train'd:
Such as you see, his form: Behold his face,
And in that semblance read his real grace.
In mind, as form, all beauteous and serene;
Nor had he yet full four *Olympiads* seen.
The *Latian Dryads* his strong charms adore,
Nor less the river nymphs confess his pow'r.
Not *Anio*, nor *Numicus*' streams could show
One nymph, but did the monarch's form allow,
Almo, and *Albula*, and *Nar* who laves
The *Umbrian* confines with his rapid waves,

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Not *Farfarnus* who throws his easy flood
 O'er *Sabine* fields, and feeds the thriving wood,
 Not *Cynthia's* streams, or bord'ring lakes could boast
 A nymph, whose heart was not to *Picus* lost.
 The blooming king the large admiring train
 Did, for one nymph, reject with fierce disdain.
 Her, on *Palatium's* mount, *Venilia* fair
 Did, as fame says, to ancient *Janus* bear.
 When ripe for nuptial joys, the blooming maid
 Was destin'd to *Laurentian Picus's* bed:
 For beauty much, but more for singing fam'd:
 And thence the warbling nymph was *Canens* nam'd.
 Her voice the woods and rocks to passion sooths,
 Tames savage beasts, and swelling waters smooths;
 Detains their raging course, and, whilst she sings,
 The list'ning birds would stop, and drop their wings.
 Whilst her sweet voice celestial musick yields,
 The youthful monarch, o'er *Laurentian* fields,
 In gold and purple clad, *Phoenicia's* pride,
 With lances arm'd, his fiery steed did guide:
 Eager of sport, he cours'd the mountains o'er,
 And from her holds forc'd down the foaming boar.
 To the same plains *Hyperion's* daughter came,
 Leaving the fields that bore from her their name:
 Ranges the new and unfrequented hills,
 And culls fresh simples from the fertile rills.
 Seeing, unseen, his sight her sense amaz'd;
 The gather'd herbs fell from her as she gaz'd.
 She by a single view to love is won,
 And raging flames thro' all her marrow run,
 Soon as she could the quick sprung fire controul,
 And to her aid recal her wand'ring soul;
 She strove to tell her wish, the crowding press,
 And fleetness of his steed forbid access.

But yet, said she, thou shalt not 'scape me so,
Tho' winds should wing thee, if myself I know,
If still these herbs their wonted pow'r retain,
If magick ought can do, nor charms are vain.
Th' enamour'd Goddess spake, and speaking straight,
Does an aërial empty boar create.

She bids th' unbodied beast its course to take
Before the king, and leap into a brake:
Where thick-set trees their twisting branches joyn,
And from pursuit the horseman's speed confine.
The royal youth dismounts, on foot to trace
The seeming savage thro' the woody chace.
With groundless hopes to strike th' impassive prey,
He thro' the forest takes his desert way.
New vows she soon conceives, new aid implores;
And unknown Gods, with unknown charms adores.
Such as were wont t' eclipse the silver moon,
And cloud her father's beams at height of noon.
With pitchy vapours she obscures the day;
Lost in the gloom the guards mistake their way
The desert soil, and sudden night combine
To favour the enchanting nymph's design.
By those fair eyes, says she, and all the grace
Of that bewitching form, and lovely face,
Which makes a Goddess sue; allay those fires
Thy love has rais'd, and ease my fierce desires.
Let pity of my flame thy breast inspire,
And boast with me th' all seeing sun thy fire.

Her, and her pray'rs he scorns; whate'er thou art,
Another holds, says he, my captive heart.
Long may she there th' unrivall'd mistress reign,
Nor will I e'er my nuptial faith prophane:
Or wrong her love, so long as nature gives
Life to this frame, and charming *Canens* lives.

Again

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Again she tries him, and her pray'rs again
 Renews, but still the pray'rs renew'd are vain:
 Yet shalt thou not my vengeance 'scape, said she,
 Or ever more thy darling *Canens* see.
 Too rashly faithful! what the wrong'd can do,
 An injur'd lover, and a woman too,
 Thou shalt, fond prince, by sad experience prove;
 At least, what *Circe* wrong'd, and wrong'd in love.
 Twice turns she to the east, and twice to west;
 Thrice touch'd him with her wand, and charms express.
 He flies, and wond'ring why so fast he fled,
 He sees his limbs with light'ning plumes o'erspread.
 Forthwith he seeks the woods, and angry still
 Hard oaks assails, and wounds them with his bill.
 Wings from his robes their purple hue assume,
 The gold that clasp'd his robes becomes a plume:
 And now his neck with golden circle chains,
 Nor ought of *Picus* but his name remains.

Mean while his busy train, the woods around,
 Their monarch seek, who could no more be found.
Circe they find, for now the day grew fair,
 And the freed sun broke thro' the dusky air.
 They charge her with true crimes, their king demand
 And threat, and poise the jav'lin in their hand.
 The guilty Goddess noxious juices sheds,
 And sprinkles baleful venom o'er their heads;
 From *Erebus*, and *Chaos*' dire abodes,
 Conjures old night, and all th' infernal Gods.
 With magick howlings *Hecate*'s aid intreats;
 Woods, (wondrous to relate!) forsake their seats;
 Their leaves turn pale; herbs blush with drops of gore;
 Earth hoarsely groans, and dogs tremendous roar.
 O'er all the tainted soil black serpents slide;
 And thro' the air unbodied monsters glide;

Grown dumb with terror as they trembling stand,
She strokes their faces with her venom'd wand.
Forthwith the shapes of various beasts invest
Their alter'd forms; nor one his own possess.

Phoebus had sunk into the western main,
Canens expects her lord's return in vain.
With blazing lights the careful servants fly,
And search the woods, and every thicket try;
Nor she content to weep and rend her hair,
And bruise her breast, and rage with wild despair,
The palace keeps; but thro' the forest strays;
For six descending nights and rising days,
Careless of sleep, or sustenance, she fled
O'er hills and dales, where chance and sorrow led.
Now spent with toil, and harass'd out with woe,
The wand'rer comes where *Tyber's* waters flow.
Stretch'd on his banks, she wept; and weeping sung
Her sorrows with a softly warbling tongue.
As dying swans with soft melodious breath,
Sing their own *Requiem*, and prelude their death.
At length her marrow melts with long despair,
And by degrees she wastes to liquid air:
Yet still the place records the mourner's fame,
Which from the nymph, the muses, *Canens* name.

Wonders like these, in that revolving year,
I saw, besides what I from her did hear.
Rusty with sloth, and long habitual ease,
Again we're charg'd to try the doubtful seas.
With lengths of ocean, and with future toil,
Did *Circe* much our fainting souls imbroil.
I own, I did the threat'ned dangers fear;
And to prevent new perils, settled here.

Macareus ends: *Cajeta's* urn inclos'd,
This verse had on her marble tomb impos'd;

“ Freed

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" Freed from *Troy's* fires, the pious prince I rear'd,
 " Here with due fire my cold dead limbs rever'd.
 They loose their cables from the grassy strand,
 And make with speed from guileful *Circe's* land.
 Thence seek the groves, where *Tyber*, dark with shades,
 In *Tyrrhen* seas his sandy streams unlades;
 The great *Latinus'* throne, and brighter heir
Aeneas gains, but not without a war.
 With furious nations is the battle try'd,
 And *Turnus* rages for his promis'd bride.
 To *Latium's* succour all *Hetruria* swarms,
 And conquest long is fought with doubtful arms.
 To get recruits from foreign states they try;
 Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rustilians* want supply.
 Aid from *Evander* did *Aeneas* gain,
 Which *Venulus* from *Diomede* fought in vain.
 Tho' forts well stor'd, and many a spreading field,
 With *Dannus'* heir in dower, the *Grecian* held.
 But soon as th' envoy had from *Turnus* done
 His embassy to *Tydeus'* warlike son,
 Th' *Aetolian* from the threatn'd war withdraws;
 As loath to raise his father in the cause;
 Pleads in excuse, that his small realms will yield
 No vacant troops to croud th' imbattled field.
 But lest you should suppose I feign, says he,
 And make a specious want of men my plea;
 (Tho' repetition calls up woes anew;)
 Yet I the fatal story will pursue.
 Soon as the *Ilian* tow'rs our prey became,
 And the proud town sunk in the *Grecian* flame;
 The virgin Goddess, for an injur'd maid,
 Did our whole host with hottest wrath invade.
 The shipwreck'd fleet her vengeful rage attone,
 Which *Locrian Ajax* had incurr'd alone.

By furious tempests were our vessels driv'n,
Expos'd to raging seas, and angry heav'n:
The threat'ning skies with dreadful light'nings glow,
And dire *Capharean* rocks afflict below.
To dwell no longer on that scene of fate,
Priam would then have pitied *Grecia's* state.
But *Pallas* snatch'd me from the swallowing main;
From native *Argos* thence I'm chas'd again:
Venus still bears her ancient wound in mind,
And for the long past crime new toils assign'd.
So much by storms I on the ocean bore,
So much by conflicts on th' ungentle shore;
That oft, subdu'd by fate, I call'd them blest,
Who in the common tempest sunk to rest;
Envy'd the wretches that on rocks were thrown,
And wish'd my death might angry heav'n atone.
My fainting men, with seas and battles tir'd,
Some respite from renewing toils requir'd:
But *Agmon*, full of fire, and fiercer grown,
With combating that rage the pow'rs had shown,
What can remain, ye partners of my toil,
From which your long-try'd virtue dares recoil?
Or what, tho' willing, can the Goddesses do,
More than she has, her future spleen to shew?
Pray'rs may avail, whilst greater ills affright,
But when we've felt the worst of fortune's spight,
Fears and submission are no more of use;
But ills at height, security produce.
What, tho' she hear, and hate us all, says he,
(As she does all, who *Diomedes* obey;)
Yet let us all despise her empty hate;
And boast we've souls, as her resentments, great.
Insults like these th' unwilling Goddesses stung;
Revenge revives at his opprobrious tongue.

Few can approve the boldness of his theme;
 And most the rashness of his words condemn.
 Fierce *Agmon* does our vain reproofs defy,
 But whilst he frets, and labours to reply,
 His organs and his voice, at once grow small;
 His curling locks in straight long feathers fall:
 Plumes hide his trunk; a larger pinion springs
 From his rough arms, his arms now spread to wings.
 To claws his feet divide, hard horn extends
 His alter'd face, and in a bill descends.
Nycteus, Rhetenor, Lycus, all the band,
 Viewing the change, in admiration stand;
 Not long they wonder, and at *Agmon* stare,
 Ere they transform'd, the self-same figure wear.
 In crowds my men on sudden pinions rise,
 And flap their sounding wings, and mount the skies.
 If you the form of these new fowl would know;
 Most like to swans they seem'd, yet were not so.
 Such numbers lost, my now diminish'd train,
 Scarce guard the limits of my narrow reign.

Here ends the hero; when, without supplies,
 The unsuccessful envoy homeward hies;
 The *Calydonian* prince's realms forsakes;
 And thro' *Messapia's* plains his journey takes.
 There in his march he gloomy caves survey'd,
 Water'd with springs, and rounded with a shade:
 The mountain *Pan* these grotto's now possess'd,
 Which once the wood-nymphs with their beauties bless'd.
 But *Appulus*, a rough, unmanner'd swain,
 With sudden fright dislodg'd the tim'rous train.
 Yet scorning his pursuit, and less afraid,
 The nymphs return'd, and tripp'd it o'er the glade.
 The sawcy clown the sportive nymphs provokes,
 Mimicks their motions, and obscenely jokes.

Nor ceases, 'till a tree invests his throat;
A tree, whose fruits and juice his manners note.
Lost to himself, an olive wild he grows,
And his tongue's rancour in his berries flows.

The suppliants, now return'd, acquaint their lord,
Th' *Ætolian* prince denies the aid implor'd,
The hot *Rutilians* their whole force unite;
And now without th' intreated succours fight.
Mars does the undetermin'd field divide,
And streams of blood are drawn on either side.
Turnus to burn the *Trojan* fleet prepar'd;
And flames pursue those barks which tempests spar'd.
O'er the pitch'd decks the running flame prevails,
Mounts to the masts, and spreads amongst the sails.
The canvas blazes, whilst the fire below,
Lurks in the seams, and smould'ring burns more slow.
When sacred *Cybele* from the skies beheld
Those pines on fire, which were from *Ida* fell'd:
Instant she bids the brazen cymbal sound,
And shriller pipes are heard the *Æther* round.
She mounts her car, th' obedient lions fly,
And whirl her downward thro' the liquid sky.
Thy impious hands, says she, to small effect,
O *Turnus*! violate what I protect,
Nor shall the greedy flames, a part of those
Lov'd-woods devour, which shelter'd my repose.
With that she thunders, and pours down amain,
Thick storms of hail, and clouds of dashing rain.
Discordant winds rush thro' th' whistling sky,
And sweep the main, and swell the billows high.
One blast the rest in strength and speed outstrips,
And breaks the cables of the *Phrygian* ships:
The driving barks are hurried down the flood;
Their timber softens, flesh proceeds from wood:

The

The crooked stems to heads and faces grow;
 Oars legs become, which the swollen billows plow:
 What once were holds, now slender sides are grown,
 And the long keel supplies the spinal bone.
 The sail-yards, arms: and hair the tackling grew;
 As e'er the change, so still, their colour blue.
 The new-made nymphs, late of the floods afraid,
 Now in those floods, with wanton pastime play'd.
 On mountains born on liquid streams they glide,
 Forgetful of their birth, and forest pride:
 Yet mindful, what themselves so oft endur'd,
 On the rough surge they sinking ships secur'd.
 Yet mindful too of *Ilium's* ruin'd state,
 They aid not *Grecian* barks, but view with hate.
 With pleasure they *Ulysses'* fleet beheld,
 Wreck'd with rude tempests, and on rocks impell'd:
 With pleasure saw the bark *Alcinous* gave,
 Turn'd to a rock, and lash'd by ev'ry wave.

'Twas hop'd, this wond'rous prodigy would fright,
 The young *Rusilian* from th' unequal fight;
 Both sides persist; both have their Gods to friend:
 Both with unconquer'd God-like souls contend.
 Not for *Lavinia*, or *Latinus'* throne,
 And realms in dower they fight, but for renown;
 Resolv'd the quarrel shall to death be try'd,
 They blush to lay th' unconqu'ring arms aside.
 Love's queen at length on the contested plain,
 Sees her son victor, and his rival slain:
 With *Turnus* fall'n proud *Ardea's* tow'rs subside;
 Which, whilst he liv'd, stood fair, and flourish'd wide.
 But soon as the devouring flames had spread,
 O'er her high domes, and all in ashes laid.
 An unknown fowl from the hot embers springs,
 And fans the ruins with her hovering wings.

Its leanness, pallid hue, and shrieks of woe,
The image of a captive city show;
The kindred-city's name the fowl retains:
And of its fate with flapping wings complains.

Aeneas' virtues now had gain'd on fate,
Won all the Gods, and soften'd *Juno's* hate;
For young *Iulus* a firm throne acquir'd,
The *Cythereian* prince at heav'n aspir'd;
His mother-Goddes, the fair queen of love,
The pow'rs sollicit, and embraces *Jove*:

Great fire, says she, ne'er yet to us unkind,
O now enlarge the bounty of thy mind:
My lov'd *Aeneas* with thy heav'n requite,
Who calls thee grand-fire in his mother's right.
Some Godhead on the virtuous chief bestow,
A Godhead, tho' in rank and honour low:
Let it suffice the hero once has known,
The *Stygian* lake, and seen th' infernal throne.

The Gods consent, nor *Juno* disallows,
The grace implor'd, but nods her awful brows.
You both a Godhead's rank deserve, says *Jove*,
You who request, and he whose suit you move.
Fair daughter, have thy wish. Th' immortal said;
The Goddess smil'd, and bow'd her grateful head:
Mounts her light car, and thro' the *Aether* soars,
And guides her doves to the *Laurentian* shores:
Lights on the strand, where smooth *Numicius* creeps,
Thro' whisp'ring reeds into the neighbour deeps.
She bids him from *Aeneas* purge away,
The mortal dross, and down his streams convey.
The horned God *Idalia's* words obeys,
And dips *Aeneas* in the cleansing seas:
A due lustration o'er the body makes,
And all the mortal substance from it takes.

The

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The *Cyprian* Goddess now resumes her son,
Purg'd from all filth, and crimes in nature done.
Immortal odours scatter'd round his head,
And on his lips ambrosial juices shed.
Rome, *Indiges* the new-made Godhead fil'd;
And temples rear, and frequent altars build.

Alba, and *Latium* now t' *Ascanius*' hand
Submit their scepter, and supreme command;
Silvius, when he resign'd, the crown obtain'd;
Then, third of *Alba*'s kings, *Latinus* reign'd:
Proud of his old imperial grandfire's name,
He mounts to pow'r, and fills the throne with fame.
Bold *Epitus* assumes, *Latinus* dead;
Then *Capys*' rule the *Latian* realms obey'd.
From *Capys*, *Capetus* the purple gains;
Then, the ninth monarch, *Tiberinus* reigns;
This monarch to a death ill-fated came;
Drown'd in the streams, which after bore his name.
Fierce *Remulus*, and *Acrota* succeed;
Both of the royal predecessor's breed.
But *Remulus*, who durst the thund'rs feign,
Was for his crime with real thunder slain.
Not so his brother rul'd, of better mind;
To *Aventinus* he the throne resign'd.
Who bury'd in the mountain where he reigns,
The mountain from his tomb his name retains.
Procas, from him, with regal honours grac'd
The seat of empire on *Palatium* plac'd.

The fair *Pomona* flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the *Sylvan* train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains no delights could yield:

'Twas

'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And view the boughs with happy burthens bend.
No dart she wielded but a hook did bear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives,
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew ;
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from *Venus*, and the nuptial joy ;
Her private orchards wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless *Sylvans* all access deny'd.
How oft the satyres and the wanton fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God, whose ensign scares the bird of prey,
And old *Silennus*, youthful in decay ;
Employ'd with wiles, and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprize the fair ?
But most *Vertumnus* did his love profess,
With greater passion, but with like success :
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears,
And first a reaper from the field appears :
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain,
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade ;
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears ;
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes the pruning hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs ;

A Sol-

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A soldier now he with his sword appears,
A fisher next his trembling angle bears;
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last *Vertumnus* wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs.
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The God, in his decrepid form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruits survey'd,
And, happy you! (he thus address'd the maid;) }
Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine! }

He kiss'd the fair: his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow;
Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd;
An elm was near, to whose embraces led
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread;
He view'd their twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm but for his vine, he said,
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround,
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue,
What nymph could e'er attract such crouds as you?
Not she, whose beauty urg'd the *Centaurs*' arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor *Helen*'s fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all thy gain,
A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain;

A thousand sylvans, demi-Gods, and Gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our *Alban* woods;
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise.
And one whose tender care is far above,
All that these lovers ever felt of love.
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd,)
Fix on *Vertumnus*, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own,
Scarce to himself, himself is better known;
To distant land *Vertumnus* never roves;
Like you contented with his naked groves:
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care. }
Besides he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest;
Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may *Pomona* please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares, and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruits are due;
(A pleasing off'ring, when 'tis made by you!)
He values these; but yet, alas, complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit, that on yon branches glows,
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows.
Nor tasteful herbs, that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you can move the God's desire:
Oh crown so constant, and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind:
Think, 'tis *Vertumnus* begs you to be kind!

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The vengeful Gods, and *Venus* still severe
 To such as slight her; and *Ramnusia* fear;
 To scare you more, I will a tale unfold,
 (For much I've learn'd that's strange by being old;) *T'*
 inculcate love, and cure your stern disdain:
 The fact is known o'er all the *Cyprian* plain.

Bright *Anaxarete*, of form divine.
 Who drew from *Teucer's* blood her gen'rous line,
Iphis, an humble and *Plebeian* swain,
 Beheld, and languish'd with a love-sick pain.
 Long struggling, when no reason could reclaim
 His passion, to her house the suppliant came.
 Now to her nurse his wretched love display'd,
 And woo'd the beldam and implor'd her aid.
 To ev'ry slave who had the virgin's ear,
 Th' industrious lover did his suit prefer.
 Oft he his pains on yielding wax impress,
 And pleads to soften her obdurate breast.
 Oft on the columns wreaths of flow'rs he ties,
 Bedew'd, and dropping with the rain of eyes.
 Oft prostrate he, on the hard threshold laid,
 And did with sighs th' ungentle doors upbraid.
 The nymph, more deaf than seas when tempests roar,
 And foaming surges dash the whiten'd shore;
 Harder than burnish'd steel, or rooted rocks,
 Disdains the lover, and his passion mocks.
 With scornful terms adds to her fix'd disdain;
 And will not leave him hopes, to sooth her pain.
 Impatient of his torment, and her hate
 These his last words he utters at her gate:
 Relentless maid! the painful contest's o'er,
 With hated love I'll teize thee now no more.
 Triumph, O *Anaxarete*, unkind!
 Sing *Pæans*, and thy brows with laurel bind!

Thou

Thou ha'st o'ercome; lo! willingly I die,
Enjoy the fruits of scornful cruelty!
Yet this you must, too stubborn charmer, own,
And with unwilling praise my mem'ry crown:
That whilst I liv'd, I did indulge desire;
At once extinguish'd life's, and passion's fire;
Nor will I trust report my death to spread,
Your self shall see it, and behold me dead.
My wretched life I'll end before your gate,
To please your cruel pride, and glut your hate.
But, oh! you Gods, if you our actions see,
This only I implore, remember me:
Let after-ages celebrate my name,
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
The mourning *Iphis* said, and upwards bends,
His wat'ry eyes, and his pale arms extends;
Those posts, he had so oft with chaplets crown'd.
A fatal and detested cord now bound.
Such wreaths best please thy rigid soul, he said;
O too hard-hearted, and inhuman maid!
He said, and clasp'd the noose, and forward sprung,
And with his face turn'd tow'rds her, struggling hung.
Struck with his trembling feet, the starting door
Seem'd as it groan'd, and did some loss deplore.
The servants shriek to view th' expiring swain,
And, all too late, prepare to ease his pain.
Breathless and pale they to his mother bore,
Her strangled son: (his fire was then no more.)
The lifeless corpse she in her bosom plac'd,
And in her arms his cold, dead limbs embrac'd.
Lamenting long as woeful parents use,
And paying all a woeful mother's dues.
The fun'ral pomp she thro' the city led,
And tow'rds his pile bore the lamented dead.

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It chanc'd the cruel virgin's dwelling lay,
 Just where the mourners took their solemn way.
 The sad procession did her ears invade,
 And vengeful Gods now urg'd the ruin'd maid.
 The sad solemnities, said she, we'll view;
 Straight, as possess'd, she to the window flew.
 Thence seeing *Iphis* on the fatal bed,
 Her eyeballs stiffen'd, and her colour fled.
 Strives to retire, and yet is forc'd to stay;
 Wou'd fain, yet cannot turn her eyes away.
 Rooted to earth, the hardness of her heart
 Dilates itself to ev'ry vital part.
 Left you suppose, I feign this tale of dread.
 At *Salamis* they keep the marble-maid;
 In *Venus* the *Prospicient's* dome; the fane,
 Its name did from the gazing nymph retain.

Let this example, lovely fair, remove
 Scorn from your breast, and turn your heart to love,
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
 Shake the light blossoms from their boasted boughs!

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
 He straight assum'd his native form again;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears.
 And, thence exerting his refulgent ray,
 Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
 Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The nymph survey'd him, and beheld the grace
 Of charming features, and a youthful face.
 A sudden passion in her breast did move;
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

Procas deceas'd, by force *Amulius* reigns,
 And, strong in arms, usurps th' *Ausonian* plains.
 Old *Numitor*, th' invader crush'd, once more
 From his sons' hands receives the regal pow'r.
 At *Pales'* feast, the youthful heroes lay
 The first foundations of their future sway.
 Then *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* fires to war,
Tarpeia's hands her father's gates unbar.
 O'erwhelm'd with shields, the traytress, justly falls;
 The *Sabines* pour their troops upon the walls.
 Silent as wolves, who round a midnight fold,
 Steal on the guard whom death-like slumbers hold.
 Thence to surprize th' opposing gates prepare
 Which *Ilia's* son secur'd with prudent care.
 Yet one *Saturnia's* restless spight unbars;
 Silent it ope's, nor on the hinges jars.
Venus alone perceiv'd the secret aid,
 (The falling chain the treach'rous work betray'd:)
 Who had the gate re-shut, but that she knew
 That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undo.
 Th' *Ausonian Naiads*, near to *Janus'* fane,
 With cooling springs bedew'd possess the plain:
 Their aid she begs; the nymphs could not deny
 A suit so just, and all their floods untie.
 As yet the fane of *Janus* open stood,
 Nor was the way precluded by the flood.
 Beneath the fruitful springs they sulphur turn,
 Whose hollow veins with black bitumen burn.
 With these the vapours penetrate below,
 And waters, late as cold as *Alpine* snow,
 The fire itself in fervour dare provoke;
 Old *Janus'* posts with the hot moisture smoke.
 These new-raisd streams the *Sabine* pow'rs restrain
 'Till *Romulus* could arm his martial train.

The

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The hero sets the battle in array,
And slaughter'd *Sabines* spread the purple way.
Fathers and sons the horrid cause decide,
And kindred blood gush'd out on either side.
But rage at length to terms of peace did yield
E're slaughter had engross'd the horrid field.
To *Tatius* now are equal honours shown,
Who jointly sits on the disputed throne.

But the brave *Sabine* at *Lavinium* slain,
Both nations under *Romulus* remain.
When *Mars* depos'd his cask and awful crest,
And thus the fire of Gods and men address.

The time is come, great fire, (since *Rome* is grown
Strong by her conquests, and has fix'd her throne:
Since factious pow'rs their fruitless efforts end,
Nor does she on a single God depend;)
Now to confer on me the promis'd grace,
And to the skies translate my honour'd race.
For in this awful synod you protest,
(I wear the promise in my grateful breast :)
That one of mine (let now the grace be giv'n!)
Should as a fellow-God possess your heav'n.

Th' Almighty nods, of clouds a thund'ring peal,
Affright the city, and the promise seal.
Propp'd on his lance, the mighty God of war
The signal owns, and vaults his dreadful car;
Rates his hot steeds, the sounding whip applies,
Drives down the region of the stormy skies,
On the *Palatium's* mount his speed he stay'd,
Wrapp'd in the gloom, and dark with native shade.
Thence dealing regal justice from the throne,
The God assumes his own and *Ilia's* son.
Wrapp'd thro' the air his mortal members waste
Like melting bullets from an engine cast.
More heav'nly fair, more fit for heav'nly shrines
Above the scarlet-rob'd *Quirinus* shines.

Lost

Loſt *Romulus* his royal bride deplor'd,
And wept, and mourn'd her now tranſlated lord:
When *Juno* bids her various *Iris* wind
Down her bright bow, and griev'd *Herſilia* find:
From me the ſolitary mourner greet,
And thus to ſtop her flowing tears intreat.

Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land!
Thy ſex's glory! hear the Gods command.
O matron, once moſt worthy of the vow,
Of ſuch a lord, but of *Quirinus* now!
Suppreſs thoſe tears, and if you long to ſee,
Your once-lov'd *Romulus*, retire with me,
To thoſe dark groves, which on *Quirinus* ſpring
And ſhade the temple of the *Roman* king.

Iris obeys, her glist'ning bow prepares,
And *Juno*'s orders to *Herſilia* bears:
The widow'd queen ſcarce rears her modeſt eyes
Aw'd with uncommon light, and ſtrong ſurprize;
O Goddeſs! tho' I know not now, ſays ſhe,
How call'd, yet know thou muſt a Goddeſs be:
Lead me, O lead me to that charming grove;
Where I may view the object of my love.
Whoſe face if once th' indulgent fates ſhall ſhow,
In that one glimpſe they will all heav'n beſtow.
Inſtant ſhe follows where *Thaumantias* led,
Together the *Romulean* hills they tread:
The grove they enter, and aſcending high,
A ſweeping ſtar ſhot from the burning ſky:
Its golden beams inflame *Herſilia*'s hair,
When both together mount th' enlighten'd air.
Her Godlike lord receives her in his arms
And breathes new beauties, and improves her charms:
Her form is alter'd, and her name aſſign'd;
And *ORA* is to her *QUIRINUS* join'd.







O V I D's
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

By Captain MORRICE.

The ARGUMENT.

Numa succeeds Romulus, who repairing to Crotona, in quest of knowledge, and enquiring concerning the original of that city, hears a relation of black stones having been converted into white: and of Pythagoras disputing of the transmigration of the soul, and various transmutations of things. Afterwards Ageria (lamenting the death of Numa, and receiving no consolation from the nymphs, nor from Hippolytus's account of his own misfortunes and change) is by the power of Cynthia

turn'd

turn'd into an over-flowing spring: which Ovid accounts to be as surprizing as a clod of earth's becoming suddenly a prophet, or Romulus's lance a tree, or the Roman general Cippus finding horns shoot instantly from his head. Æsculapius, for the sake of the afflicted Romans, assumes the shape of a serpent; and Julius Cæsar, after his death, becomes a blazing star — The book ends with Ovid's prediction of his own immortal fame.



Eanwhile, a king they seek who might sustain,

That weight of empire, and with glory reign.

Truth-telling fame foretold the destin'd way

For godlike *Numa* to imperial sway.

He long unsatisfy'd, with what he knew,

The rites that from his *Sabine* race he drew,

A more exalted scheme of science draws,

And studied nature much, and nature's laws;

His country left, thus fir'd with curious cares,

He to *Crotona*'s antient walls repairs.

There ask'd what famous *Gracian* hand before

Had rais'd that city on the *Latian* shore:

To whom an antient, to the place ally'd,

In this traditionary tale reply'd.

Alcides rich in his *Iberian* prey,

To fair *Lacinia* held his prosp'rous way

There landed, as his herds for pasture roam,

He enter'd *Croto*'s hospitable dome,

Ask'd respite from fatigue, and found,

And parted thus — surveying of the ground,

A future age shall here a city view,

A future age beheld his promise true.

Alcemon's

Alemon's son fulfill'd the destin'd claim,
 A *Greek* by birth, and *Myscelos* his name,
 Much was he favour'd by the pow'rs above,
 And in a vision saw the son of *Jove*,
 Who said — Forfake thy native land, and go
 Where *Æsaris's* stony waters flow;
 His disobedience he with threats denies,
 Then with the flying night the vision flies.
 He rises, thoughtful what the dream design'd,
 And much he doubts, and reasons with his mind;
 The God enjoins, his country's law denies,
 Threatning with death who voluntary flies.

The radiant sun in ocean sinks his head,
 And night appears, with glitt'ring stars o'erspread,
 When the same God with sleep returns again,
 And with the same command, and threatening strain,
 And now more strongly he enforc'd, and now dismay'd
 He yields, and is prepar'd to be convey'd
 To foreign lands, and leave his native shore:
 This news by rumour spread the city o'er.
 Accus'd for breach of law, arraign'd and try'd,
 They prove the fact, not by himself deny'd.
 His hands, and eyes, then lifting to the sky,
 Oh thou, whom twice six labours deify!
 Thou, for whose sake alone I stand accus'd,
 Assist he cry'd — White stones and black they us'd.
 In former times the black the prisoner cast,
 The white absolv'd: And now they sentence pass'd,
 By throwing black into the fatal urn;
 Which back to white of equal number turn.
 Thus by the favouring God the dire decree
 Was strangely chang'd, and *Myscelos* set free;
 Who thanks to *Hercules* now humbly pays,
 And o'er th' *Ionian* seas himself conveys,

With prosp'rous gales. — *Tarentum* quickly cross'd,
 And *Sybaris*, and the *Noathan* coast,
 And *Salentum* and *Thurin's* spacious bay,
 And *Temeses* and fair *Fapygia*,
 Scarce passing all that shore's sea-beaten bound,
 The mouth of destin'd *Æfarns* he found,
 That, at small distance, to the view expos'd
 The tomb that *Croto's* sacred bones inclos'd.
 Here has the God ordain'd, he builds these walls,
 And from the hero's name *Corona* calls,
 Of this original this city boasts,
 Rais'd by a *Grecian* on th' *Italian* coasts.
 Here dwelt a *Samian* sage of mighty fame,
 Who thence a voluntary exile came,
 Because he tyrants scorn'd, and dar'd refuse
 That yoke which none but servile spirits chuse.
 He tho' to earth confin'd, yet mounted high,
 Rose in his soul, and travel'd thro' the sky,
 What nature to his mortal sight deny'd,
 The eye of reason to his mind supply'd;
 And all that lodg'd in his capacious breast,
 To silent and admiring men express'd.
 He taught, from whence this world's first being springs,
 What God? what nature? what the cause of things?
 Whence falls the feather'd snow? whence lightnings fly?
 Whence dreadful thunders tear the parted sky?
 If the loud voice of *Jove* in anger spoke,
 Or loosen'd winds from clouds imprison'd broke?
 Whence earthquakes rise? what course the stars pursue?
 Mysterious all, and hid from vulgar view.
 He first forbid the luxury of blood,
 And use of animals in human food,
 His words, tho' then not credited by man,
 In this persuasive flow of language ran:

From

From things unfit, oh mortals! still abstain,
 Nor with unhallow'd food your selves prophane;
 For corn, and pulse self-willing nature lends,
 Beneath its load the planted orchard bends,
 Gardens yield herbs of every taste and smell,
 And clustring grapes the teeming vintage swell.
 The fruits of cruder kind by fire refine;
 Milk flows in streams from the distended kine;
 The bee unloads his flow'ry fragrant thighs,
 And bounteous nature every want supplies;
 Nor wants alone, but various in her food,
 Gives feasts without the cruelty of blood.
 The *beast* alone with flesh his hunger stays,
 And yet not all, the horse in meadows strays,
 And herds, and bleating flocks contented graze.
 Wolves, tygers, lions, and the savage bear,
 All who the marks of fiercer nature wear,
 These, only these, their purple food enjoy,
 Riot in blood, or live but end destroy.

How impious! how to nature's laws oppos'd,
 Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd;
 Whose bodies by their fellows fat sustain'd,
 To murder strive, and are by death maintain'd.
 Vainly does nature her abundance pour,
 If nought can please you from the various store;
 If thou the breathing bread alone must chew,
 And barb'rously *Cyclopean* ban renew.
 Will nothing then thy hunger's want supply,
 But to feed that another life must dye?

That early age, that innocent estate,
 How aptly golden call'd? how fortunate!
 Then on the field's (delicious easy spoil!)
 Alone they liv'd, nor did with blood defile

Their lips; then birds in air securely flew,
 The hare on plains no persecution knew,
 Nor hooks th' unwary fish from rivers drew;
 By treach'rous baits all then from mischief clear'd,
 And conscious of no guilt, no danger fear'd.

That wretch who envied first this harmless fair,
 Who'er the monster was, who first could dare
 Himself with flesh more savagely to fill,
 He, he explor'd the way to all that's ill!
 Yet was it just to pave the murd'ring way
 On noxious animals, and beasts of prey.
 Nature's just plea excuses (self-defence)
 But to devour them after no pretence —
 The licence grew apace, the delving sow,
 The first offender felt the fatal blow,
 For spoiling of the crop to death decreed,
 Murd'ring the harvest in the new sown seed.
 The browsing goat the fresh-cropp'd vineyard flew;
 A victim to the swain, and *Bacchus* too.
 Ye harmless sheep that milk and wool afford,
 How injur'd you, your hard ungrateful lord?
 To cure his wants you food and raiment spare,
 And are alive, than dead, more useful far!
 Or what the ox? a creature void of guile,
 So innocent! so simple! born for toil!
 How barb'rous he! deserving surely ill
 The good he reaps, whose cruel hand could kill,
 His painful lab'our, subject to the stroke
 That neck, which for his sake endur'd the yoke:
 That for his sake had plow'd the stubborn ground,
 From which so blest a store he oft had found:
 Yet not content with this, ascribe the guilt
 To heav'n? In blood thus inoffensive spilt,

Can the just Gods delight? — The sacrifice
 Richly adorn'd, and pleasing to the eyes
 (Pernicious beauty!) now in pomp appears
 Before the altar, unknown pray'rs he hears:
 He sees the meal upon his forehead strew'd;
 Which his too faithful labour once bestow'd;
 The fatal blade, now reeking with his gore,
 Which haply in the water seen before,
 And now to know what things the Gods declare,
 They the warm entrails from the body tear.

Whence, mortals! springs so dire an appetite.
 Why will ye in forbidden food delight?
 Henceforth forbear, I piously intreat,
 Think when the slaughter'd ox becomes your meat,
 You your own friendly helpful servant eat! }
Phœbus inspires his sacred heat, I feel
 My oracles, mysterious truths I will reveal,
 And (yielding to the pow'r that moves me) show }
 What long lay hid, what none of old could know,
 None apprehend — I leave the world below. }
 Now mount the flying clouds, and *Atlas'* crown,
 And, from those heights, on erring men look down,
 Depriv'd of reason, and of death afraid,
 (By vain imaginary doubts betray'd,)
 Their souls to fashion to a better state,
 I boldly will uncloſe the book of fate.
 Oh ye whom horrors of cold death affright!
 Why dread ye *Styx* — vain dreams of endless night?
 The poets fiction? — fancy'd miseries
 Of a forg'd hell — for neither flames surprize,
 Or slow consuming time our bodies wear
 Depriv'd of ſenſe, nor pain nor grief they bear;
 Souls are immortal, and but one forſake,
 And then another ſeat of life and manſion take.

In *Trojan* wars, (for I the fact retain!)
Euphorbus, I, *Panthous* son, was slain
By *Menelaus*—— at *Argos*, I beheld
In *Juno's* fane, and knew my former shield.

All change, but nothing finally decays,
From seat to seat the wandering spirit strays.
From man to beast at certain times it roams,
Thence back to man, its former mansion, comes.
Nor dies it self, but as the yielding wax
Fixt to no form, each new impression takes,
And all its former figure then forsakes,
Nor is like what it was, yet is the same;
Such is the soul in ev'ry various frame.

Oh! then, left thro' thy belly's curst desire,
Neglected piety shou'd quite expire,
Oh spare to force thy kindred souls for food,
And feeding thus to nourish blood by blood!
And now since on so vast a sea my sail
Expanded swells with such a rising gale.

Nought in the universe is stedfast found,
But all things march in change's various round:
All forms are alter'd, hurrying to and fro,
And like th' unsettled waters ebb and flow;
Time hastes it self perpetually away,
Nor more the fleeting hours than tides can stay;
But as as one billow the preceding drives,
And as, succeeding that, a third arrives,
So fly the rolling years, and so pursue
Each other; ever changing, ever new!
What once was manifest no more we see,
Nor what is present shall hereafter be.
Each moment is renew'd, mark how the day
To night's sad gloom converts its chearful ray.

The night to day ——— one colour paints the sky.
 When we reclin'd in rest and slumber lie;
 Another, when the morning star retires,
 Still changing at the sun's approaching fires.
 The welkin blushes as his orb appears,
 And as he leaves us, the same colour wears;
 But is most clear when his meridian feat
 He gains, and thence bestows his gen'rous heat;
 Because th' incircling *Aethers* there are pure,
 From vapours of contagious earth secure.

Nor ever can the pale nocturnal moon
 Be fix'd to one peculiar shape alone,
 Her silver horns enlarging, smaller light
 She yields in this, than the succeeding night,
 But as they lessen, she becomes more bright.
 Does not the semblance of our age appear
 In the successive quarters of the year?
 First blooming spring, like infancy, its head
 Advances, tender, wanting to be fed;
 Then all things smile, the trees with leaves are crown'd,
 And a fresh rising verdure cloaths the ground;
 The blade sprouts high, and flowers adorn the fields,
 Hope to the lab'ring swain this season yields,
 But little solid gives; then summer runs,
 Blest with abundance, and prolifick suns;
 Resembling youth, with all its vigorous heat,
 In strength mature, and substance more compleat;
 Like autumn's falling leaves we lose our prime,
 And waste, as we descend the hill of time.

Tho' fertile, yet more temperate and fixt,
 When with the mingl'd gray our hairs are mixt,
 Then aged winter comes with trembling pace,
 Depriv'd of strength, despoil'd of ev'ry grace,
 And bald, or white as snow, concludes the race.

Our bodies change incessantly, nor ate
This day, what they the last preceding were ;
To morrow will some alteration show,
Which we till that's approach could never know.
E'er from the pregnant womb's dark prison freed,
We were of men alone the hopeful seed.
Nature in our behalf appearing kind,
Gave a determin'd space to be confin'd,
But would not that the load should long become
The painful burthen of the mother's womb,
But stretching by degrees from thence repair,
To taste the blessings of a freer air.
Weak at the first, our piteous state we weep,
And trembling on the brink with pain we creep;
Then stand, (our strength increasing by degrees)
And by some aid support our quiv'ring knees;
Now strong and lusty grown, awhile we run,
But youth and hearty vigour fails us soon,
Succeeding age does all our strength devour,
And we submit to his destructive power.

Milo lamented when his arms he view'd,
That once were with *Herculean* force endew'd,
That beasts cou'd quell, and limbs of trees divide;
Now slack and useles hanging by his side.
Her once victorious charms, by time decay'd,
Hellen too wept, when she her form survey'd,
And wonder'd why she twice a prey was made.

Encroaching time, and age destructive! you
All mortal things demolish and subdue:
What e'er has life, death's boundless power constrains,
And over all the mighty tyrant reigns.

Nor can those things which elements we call
Be fixt, but change their various figures all.

Four bodies this eternal world compose,
 Which all the sev'ral seeds of things enclose.
 Of these, two by their native weight descend,
 Water and earth! these ever downwards bend;
 An equal number uncompell'd aspire,
 (Devoid of weight) pure air, and purer fire,
 And all things, (that awhile distinct remain)
 From these proceed, to these return again.
 Earth water's nature, when dissolv'd, assumes,
 Water extenuated air becomes.
 Air, when its subtle nature more refines,
 To radiant flame converted glorious shines.
 Returning they this order still renew,
 And endless change eternally pursue.
 The grosser fire the form of air assumes,
 And air condens'd a liquid dew becomes;
 The liquid dew consolidated grows,
 Thick earth; nor then its wonted clearness shows.
 Nothing does ever the same species hold,
 By nature, who delights in change, controul'd,
 And with new figures still supplants the old.
 Then to be born is something new t' explore,
 Is to be something we were not before;
 And whensoever death approaches, we
 But what we are at present cease to be:
 For tho' our body's slight and brittle frame
 Is broke, the substance still remains the same.
 Nothing does long one constant station hold,
 The ages soon to iron fell from gold.
 Ev'n places alter—— with uncertain gales—
 Where once was land the bounding vessel fails;
 And where the sea once spread—— on steady land,
 Now houses, trees, and men, securely stand!

Shells far from sea remov'd are often found,
 And anchors buried in the mountain ground,
 Torrents a valley of a plain have made,
 And mountains headlong to the sea convey'd.
 Vast briny lakes the thirsty sands have drunk,
 And deep beneath the failing waters sunk.
 Oft lakes again their ample face have rear'd,
 Where once the dry and thirsty land appear'd.
 Nature in changes shews her various pow'rs,
 Here ope's new springs, and there the old devours.

In former times the trembling earth has pour'd
 Streams forth that with tremendous fury roar'd,
 Back to her womb again have divers crept,
 And there in silence ever hidden slept.
 So *Lycus*, swallow'd by the yawning earth,
 Takes in another place his second birth:
 Great *Erisinus* now seems lost, but yields
 His rising waters to the *Arcadian* fields:
 And *Myusus*, his first name and banks disclaim'd,
 Elsewhere ascends, and is *Caicus* nam'd.
 And *Amasenus* in *Sicilian* grounds,
 Oft dry, yet oft o'erflows his loftiest bounds.
 Oft old men drank of fam'd *Anigrus* stream,
 (If ought that poets tell a truth we deem)
 But pois'nous now, since in the changeful wave
 The *Centaurus* wash'd the wounds *Alcides* gave.

And does not *Hyppanis* (whose liquid seat
 In *Scythia* lies) th' offended palate greet
 With bitter waters now, that once were sweet?
Antissa, *Tyre*, and *Pharos*, once embrac'd
 By seas, now far from circling seas are plac'd;
Lucadia once to the main land ally'd,
 Now breaking billows lash on ev'ry side:

Zanoe once fix'd to th' *Italian* ground,
The sea dividing since does now surround.

For *Bute* or *Helice* would you now enquire?
Above their turrets the big waves aspire,
Once *Grecian* towns, now deep immers'd they lie,
And scarce their sunk remains the sailors spy.

A mountain is by *Pythian* *Trases* plac'd,
(Its barren top with *Sylvan* shades ungrac'd;)
Once a smooth plain, until a boist'rous gale
Up rais'd its bulk, (a sad stupendous tale!)
Enrag'd and lab'ring hard a vent to find
To freer air, like bladders swell'd with wind;
Puff'd up the ground; the wond'rous tumour still
Remains, grown solid, to a lofty hill.

To speak of things now not so strange as known,
Ev'n sundry springs have sundry habits shown:
At sev'ral times, horn'd *Ammon*, thy cool streams
Refresh, when from his highest course, his beams
The sun exalted darts; ——— with warmth surprize,
When he declines, or first ascends the skies.

They say, that *Athamas* does wood inflame,
If brought too near when *Cynthia's* in the wane,
Whatever in *Cynonian* streams is cast
Is petrified, and if we hap to taste
Of its pernicious food, with horror fill'd,
Our hardned entrails are to stone congeal'd.
Cratis, and *Sybaris*, that near us join,
Make the wash'd hair like gold or amber shine.
Some fountains of a more prodigious kind,
Not only change the body, but the mind!
Of obscene *Salmacis* who has not known?
Or of the lake that *Æthiopians* own?
Who taste of this, their sense no longer keep,
Or quickly fall oppress'd by death-like sleep.

Those

Those that for thirst, *Clitorian* waters use,
 Abstemious ever grow, and wine refuse,
 Whether the spring a secret force contains?
 And love of wine b' antipathy restrains?
 Or as the people of the land assure,
 When here *Melampus* work'd a wond'rous cure
 On *Pratus*' daughters, he the simples cast
 Into the spring; where still their virtues last.
 A nature in his streams *Lynceffias* shows
 Quite opposite — who drinks too deep of those
 With tripping heels to stumble does incline,
 And reels like one oppress'd with fumes of wine.
 A lake there is in fair *Arcadia*'s plains,
 (Of old call'd *Pheneos*) which they say contains
 Two different tempers, in the night they bear
 A deadly taste, by day no danger fear.
 So the clear river, and the standing lake,
 Now of this nature, now of that partake.
 Once swam *Ortygia* in the doubtful waves,
 Now firm, the winds and tides securely braves.
 Th' unstable *Cyanes* (once cause of dread
 To *Argos*) now are fixt. And from the head
 Of *Ætna*'s mount tho' now the sulphur fall,
 It fell not always, nor for ever shall.

Whether the earth retains corporeal fire,
 And as she breaths, the vented flames expire:
 As various light and motion oft dispose,
 She shuts, or does th' exhaling gaps uncloze.
 Or whether raging winds her bowels fill,
 And jarring stones beneath effect the ill
 Which earth contains; and by the powerful stroke
 Of their encounter, rising flames provoke;
 Till those internal Winds are hush'd to peace,
 And with their cause theraging flames surcease.

Or

Or if combustible bitumen feeds,
 Or smoaky sulphur works the fiery seeds;
 When e'er this food full sustenance shall fail,
 Or waste within, the flames no more prevail;
 No more supported, must for ever die,
 Nor with their wonted rage disturb the sky.

In cold *Pullene*, a town of ancient *Thrace*,
 There lives, as fame reports, a woud'rous race,
 Who diving thrice three times in *Pallas'* lake,
 Of fowl the feathers, and the figure, take;
 Such power they say (but I can scarce believe)
 To *Scythian* witches magic ointments give;
 But if assurance in experience lies,
 From seeds putrefying matter arise,
 A slaughter'd *steer* (a fact in common use)
 When buried deep will swarming bees produce;
 Who like their parents rove the fields to bear
 Their honey home, and hope another year.

The buzzing *hornet* from a buried horse
 Derives its being; from the crab divorce
 Its crooked claws, the rest infold in earth,
 A fiery scorpion thence obtains its birth.

The little *worm*, that upon tender leaves
 With curious pains a *silken texture* weaves,
 (Observ'd by swains) new shape and kind assumes,
 And a gay painted butterfly becomes.

The nimble *frogs*, that skip or swim the lake,
 From mud and filth their new creation take,
 First without feet unactive, then they find
 Their supple legs, the longest still behind,
 As fram'd to swim or dive, or on the ground,
 When persecuted or surpriz'd, to bound.

Nor

Nor does the *cub* of the huge shaggy *bear*
 But an unsightly unshap'd lump appear,
 Till it receives the mother's forming care,
 Who licks it into shape and pains employs
 To give that figure she herself enjoys,

From their sexangular enclosures see
 Th' imperfect young of the laborious *bee*;
 How by degrees their shape increasing springs,
 They gain their little legs, and useful wings.

The star-imbellish'd *bird* which *Juno* loves,
Jove's armour-bearer, *Cithæra's doves*,
 And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose,
 Who knew it not, that these from eggs arose?
 Some think, as wasting in the hollow tombs,
 The pith of man's backbone a *snake* becomes.

Yet all these things from somewhat else proceed,
 And other's help for their existence need.

One only creature, thro' the spacious earth,
 Takes from itself alone its wondrous birth.
 Call'd by th' *Assyrians*, *Phenix*, who the wane
 Of age repairs, begets her self again.

Nor grain, nor fruits she seeks, but does explore
 The choicest of *Arabia's* fragrant store;
 The gummy plants, *Amomum's* juicy wood,
 And tears of frankincense are all her food.
 Now, when she has five rolling ages past,
 (The time allotted for her age to last!)

Upon a shady tree she takes her rest,
 And on the highest bough (her funeral nest)
 Her beak and talons build ——— then strews thereon
Balm, *Cassia*, *Spikenard*, *Myrrhe* and *Cinnamon*;
 Last on the fragrant pile her self she lays,
 And in consuming odours ends her days.

Thence

Thence soon another *Phœnix* does proceed,
 An equal date is to her life decreed:
 This gown, and fit the burthen to transfer,
 (Her cradle and her parent's sepulchre)
 To great *Hyperion's* city she conveys,
 And at his temple's gate the offering lays!

If ought that's wondrous does in this appear,
 Conclude *Pyænas* full of wonders are;
 That changing often, either sex assume,
 Female or male successively become!

Or that air-fed *Camelion* who receives,
 His colour from the place, to which he cleaves!

When conquering *Bacchus*, *India* did subdue,
 The captive *Lynx*, he from those regions drew:
 Whose urine does, 'tis said, emitted bear,
 A stone-like substance harden'd by the air.
 And such is coral from the ocean freed,
 Beneath the waves a soft and supple weed.

But should I pass the whole relation through,
 Of things that leave their antient forms for new,
 The sun, his course compleating, would descend,
 And day be done, before my tale would end.

In gen'ral this we find ——— time changes all,
 New nations rise, and old, declining fall:

Troy, wealthy, vast, with so much might endew'd,
 That ten years vig'rous siege unconquer'd stood,
 And wasted such a store of human blood. }

For stately Palaces, now ruins owns,
 For riches, tombs replete with dust and bones.

Sparta, *Mycena* were the grace, and fame
 Of Greece, *Cecropia's* city was the same,
Amphion's lofty tow'rs once reach'd the skies,
 Now *Sparta* in the dust inglorious lies,

Mycena's

Mycena's fall'n, and what does now remain
Of *Thebes*, or *Athens*? — what the words contain!

And now by founding fame the news is spread,
Dardanian Rome begins to rear her head;
By whose foundations graceful *Tyber* twines,
Descending from the lofty *Appenines*.
There, there they fix *her* seat, whose mighty sway,
The world shall in succeeding times obey;
Such shall she change to be — for this of old
The sure divining fates have foretold.

Thus *Hellenus* (as I remember well)
Did to *Aeneas* then desponding tell
When *Troy* declin'd — Grieve not oh goddess-born!
Hope better times, nor these misfortunes mourn,
Trust to my prophecy, with fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and you alive.
Both fire and sword shall give thy virtue way,
Flying, thou *Ilium* shalt with thee convey;
Till thou explore a land, (as yet unknown
To *Troy* or thee) more friendly than thy own.

I now by *Phrygians* fram'd a city view,
No parallel preceding ages knew,
Nor present can, nor shall succeeding see;
Its fame shall many raise, but chiefly he,
Who to great *Julius* is ally'd by birth,
Its glory shall compleat, he lord of earth
Shall be — awhile, the blessing and the grace
Of wond'ring men! — then claim a heavenly place.

This (I remember) with prophetick tongue
Sage *Hellen* to divine *Aeneas* sung:
Our neighb'ring city we rejoice to see,
Rising to this illustrious prophecy;
To be of this allotted good possesst;
The *Phrygians* even in their ruin blest!

But

But left our steeds thro' a too heedless force,
 Shou'd pass the bounds of their appointed course;
 Hence I conclude, that whatsoever lies
 Beneath the spacious cover of the skies,
 In air, or earth below, must pass away,
 And change their forms, and man as well as they.
 Since souls as well as bodies we possess,
 Which may (as hence we reasonably guess)
 Or in the feather'd kind, or beasts reside,
 When forc'd by death new dwellings to provide,
 Least we a parent's, brother's, kinsman's ghost,
 Or man's at least, compel to quit its post,
 To all things, peace and safety let's afford
 To all that breath, nor keep *Thyestes's* board.
 How well, alas! is he dispos'd to spill
 Ev'n human blood, who pitiless can kill
 The tender calf; who can obdurate hear
 Its mournful lowings with relentless ear.

Or he who to the kid his knife applies,
 (The kid that imitates his childrens cries:)
 'Tis sure a cruel and inhuman deed,
 To eat that fowl which we our selves have fed;
 When men can with such cruelties begin,
 How easy is the step to perfect sin?

Let oxen till thy fields, and die with age;
 Let sheep defend thee from the winter's rage:
 Let goats their milk in plenteous streams impart,
 Nets, gins, and snares, and all destructive art
 Renounce ——— the pretty warblers of the grove,
 (The birds!) let these in peace and safety rove,
 Nor with insidious lime engage, — nor lay
 Thy toils for deer, nor fish with hooks betray.
 Thy cruel skill and care alone employ,
 The hurtful and pernicious to destroy,

Yet

Yet only those destroy, nor lust to eat,
But choose more fit, and less defiling meat.

These doctrines by the *Samian* sage were taught,
And these good *Numa* to the *Sabines* brought;
These he taught *Rome*, when by the publick voice
He sway'd the state, the monarch of their choice.
And by th' assistance of his gracious bride,
The nymph *Ageria*, and each muse his guide,
He founds religion; a race untam'd,
And prone to war, with civil arts reclaim'd,
In gentle peace confirm'd: — And when his breath,
And happy reign, now terminate in death,
Patricians! *Roman* dames! *Plebeians!* all
With joint concern lament the monarch's fall.
His consort, most distress'd, the city leaves,
Nor consolation, nor support receives,
Amidst her frantick woes — her drooping head
Hides in *Aricia's* vale — the earth her bed;
Lost in the woods she wail'd in ceaseless moans,
Of interrupting *Cynthia's* rites with groans.
How oft the nymphs (inhabiting the grove,
And neighb'ring lakes) with words of comfort strove
Her unavailing sorrows to remove?
And thus (to cure her mind's afflicted state)
Did *Theseus'* son his own sad tale relate.

If equal woes, or greater, can incline
Your soul to needful comfort, think on mine;
Alas! my woes are able to appease
Another's pain, my tale your grief may ease.
You of *Hippolitus's* name and fate
Perchance have heard, who by the treach'rous hate
Of a false step-dame, and confiding fire,
Was thought beneath their malice to expire;
I own, you justly may astonish'd be,

And

And hardly trust your ears, that I am he;
 Yet he I am, whom *Phadra* vainly strove
 With all her arts, to tempt to lawless love:
 Who finding fruitless all her efforts made,
 Fearing at last to be her self betray'd,
 Revers'd the truth, and by a false pretence,
 With her own guilt abus'd my innocence;
 For this my father doom'd my banishment,
 And with me, his paternal curses sent.

As in my chariot I the way explore,
 All careless by *Pythæan Trazen's* shore,
 And *Corinth*, suddenly, with vast ascent,
 The sea, arising like a mountain, rent.
 A strange and wond'rous clamour reach'd mine ear,
 When rais'd breast high, to view did now appear
 A bull, that from his mouth and nostrils threw
 Sea water, then amaz'd my followers flew;
 My mind alone untterrify'd remain'd,
 So much my exile on my soul had gain'd!
 When lo! the horses snort, erect their ears,
 Start, and (outrageous thro' their sudden fears)
 O'er pointed rocks a desp'rate course pursue,
 In vain I strive their fury to subdue;
 Foam whitens all the bits, with utmost strength
 I pull the reins extended at my length.
 Nor had their fury vanquish'd all my force,
 But by sad chance in their impetuous course
 One of the rolling wheels, with sudden shock,
 The fragment of a tree encountring struck,
 And fell asunder. From my seat thus cast,
 And in the flowing of the reins bound fast,
 My bowels, and disjointed members torn,
 Of my divided limbs a part is born.

By

By the rapacious steeds along the ground,
 A part is scatter'd, my crack'd bones refound,
 And I disfigur'd, and one common wound,
 My griev'd, my weary, tortur'd soul resign,
 And can you yet compare your woes with mine?
 Departed hence, I then descending found
 Those regions with eternal darkness crown'd,
 Bathing in *Phlegeton* each ghastly wound;
 And had not *Phœbus*' son his wond'rous aid
 Apply'd, I still had in those regions staid.
 But when I was by pow'rful herbs and skill
 Reviv'd, against th' infernal monarch's will,
Cynthia to keep a hated sight from view,
 A cloudy mist around my person threw;
 And lest if seen new mischief might take place,
 She added age, and chang'd my former face,
 And doubting long, if *Delos* she, or *Crete*,
 Should rather chuse for my appointed seat,
 She *Crete* and *Delos* both refus'd at last,
 And me in this recess obscurely plac'd.
 Nor being willing that I should retain
 The mem'ry of him by horses slain,
Hippolytus, she warn'd me to forsake,
 My former name, and this of *Virbius* take:
 Now, an inferior being here I stay
 In this allotted grove, to *Cynthia* pray,
 And zeal and thanks to my preserver pay.

But the relation of another's grief
 Gave to *Ægeria*'s sorrow no relief,
 Who at a mountains foot now prone appears,
 Her eyes quite drown'd and e'en dissolv'd in tears;
 Whom *Cynthia*, kindly to conclude her woes,
 Converted to a spring that ever flows.

Before their eyes so great a wonder done
 The nymphs amaz'd beheld, and *Theseus'* son
 Surpriz'd, as was the *Tyrrhene* swain who view'd
 The earth with motion and with life endu'd,
 That to a human figure chang'd its mold,
 And things to come prophetically told.
 The natives of the place him *Tages* name,
 From whom the *Tuscan* arts of aug'ry came.

Or mighty *Romulus*, when wond'ring he
 Did from his lance fresh verdure rising see,
 (By fixing on mount *Palatine* its root)
 And from the staff extending branches shoot,
 Yielding beholders an admired shade,

Or *Cyppus*, when he in the stream survey'd
 His sudden horns, the victor with surprise
 Was vanquish'd quite, and scarce believ'd his eyes;
 But when his hands by touching what his view
 Declar'd before, confirm'd him to be true,
 His hands and eyes, and his new horns on high,
 He lifting then, with gen'rous zeal did cry,
 If ought of good these prodigies portend,
 Ye powers divine! grant it may all descend
 On *Rome* and *Romans*; if it hurtful be,
 Let it, oh let it fall alone on me!
 An altar then of verdant turf he frames,
 And with pure wine and incense feeds the flames;
 Then the warm entrails of a sheep new slain
 Consults, to know what 'tis the Gods ordain.
 This, whilst the *Tyrrhene* augur does prepare
 T' inspect, and having now perus'd with care,
 Something therein he sees of vast portent,
 But could not well distinguish what it meant.
 But when he from the victim turns his eyes
 To *Cippus'* wond'rous horns—— assur'd he cries,

Hail

Hail king! to thee, and to those horns of thine,
This place, and *Rome's* high towers their sway resign.
With speed then enter thou the open gate,
Haste *Cippus*, haste! for such the will of fate!
Thou from that instant shalt a monarch reign,
A safe and an eternal scepter gain!

At this, with indignation and dismay,
He from the city turns his eyes away,
And cries (while thence his looks averted bend)
Hence, oh far hence, ye Gods, this omen send!
Better that I a willing exile roam,
Than lord it o'er the capitol at home.
The senate then and people he conven'd,
But first his horny front with lawrel screen'd)
Then mounting on a mound the soldiers made,
And having first in antient manner pray'd,
Thus to the senate and the people said: }
See whom the Gods your sov'reign Lord ordain,
Both him and his succeeding race to reign,
The destin'd man, tho' I his name conceal,
The wond'rous horns he wears will soon reveal.

He 'tis, the augur prophecies his fate,
Shall give you laws, if e'er he pass your gate;
He might his entrance readily have gain'd,
And unoppos'd, if I had not restrain'd.
Altho' there lives not one to me more near.
Then, *Romans!* (to remove your needful fear;)
Let him, since such his crime, with one consent,
This moment into banishment be sent;
Or else by chains his lofty hopes abate,
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your fate.

As 'mongst the rustling pines a sudden breeze,
Or as the distant sound of breaking seas
Upon the murmuring shores, such is the noise

The

BOOK XV. METAMORPHOSES. 215

The people make——— when lo! a louder voice
Comes forth, and, which is he, exclaiming cries?
Then for the horns they search with busy eyes;
Cippus replies, 'tis me for whom you look,
And from his head the leafy garland took.

Not one but by his eyes dejected shows,
Sudden concern, and a deep sigh bestows;
Unwillingly that reverend head they view
To whom such mighty honours now were due.
Nor suffer him his brows ungrac'd t' expose,
But with a verdant wreath his head enclose:
The nobles then, since, (generously good)
His entrance *Cippus* had himself withstood,
In gratitude bestow'd as much of ground
As in a day two oxen cou'd surround;
And since that time, the figure of his horns
A lasting monument the posts adorns.

Now, to your bard, propitious muses! tell
(No wasting time your knowledge can expel.)
How, where fair *Tyber's* streams an island freed,
To *Phœbus'* son a temple was decreed.
A dreadful plague infected *Latium's* skies,
Pale bloodless men were seen with ghastly eyes;
Horror, and tort'ring pain, and sudden fate,
It brought, no skill its fury could abate;
O'er all opposing helps it still prevail'd,
And still incroach'd, when human methods fail'd:
To *Delphos* they (in the world's center plac'd,
And with the healing God's chief presence grac'd)
With fervent prayers imploring succour send,
And to the oracle devoutly bend.
His statue, altar, and his temple shake,
And from his sacred *Tripod* thus he spake,
And speaking shock'd the suppliants——— What you here

Of me request, you should have sought more near;
 And seek it nearer now, not *Phæbus* ought
 To cure your present ills, let aid be sought
 From *Phæbus*' son — go then with good success,
 Go and procure his presence, and redress.

This heard, the senate grave, themselves address'd
 To know what city *Phæbus*' offspring bless'd
 With his abode, then th' *Epidaurian* shore
 They reach, and there th' assembled *Greeks* implore
 To send their God, who might th' *Ausonian* state
 Relieve, and urge the strict command of fate.
 Diff'rent and various their opinions grow,
 Some yield the sought-for succour to bestow,
 Others oppose, and rigidly deny
 To rob themselves, while others they supply.

Their minds as yet unfixt, the parting day
 Descends, and to succeeding night gives way,
 When lo! the-sought for God in sleep appears
 As in his fane, in his left hand he bears
 A staff — his right hand stroak'd his graceful beard,
 And from his heav'nly lips these words were heard.
 Fear not, I come, but will my form forsake,
 View and remark this staff-encircling snake,
 Such will I seem, but be of larger size,
 So great as may a deity comprize.

With these departed words, sleep took its flight,
 And with departing sleep, the gloomy night,
 Chac'd by the rays of gay approaching light.
 The stars now vanquish'd by the morning flame,
 The dubious nobles to the temple came;
 And ask the God, by some celestial sign,
 Which way his sacred will did most incline,
 To show, if bent or to depart or stay.
 Scarce finish'd what they did imploring say,

When

BOOK XV. METAMORPHOSES. 217

When in a serpent's form the God appears,
And hissing—— high his glittering crest he rears,
(His statue, altar, gates, the marble floor,
And golden roof, shake at the coming pow'r.)
Then in his temple he erect aspires,
And rolls his eyes that shine like living fires.

Each conscious breast a sudden horror found,
The priest (his hair with sacred fillets bound)
The Godhead knew, and thus exclaim'd, He's there,
The God! the God! —— all you who present are,
Your hearts and tongues employ in zealous prayer.
Oh thou, with most transcendent pow'r array'd!
O beautifully saving be (he said)
To those who thee adore, and crave thy aid.
All present then, themselves projecting lay,
Submissive, and those words repeating say,
With them with heart and voice the *Romans* pray.

He by the triple motion of his crest,
And triple hissing his assent confest,
Then glancing down the polish'd stairs he hies,
And on his altars now reverts his eyes,
On his declin'd abodes now bends his view,
And gracefully he takes his last adieu.

Then thro' the streets that gaudy flow'rs array,
He sliding to the haven takes his way,
And now approaching near the briny main,
He with kind looks dismiss'd his zealous train;
Then climb'd the *Latian* ship, that felt his weight,
Inclining with the vast celestial freight.

Now, on the strand, the joyful *Romans* pay
A bull to *Neptune*, and their anchors weigh:
And turning from their shore expand their sails,
That gently swell with soft and prosperous gales;

The God his golden head aloft does raise,
And with delight the dancing waves surveys.

Now thro' the *Ionian* seas they safely steer'd,
Th' *Italian* shore on the sixth morn appear'd;
Lacynian Jumo's fane, *Sylleus* shores,
Japygia left, they shunn'd by helpful of oars,
Amphrysia's rocky coast, then scap'd the cleft
Ceraunia, *Romeetrium* and *Caulonia* left;
Narycia cross'd, and all that dang'rous sea
Forlook, they pass'd the streights of *Sicily*,
The royal mansion of *Hippotades*,
In order they avoided next to these;
By *Them.e's*, (with metals stor'd) and by
Lucasia, and the *Pastan* Rosary
They sail'd, by *Caprea* and *Minerous'* cape,
And *Surrentine*, where springs the gen'rous grape;
Th' *Herculean* city, *Stabia*, and with these,
Luxurious *Naples* bred to sloth and ease,
By the *Cumaan* sybils fane they pass'd,
Famous for baths, *Linternum* with sweet *Mastic* grac'd,
Vulturnus, which vast heaps of sand confound,
And *Simuessa*, where white snakes abound;
Minturna, and her hurtful fogs, and where
Zeal did the nurse a monument prepare:
The mansion of *Amiphates* ——— the lake
Begirting *Trachas*, and from thence they make
To *Circe's* isle, and *Antium's* crooked shore,
The sea now rises here, a-while they moor
Their vessel ——— here the serpent God unties
His knotty folds, and to a temple hies,
(His fire's abode) that near the ocean stood,
And now the fury of the swelling flood

Abating,

Abating, he forsakes his father's fane,
And sweeping o'er the yellow sands his train,
And rustling scales, the ship ascends again.

Thence loosing sail they farther still explore
Their way, and reach the fair *Lavinian* shore ;
And *Tyber's* mouth, in crowds the *Marsons* came,
The fires, and guardians of the *Vestal* flame.
With you, oh *Trojan* vessels! thither press'd,
Whose joyful shouts salute the sacred guest.
And as the ship the stream's opposing force
Subdues, and up the river makes its course,
Vast odorous fumes invade the skies,
And victims fall a bleeding sacrifice!

Rome enter'd (the world's head,) the lofty mast
The God ascends, and from the summit cast
His view, to chuse a fit abiding place,
An isle fair *Tyber's* circling arms embrace,
And wholly from th' excluded main divide,
Parting with equal streams on ev'ry side,
Thither does the *Cæstrial Serpent* glide,
Who now his form assumes, and health bestows
And puts a period to the city's woes.

He (once a foreign power,) is here implor'd,
In his own city, *Cæsar* is ador'd!

Him arts and arms both equally renown,
The warrior's armour, and the civil gown.
But such a glorious race, so swiftly run,
Such mighty wonders so completely done,
Not raise him more than his illustrious son;
'Tis this that rais'd him to a blazing star!
For none of *Cæsar's* acts may sure compare
With his adopting so renown'd an heir!

Say, was it more than he the *Britons* quell'd!
That he the seven vast mouths of *Nilus* fill'd

With his victorious fleets? that he reclaim'd
Numidia, *Cynephean*, *Juba* tam'd?
 That he the pow'rs of *Mithridates* broke,
 And added *Pontus* to the *Roman* yoke;
 That he such splendid triumphs did receive,
 And merit more? ——— than for him now to leave
 This successor so great in whom mankind,
 Such a profusion of all blessings find;
 Among the Gods he surely took his place,
 That this might spring from more than human race.

This as fair *Venus* sees, and wond'ring, spies
 Weapons in dire conspiracy arise,
 Against his sacred life, her colour fled,
 And thus to ev'ry obvious god she said,
 Behold what horrid treach'ry, what snares,
 Pernicious malice now for me prepares?
 Must I, must I my self in him be slain,
 Of my *Ascanius*' line the dear, the lost remain?
 And must unhappy *Troy* be lost again?
 Wounded by insolent *Tydidēs*' spear,
 Must I from mortals still afflictions bear?
 My son *Aeneas* (long by tempests to's'd),
 I saw descend to *Pluto*'s dismal coast,
 In cruel fight with *Turnus* next engage,
 Or rather combating with *Juno*'s rage.

But why do I recount misfortunes past,
 All summ'd and all exceeded in this last?
 See! see! their pointed weapons at me they throw,
 Ye Gods forbid it, and divert the blow;
 Suppress their monst'rous rage! nor let, (for shame)
 The high priest's blood extinguish *Vesta*'s flame.
 Thus, thro' all heav'n, complaining, *Venus* strove
 To her redress the pitying Gods to move;

Who

Who, (since to cure her mind's afflicted state,
They could not break the firm decrees of fate,)
By certain signs succeeding woes relate.

Arms clash in air, and gloomy clouds o'ercast
Heav'n's face — shrill trumpets and the cornet's blast,
Proclaim the murder, — the bright sun grows pale,
Horrors the hearts of trembling men assail;
Th' astonish'd skies oft fiery meteors fill,
And crimson drops from blushing clouds distil;
A sullen black obscures the morning star,
And stains of blood defile pale *Cynthia's* car;
The *Stygian* owls with om'nous sounds affright,
And add new terror to the horrid night;
The statues weep, the sacred groves resound
And prodigies in every place abound.
No victims can the wrathful God assuage,
The headless inwards of the slain presage
Distraction, tumult, and destructive rage.

Dogs at deep midnight howl the temple's round;
Ghosts rise, and spectres glide along the ground;
And shocking earthquakes on the city sound:
Yet all these warnings, these effects so strange,
In fate, or treason, can procure no change.
Now weapons (for the horrid purpose sought)
With curs'd intent are to the temple brought,
That sacred place is impiously decreed,
The conscious scene of the detested deed.

Then *Venus* (with distracting grief possess'd,)
With fury smote on her celestial breast,
And earnestly her utmost skill assay'd
To bear him thence in that *Ætherial* shade;
Which *Paris* from the *Spartan* chief convey'd;
That shade in which she in like distress before,
From fierce *Tydidet* her *Æneas* bore.

Daughter, says *Jove*, can'st thou the will of fate
 Pervert, or its all-conquering force abate:
 Were you to enter there, and look
 In every page of that unerring book,
 There you would see decrees that needs must pass
 Engrav'd on iron plates, and wrote in brass:
 The toil of ages, that eternal doom!
 That all convulsion nature can't, consume;
 No, not the thunder's shock, nor light'ning's fire,
 There you may read in adamant, entire,
 The story of your race, and all to come,
 (For I have read it, and remark'd their doom;)
 This secret, Goddess, I will now relate,
 And make you knowing in the laws of fate,
 He whom you moan, his mortal circle run,
 Prefer'd by you, and his immortal son;
 Shall shine a God, with us his temples share,
 And be succeeded by a greater heir.
 I will my self assist him, and his host
 The brave avengers of his father's ghost:
 To aid his fortune, and his grace bestow,
 Shall *Mutina* her peace and safety owe:
 Him shall *Pharsalia* feel; *Philippi*, warm
 With blood twice spilt, shall know his conqu'ring arm.
 A mighty name on the *Sicilian* flood
 He shall subdue, and stain its waves with blood.
 The *Aegyptian* queen, (ill trusting to her mate,)
 Her kingdom, and her life, shall yield to fate;
 Why do I of those barb'rous people tell,
 Or nations that by either ocean dwell?
 He shall the habitable world command,
 And stretch his empire over sea and land:
 Earth blest'd with peace, he shall just laws provide,
 And virtue by his fair example guide,

Respecting

Respecting then the good of times to come,
 A son shall bless him from a pious womb:
 This shall the load, that he resigns, sustain,
 And with just grace succeed his prosperous reign;
 Then shall he full of years our bless'd abodes
 Ascend, and mingle with his kindred Gods.

Mean while the soul of *Julius* as it flies,
 From his slain corpse, receive, and to the skies
 Convey, there fix it that it may dispenge,
 Upon our *Capitol* and city, thence
 Ever a kind and gracious influence,
 Scarce had he ended ——— when the *Cyprian* dame,
 Swift as wing'd thought, amid the senate came,
 Invisible to mortal eyes, there stood
 And from her *Caesar's* corpse defil'd with blood,
 His spirit just dislodg'd, did kindly bear
 Heaven-ward, nor suffer'd to dissolve in air;
 In ambient sky, she gently might perceive
 It gather light, and growing flames receive,
 Then let it from her bosom spring ——— when soon
 It fled in air superior to the moon,
 And a long train of light ascending drew,
 And fix'd a star to the beholders view.

Nor long, e're it, its glorious *Son* beheld,
 Surpass it self, and joy'd to be excell'd,
 Tho' he submitting to his parent's name,
 Does modestly decline superior fame.
 Nor what he truly merits would appear,
 Yet juster fame, impartial and sincere,
 Persisting, offers the rejected crown,
 And dares to cross his will in this alone.
 So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnon*, so
Ageus to his *Theseus* ——— *Peleus* too
 Submits in glory to his valiant heir,
 (If I the great may with the great compare.)

Saturn himself concedes to mighty *Jove*,
Jove rules the sea and earth, and realms above,
 Th' inferior world does *Cæsar's* laws obey,
 Parents, and monarchs, both of wondrous sway!
 Ye kind auspicious Gods! who heretofore
 Thro' fire and sword the pious *Trojan* bore;
 And ye, who thro' sole merits Gods become,
Quirinus! parent of imperial *Rome*!
 Thou *Mars*! invincible! *Quirinus*' fire,
 Chaste *Vesta*! with thy everlasting fire,
 Domestic *Phæbus* by chaste *Vesta* fix'd
 And with great *Cæsar's* Household Gods commix'd!
 Oh *Jove*! of Gods most potent and divine,
 All ye, to whom, we pious pray'rs consign,
 Late be that latest hour, more late than mine,
 When great *Augustus* shall to heav'n ascend,
 And grace and aid to suppliant man extend.

And now the work is done, which not the rage
 Of *Jove*; nor fire, nor sword, nor eating age
 Shall raze———come when it will my fatal hour,
 Which, only, o'er this mortal frame has pow'r;
 Yet ever shall my noble part endure
 From all the vain attempts of fate secure.
 For wheresoe'er the *Roman* eagles spread
 Their conquering wings, I shall by all be read,
 And if we *Pærs* true presages give,
 I, in my fame, eternally shall live.

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